THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 25, 1948

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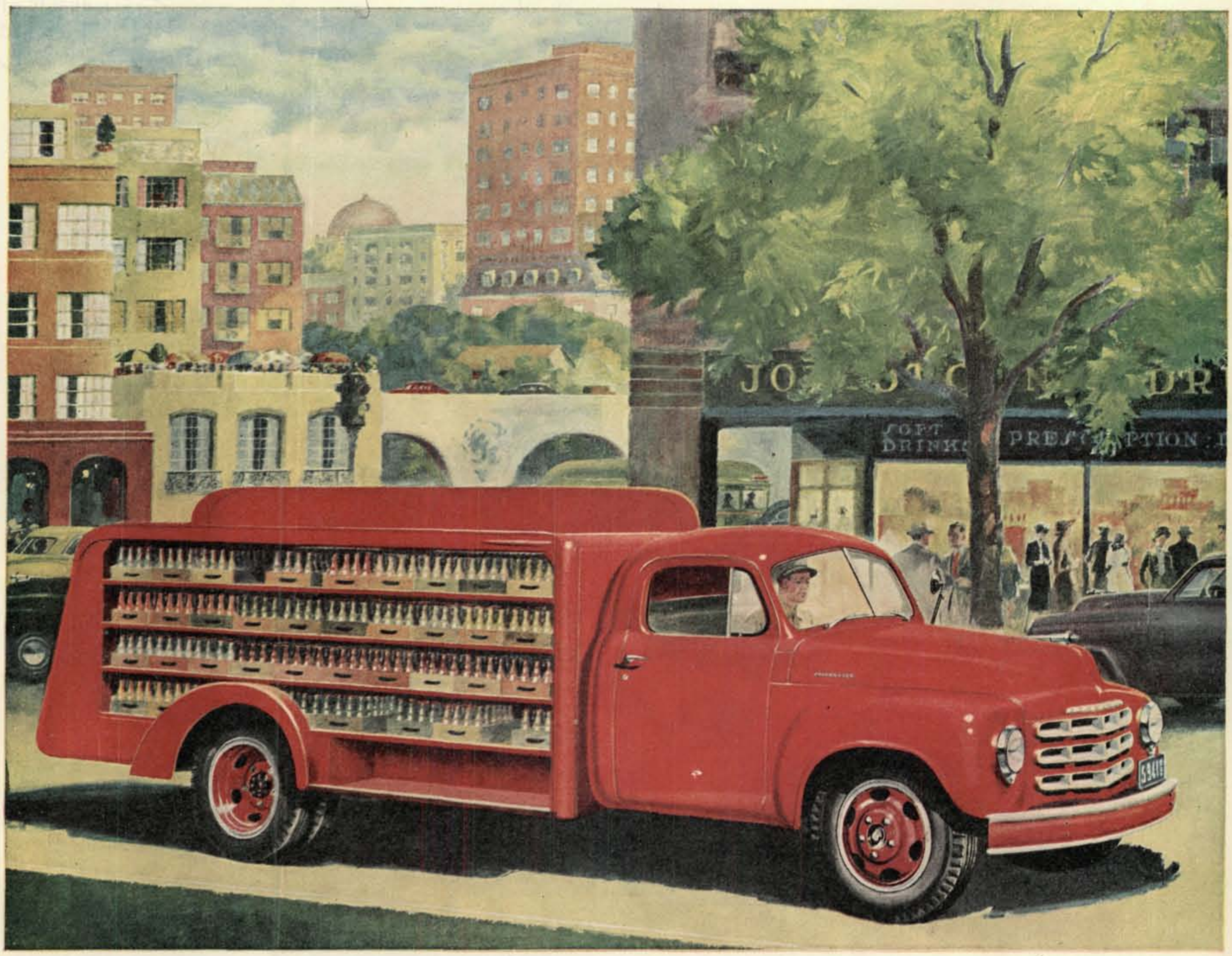
BILLIE BURKE:
HER STORY

HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE
By Howard Whitman



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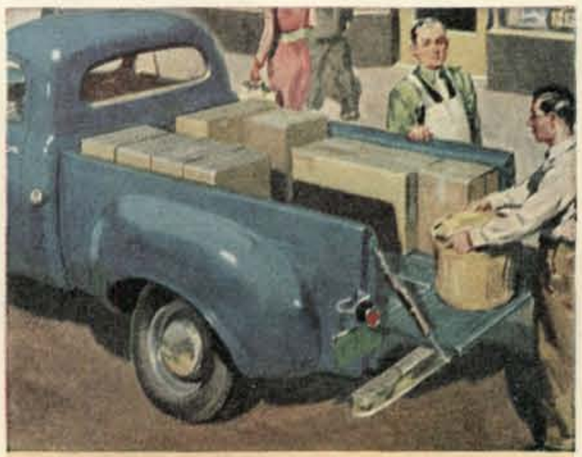

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Percentages, fractions, ratio and proportion, rapid calculation.

3. BASIC ALGEBRA
Short cuts for many industrial and technical jobs; formulas, etc.

4. ADVANCED ALGEBRA
Solution of practical problems by use of simultaneous equations, graphs, etc.

5. PLANE GEOMETRY
How to measure angles, areas, distances, etc.

6. CONIC SECTIONS
Using parabola to determine path of shell, design of auto headlights, etc.

7. SOLID GEOMETRY
How to interpret blueprints; use of co-ordinate points in mechanical drawings, etc.

8. TRIGONOMETRY
How to calculate distance; use of theodolites, sextants, Vernier scale.

9. LOGARITHMS AND SLIDE RULE
How to use log tables in performing shortcut operations in engineering and military problems; how the slide-rule makes math problems simple.

10. THE CALCULUS
How it solves problems that can be solved in no other way; application to military, industrial problems.

11. DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS
How to determine rate of disintegrations of radio-active substances; how to project rate of population increase or decrease, etc.

12. MENSURATION
Measurement of lengths and angles; explanation of torque, density, specific gravity, tolerances, etc.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

13. STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
Steps required to produce a finished structure; stresses and strains, equilibrium, momentum, etc.

14. MACHINE-SHOP PRACTICE
Computing mounting of parts on adjustable angle plates, cutting speeds for lathe, drill press, etc.

15. HEAT
Instruments for controlling heat, expansion by heat, specific and latent heat, etc.

16. CHEMISTRY
Chemical equations. Decomposition, replacement. Redox reactions, etc.

17. HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS
The great mathematicians from Pythagoras, Euclid and Archimedes to the geniuses of today.

18. ELECTRICITY
Units of measurement; resistances; calculation of capacitance; time constants, etc.

19. MILITARY GUNNERY
Range-finding; direction; the trajectory and variables influencing it, etc.

20. NAVIGATION AND AERIAL NAVIGATION
Plotting a course; piloting; Mercator chart and great-circle sailing, air speed and ground speeds, wind drift, etc.

21. RADIO AND TELEVISION
Vacuum tubes, sound volume; Amplifier stages, tank circuits, television and high frequency transmission, etc.

BUSINESS MATHEMATICS

22. LIFE INSURANCE
Annuities; compound interest tables; premiums, dividends, etc.

23. ACCOUNTING
Mathematical basis of accounting; debits and credits, discounts, sinking fund; depreciation, profit and loss, etc.

24. FINANCE
Equated and focal dates, capital financing, chain discounts, etc.

25. BUSINESS STATISTICS
Business cycle, index numbers, map and flow-charts, etc.

The above is only a small fraction of the subjects covered!

28 University Experts Bring You Quick Mastery of Mathematics

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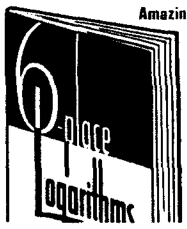

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OF THE MONTH

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and
LOUIS JOURDAN
in
"NO MINOR VICES"
with
JANE WYATT
and **NORMAN LLOYD**
Original Screen Play by **ARNOLD MANOFF**
Produced and Directed by
LEWIS MILESTONE
Distributed by
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Sensing the needs of the times, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now presents an entertainment designed to make you forget everything but the popular stars and their hilarious adventures in "No Minor Vices".

We want to be the first to tell you how well they have succeeded:

Before all the other film critics fire off their salvos of acclaim . . . before the advertising copywriters pour their enthusiasm into prose, we want to make a simple statement: to wit, "No Minor Vices" is a major triumph, a merry, madcap, utterly delightful movie, a fine job by the Enterprise Studios.

Those enterprising and highly entertaining gentlemen have cooked up as saucy (and as neatly naughty) a dish as one could hope to find. Basically, "No Minor Vices" poses the question, "Can an artist's model be a model wife at the same time?" Although zephyr-light and zany, it packs more wisdom into its reels than a dozen weighty tomes on Marriage, Men and Morality.

As for its stars, there's dashing Dana Andrews as The Husband (a very attractive husband, jealous and very much in love); there's the good-looking new star, Louis Jourdan as The Lover (tempestuous, uninhibited and very much in love—maybe). And then, there's the alluring young wife turned model. She is Lilli Palmer (beautiful, bewitching and very much in love—but definitely). Lilli you may remember was the girl in "Body and Soul" who contributed so unstintingly of both. In "No Minor Vices" she turns in, if you'll pardon the expression, an equally well-rounded performance.

Loud mention should also be made of the gifted supporting cast headed by lovely Jane Wyatt. She plays a nurse (very much in love, too). And there's a live lobster affectionately called Jabberwock. Even he (or she) has oodles of personality.

For a whipperdoo of a scenario that brims over with freshness and originality our movie *magnum cum laude* goes to Arnold Manoff. And, as far as we're concerned, for his super-skillful direction and production, famous Lewis Milestone can stay right there at the head of the class.

Having said all this, we feel that you have a fairish idea of the way we feel about "No Minor Vices" which is simply: Please don't miss it.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

MONUMENTAL RUINS

DEAR SIR: I just happened to pick up the June 12th Collier's and read the article Saint-Lô Fights Another Battle by Stanley Frank. Mr. Frank states that Saint-Lô was 90 per cent destroyed and another town is being erected on the site. As I read I wondered if Mr. Frank had ever visited Cassino, on the Rapido River in Italy.

This town was so destroyed the townspeople are building a new town across the river from the ruins. And I believe the old town is being left as is as a sort of war memorial for the countless G.I.s who died there: American, British, British Territorial Troops, Italian and Poles attached to the British army.

At this writing I don't think we are helping the people of Cassino rebuild their town.

Maybe it's wrong to say things like this but I think places like Saint-Lô, Cassino, San Pietro and other towns should be publicized more so certain people wouldn't be thinking of wars all the time.

RICHARD J. HADL, Roselle, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA

SIR: Please thank Mr. Dickson Hartwell for his very fine article. It's one of the best. I'm only sorry he did not go further. He could have. I'm also sorry he or rather Arnold Cain did not take more pictures of our lovely (?) city ruins.

KENNETH M. CARROLL, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Dickson Hartwell's article is very true in all respects but one: the depriving the women of the jobs for matrons and the removing of the beds from the firehouse. It has, since his article, been proved that they were very necessary after dozens of

(Continued on page 47)

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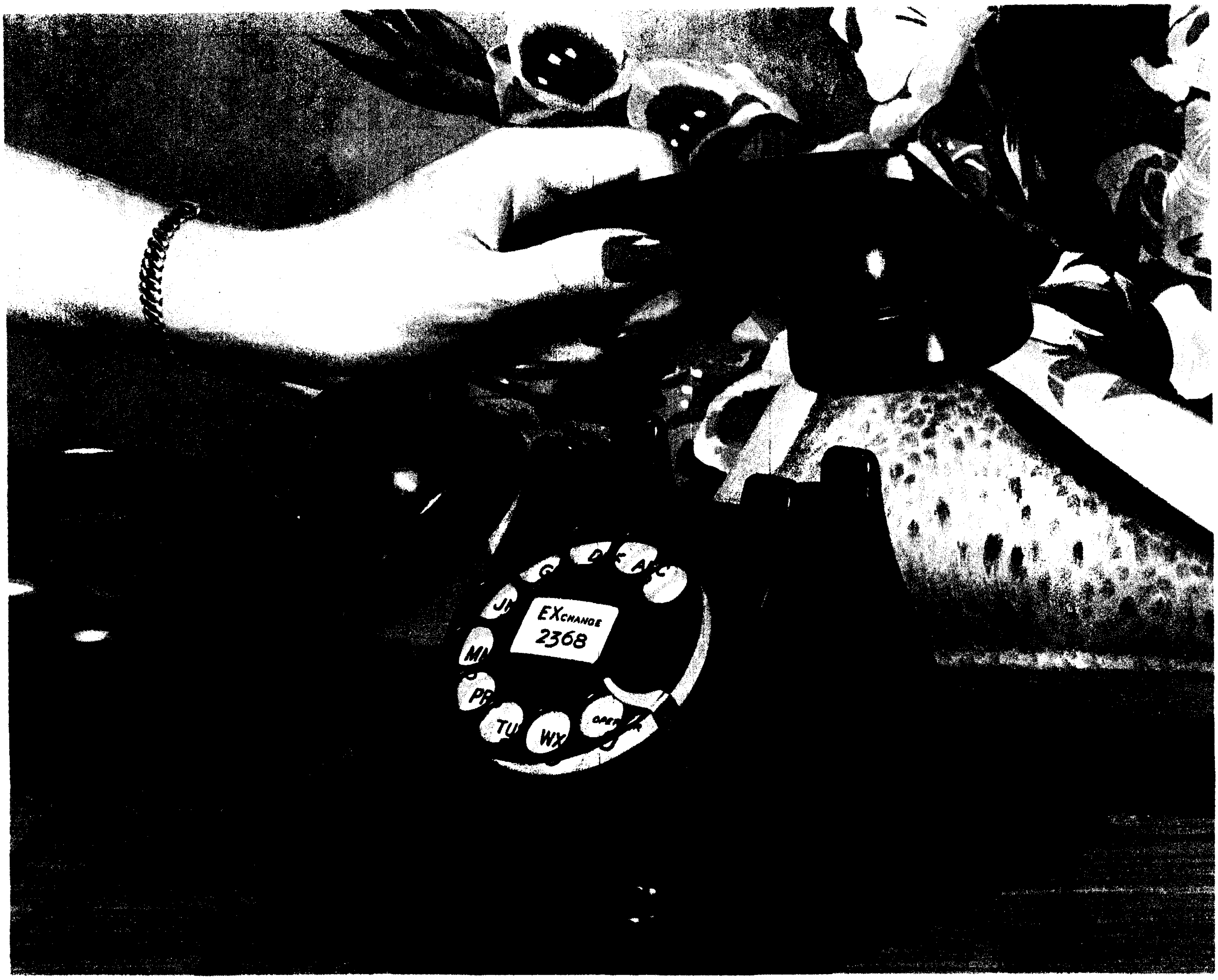

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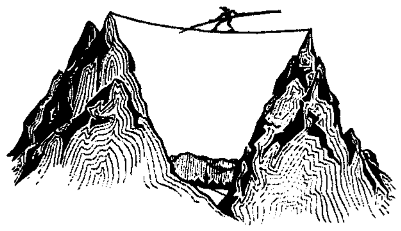
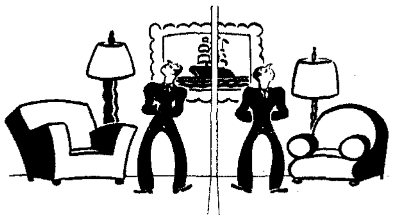


ONE OF THE MOST spectacular tight-rope performances on record was that given recently by a nineteen-year-old acrobat, Sigwart Bach of Germany, on a wire 490 feet long stretched between two Alpine peaks near Oberammergau. Without a safety net beneath him, Bach crossed and recrossed this wire which spanned a ravine 9,000 feet deep.

ONE OF OUR PREVIOUS Nature Boys was Joe Knowles, who, on August 4, 1913, walked into the dense Maine woods—alone, unarmed, unequipped and practically naked—for a Boston newspaper that hoped its circulation would be increased by his stories of survival. During the eight weeks, his adventures, scratched on birch bark and left in the forks of trees for reporters, did attract so many new readers that one envious competitor attacked Joe with a malicious story which caused much comment before he proved it untrue. It contended that all his experiences were fabrications, pointing out as an example that, contrary to Joe's claim, his bearskin robe had not come from a bear he had trapped, because it contained four bullet holes.

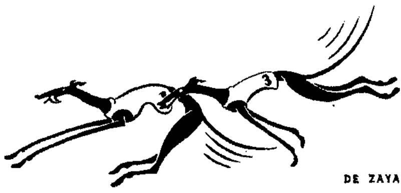


AN INCREDIBLE CASE of obstinacy was disclosed recently by an elderly man at the funeral of his brother with whom he had shared, from early manhood, a small one-room cabin near Canisteo, New York. Following a quarrel, they had divided the room in half with a chalk line and neither had crossed the line nor spoken a word to the other since that day—62 years ago.

ON THE MORNING of December 9, 1943, the dismembered body of a man named John Jump was found on a railroad track near Fort Valley, Georgia. To those who came to the scene, it appeared that the victim, probably in a drunken stupor, had fallen in front of an onrushing train. But the man had been killed at home by his wife in a murder so carefully planned that she had even spent many hours learning how a body should be placed beside the rails to simulate death by accident. The case might have been recorded as such had not the lady made a slight last-minute mistake. Of the three tracks on this right of way, she happened to select the one over which no train had run for eight months.

THE ONLY AMERICANS who are allowed to have more than one legal wife at a time are Indians belonging to certain tribes. They have not yet banned polygamy, and Congress, having recognized the sovereignty of their chiefs in tribal affairs, has not felt justified in changing their age-old domestic customs.

OF THE SOME 20 different purposes for which animals use their tails, the one most important to racing greyhounds and race horses is as a rudder when rounding turns. For instance, Mick the Miller owed his reputation as the greatest racing greyhound of all time to his perfect tail, while the colt Coron—son of the 1926 English Derby winner Coronach—owed his failure to win any of the numerous races he ran to the fact that he had no tail at all.



DE ZAYAS

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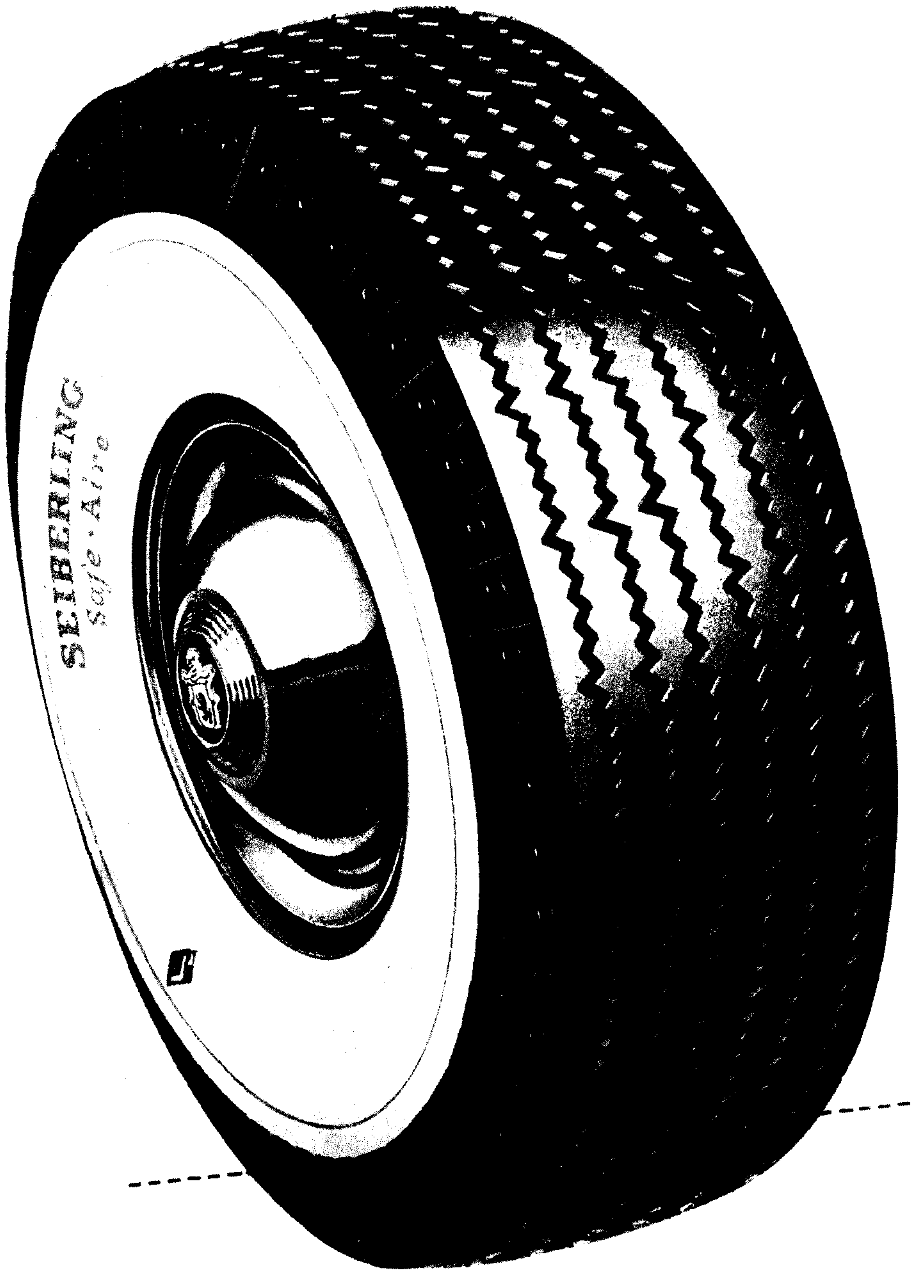
FRANKIE FOOLISH *is tempting fate*

. . . walking on the *right* side of highways always is *wrong,* especially at *night.* Most fatal traffic accidents occur after dark — according to the National Safety Council. Teach children to walk on the *left,* facing traffic — and at night, *wear or carry something white!* Drivers can help, too . . . SLOW DOWN AT SUNDOWN.



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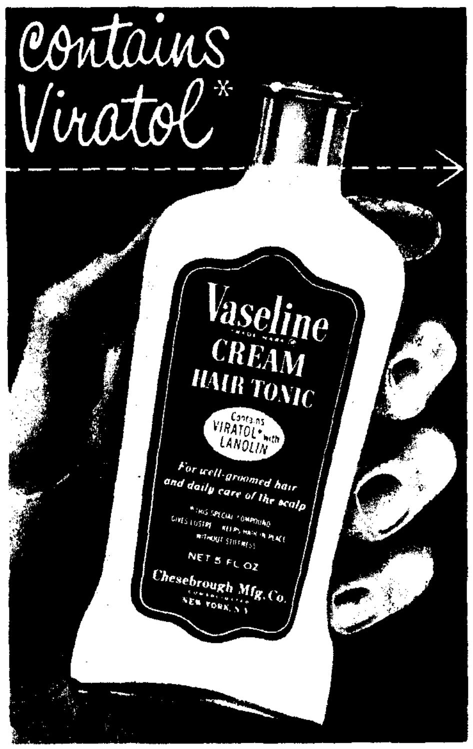

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Collier's
TEACHER

The Week's Work

BACK after a refresher foreign correspondent's flight on which he covered Greece, Palestine, Italy, France, Holland, Norway and Germany, Quentin Reynolds reports that he found the Israelis the toughest fighters he's ever seen: "Their battle cry is 'Either Palestine or the Mediterranean!' And they point into the sea!"

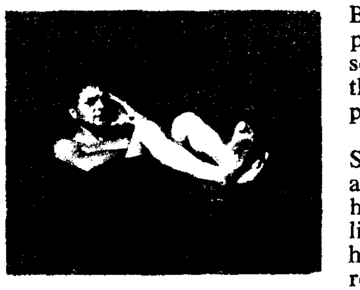
Toughest Europeans, says Reynolds, are the Norwegians: "Their rations make an English meal look like a dinner at the Ritz. They live on fish, and export everything so they can buy the military necessities that will enable them to hold out for a while for the British and Americans should Der Russian Tag arrive."

In Paris, Quent met Europe's hardest-working man: Averell Harriman. "He works day and night to make ERP click," Reynolds enthuses. "He's made Europe realize democracy is more than a theory: that ERP is to be used as vitamins, not as a sleeping pill. That it is a greater weapon than the A-bomb."

One Sunday morning at ten in Rome, Quent was granted a special audience with the Pope. "He spoke in English—he speaks a dozen or so languages," Quent says, "and he lived up to everything I've ever heard of him. He is the greatest man I ever interviewed!"

To gather Rainbow Route to Berlin, a Collier's exclusive about the air lift (p. 12), Reynolds deposited his portly hulk among the coal and flour sacks of the C-47s he rode four times.

"No, I don't know if there will be a war," Mr. R. said in reply to our question, a popular one nowadays. "Only the radio commentators know that!"



Howard Whitman demonstrating How To Keep Out of Trouble—Page 28

DEAR Week's Work: Regarding my story, It Happened to a Dog (p. 16), when I was a tot, I acquired one half a dog in trade with my brother for one half a runt pig. It was a squally-voiced fox hound name of Rum, and more gun-shy than a rabbit. It turned out I owned the hungry half of Rum, just as I had owned the eating end of the pig. Deciding one half a dog is worse than none, I made my brother sole owner of Rum for 25 cents. He promptly sold Rum for $5 ...

After owning a succession of bird dogs, beagles and grotesque coonhounds, I went to Columbia U., about 20 miles from home. My beagles & Co. waited impatiently all week for the last Friday class, so we could ramble through the New Jersey covers all week end.

At Columbia, rowing seemed to be the only outdoors activity you could do sitting down, and not be scrambling with a bunch of guys for one little object like a football, so I rowed like sixty, for four years. We had good luck.

Ten years later the South Carolina doctor who removed my appendix (he kept bird dogs and foxhounds), told me I still had good stomach muscles—proving, I believe, that rowing is good for dog lovers.

College over, Corey Ford—a bird-dog and beagle keeper, too—agreed with me about the importance of matching wits with fish. So we went to Alaska for five summers to battle trout and grayling and write about it.

My kennelful of dogs dwindled to one pointer during the war but I gained a swell wife (she likes dogs) and also a son, who at one year yells, "Whoa!" at the pointer. As soon as he learns to say, "Charge," and "Fetch" and "Tallyho," we are going to get some more bird dogs, a few beagles, and a foxhound or two.

Alastair MacBain

CAMERON SHIPP, starting a three-parter on the life of that charming skitterwit, Billie Burke (p. 18), is another Columbia U. man completing a cycle. He'd gone up to that Great, Gray Pile of Learning from a North Carolina hamlet, giving out to his family how he esteemed education. "Fact is," Shipp confesses, "I wanted to get to New York to see the Ziegfeld Follies and Billie Burke. I accomplished both objectives so thoroughly I got on the dean's list—the probation one."

Columbia shipped Shipp into the world as a writer, and in time he began to hit Collier's with a lot of hard-boiled stuff our readers will remember. But through the years he kept the flame for Miss Burke burning fiercely. "I'd got to know Miss Burke very well years ago," he reveals. "I finally met her—Collier's introducing us. Ah! these wasted middle empty years—"

This week's cover: Drawing Teacher: Startled at the blackboard is petite, freckled eight-year-old Carol Nugent, who lives in Hollywood and goes to school a block from the M-G-M studios. Mead-Maddick made the shot. Though this is Carol's debut as a cover girl, she has been in several movies and takes her work in stride. Papa and Mama Nugent don't allow her career to interfere with her health and normal kiddy-isms. . . .

TED SHANE

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Plymouth

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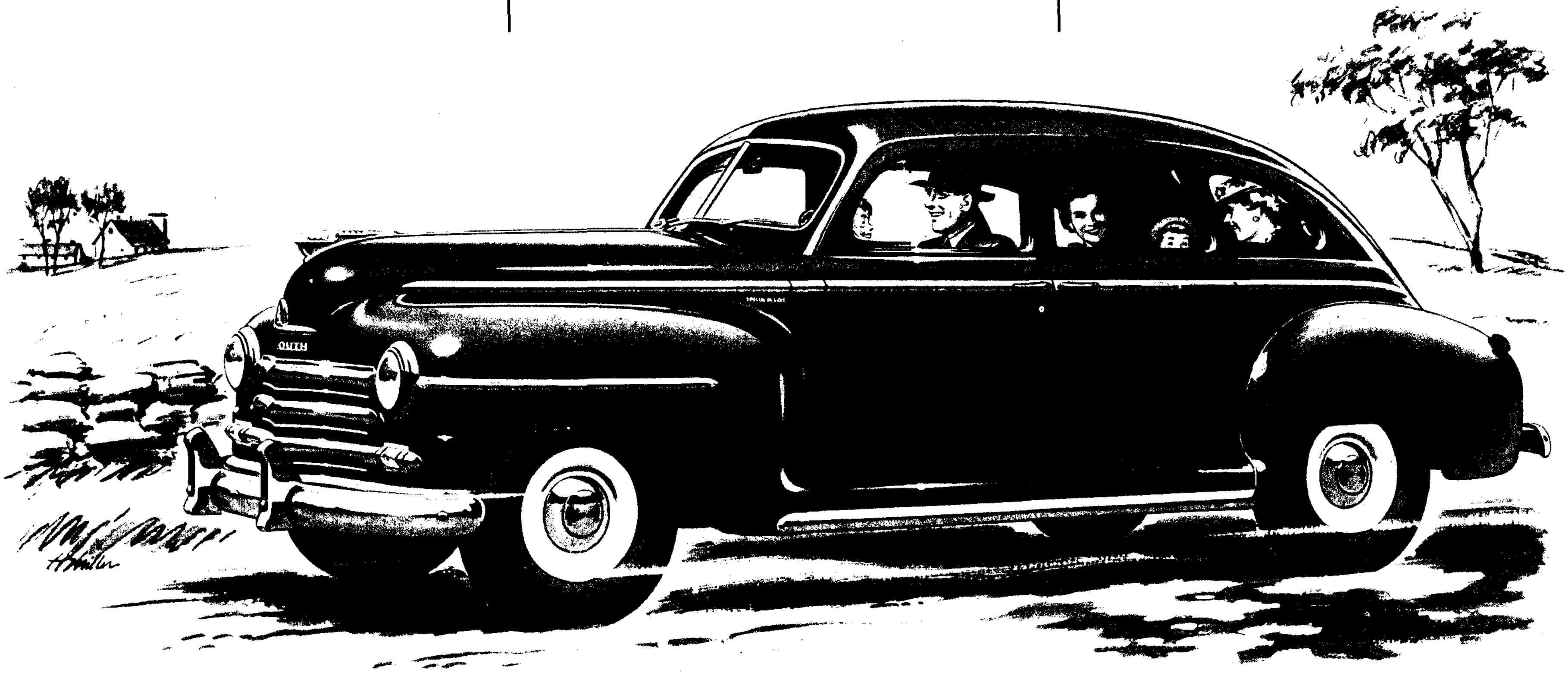

If you're looking for car value, isn't it a good idea to look for the low-priced car that gives you *more* of the features found in high-priced cars?

Then look at Plymouth — for here is the *only* car in the lowest-priced field with *20 of 21* features found in most high-priced cars. And Plymouth offers these features as standard equipment — at no extra cost!

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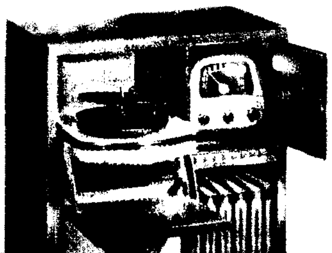
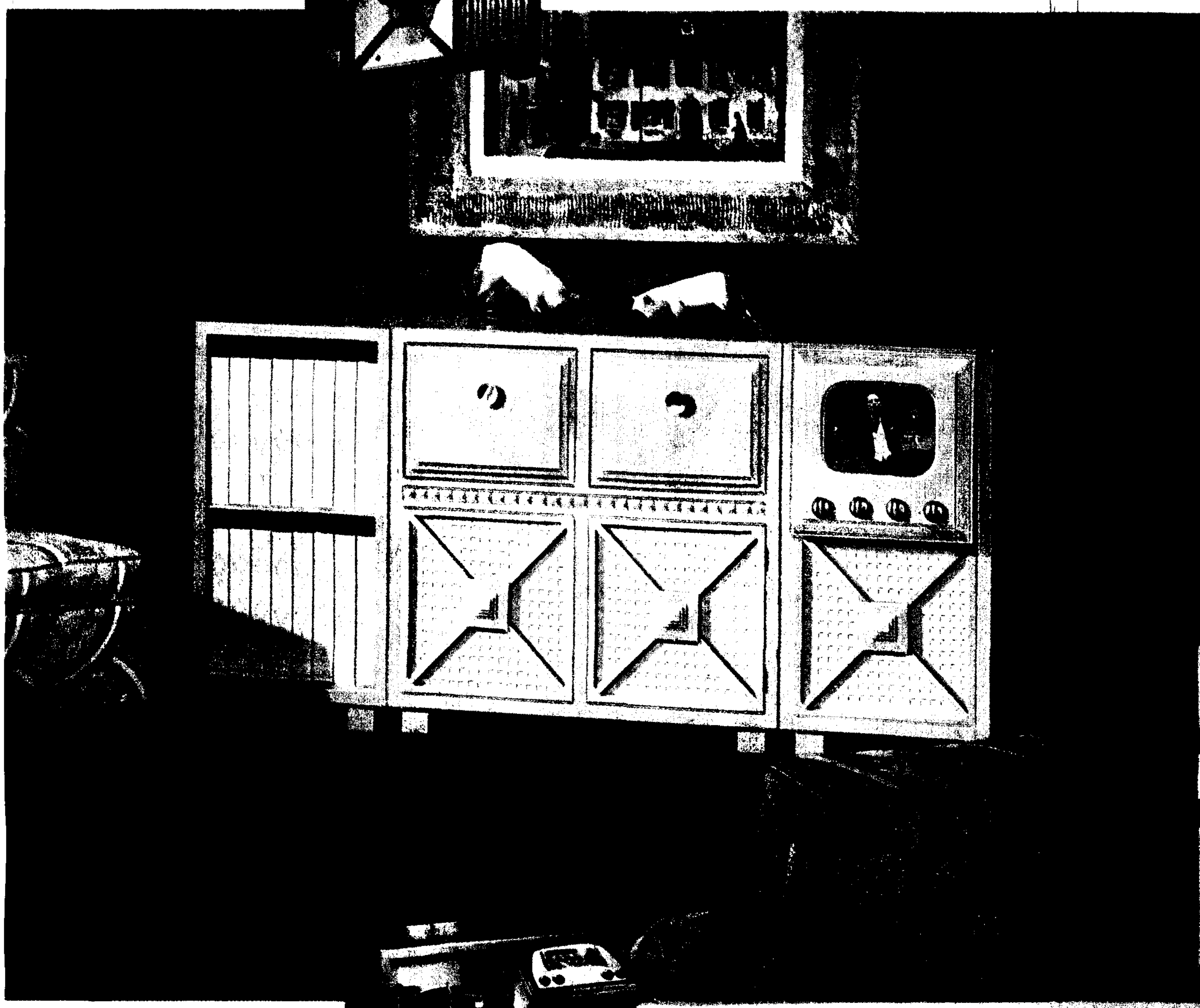
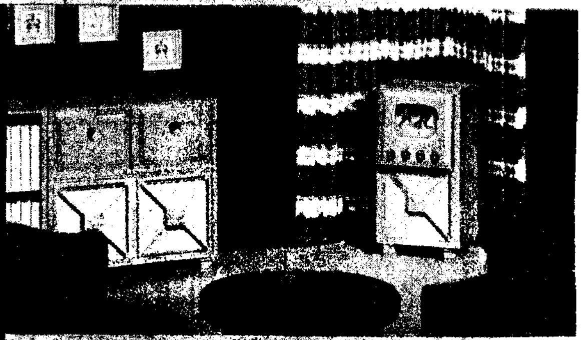
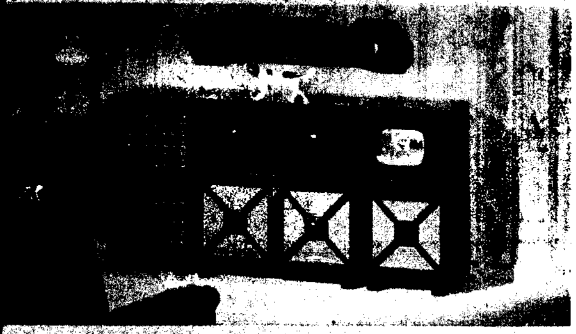


7G14—Admiral radio and two-speed automatic phonograph with Miracle tone arm in walnut console. $169.95*





Flexibility of Admiral's matching units makes possible many varied and attractive room settings.



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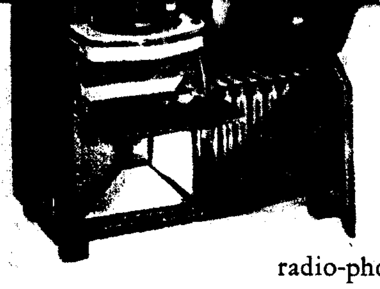

9B14—Admiral FM-AM radio and two-speed automatic phonograph with Miracle tone arm. Static-free "ratio-detector" FM. Walnut console. $299.95*

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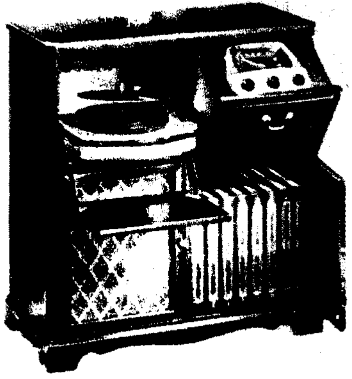

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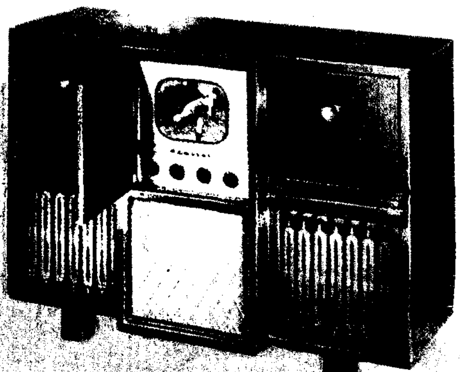

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 122, NO. 13 SEPTEMBER 25, 1948

Of Mice and Molly

By JOHN BAILEY

Bill was the type that loves all dumb creatures. That probably accounts for his sentimental attitude toward Gwendolyn—a girl who wasn't noticeably smart

A SMALL, brown, businesslike mouse came up the steps of the Sea View Inn, crossed the porch within a foot of the young man seated in the rocker, paused at the front door, cleared his throat, and went on in.

With a feeble cry the young man rose vertically about six inches.

Captain Pritchett, slumped down in the next rocker, clucked sympathetically.

"Nerves?" he inquired.

"Mouse," muttered the young man jerkily. "Porch. Cleared throat. Went in house."

"An auditory illusion," said the captain, soothingly. "Not uncommon if one is feeling below par mentally. It was I who cleared my throat."

"Oh."

"As to that mouse," continued the captain, "you may have noticed a sort of unfurtiveness? A kind of mouselike insouciance?"

"I did," shuddered the young man. "A cool customer. Acted as if he lived here."

"He does," said the captain. "He and his sisters. They not only live here, but they enjoy the full status of regular boarders, with all privileges. Some people," he mused, "would say that we have mice. But it would be more exact to say that we have mice *stopping* here. They are loved and respected by all. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

"What story?"

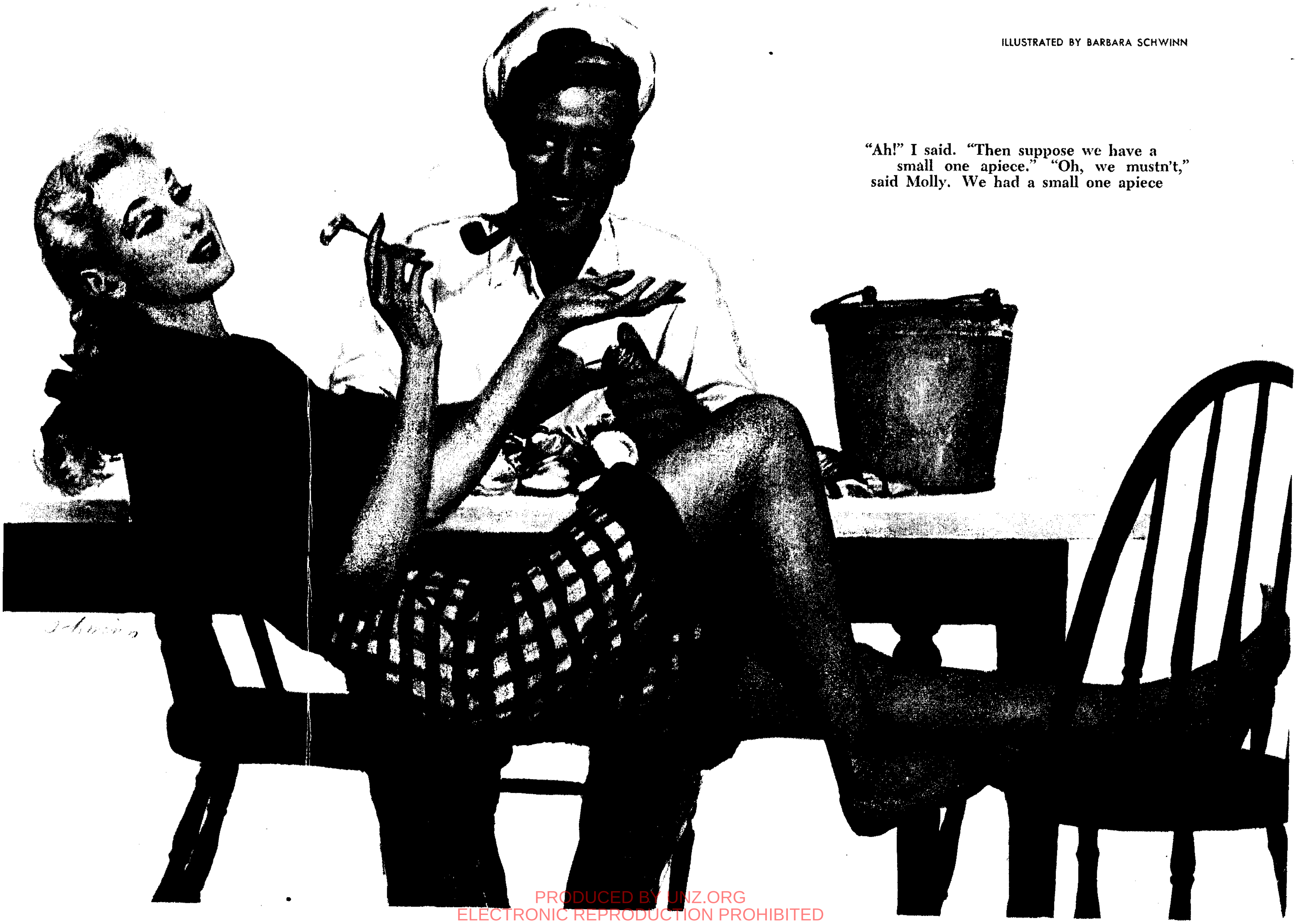
"The story I am about to tell you," explained the captain.

The young man said that, aside from not hearing the story, nothing would please him more.

I will begin (said Captain Pritchett) with the moment Bill Schuyler stepped into the lobby of the Sea View Inn.

Tall, well built, with a tanned face and pleasant blue eyes, Bill was as nice a young man as you would care to meet. No *(Continued on page 91)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



"Ah!" I said. "Then suppose we have a small one apiece." "Oh, we mustn't," said Molly. We had a small one apiece

CABLED FROM BERLIN

Rainbow Route To Berlin

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The boys who fly for LeMay Coal & Feed Co. have written a saga of salesmanship for democracy. The Air Force calls it an air lift. Berliners call it the Miracle of the Flour and the Coal

THEY'LL be talking about this one fifty years from now. It will become a legend in Air Force circles, just as the supply line over the Hump during the war years has already become a legend. They'll be talking of how a handful of American and British planes kept two and a half million people of Berlin alive during the summer of 1948. They'll be telling how we beat the Russians without firing a shot, in the hottest cold war ever fought between nations.

The greatest air-supply operation in history began with a phone call on the morning of June 27, 1948. General Lucius Clay in Berlin was calling General Curtis E. LeMay in Wiesbaden. It was a short and rather unhappy conversation, and a great many things were left unsaid by both men. Clay told LeMay that Berlin would have to be fed by air and that he, LeMay, would be in charge of the operation.

Neither man mentioned the fine four-laned *Autobahn* that stretched from Frankfurt right across the Russian zone almost to Berlin. Neither mentioned the railroad which the Russians had closed to make "necessary repairs." LeMay didn't say, "Why in hell can't we run an armed convoy down the *Autobahn?* For God's sake, how much more are we going to take from these jokers? If they're asking for it, let's find out now. We've got a few Jugs here to give the convoy cover." He didn't say that; he just chewed savagely on his unlighted cigar, thinking perhaps of his group of P-47 Thunderbolts resting impotently at its base. These P-47s are never anything but "Jugs" to Air Force men.

General Clay didn't say, "I've tried to sell that to Washington but got nowhere. They're afraid of an incident. We got to do it their way, by air." He didn't say that messages had been flying between him and the State Department for the past two days, and that Secretary of State Marshall had decided not to risk any armed conflict with the Russians. Clay just gave LeMay some terse orders, and, being a soldier, LeMay choked a little and said calmly, "Right, General! You get me the planes. We'll do our part from this end."

Well, that's how it began. Things moved fast during the next few hours. Clay phoned Washington and told Marshall that LeMay would need a lot of C-54s. Marshall, General Omar Bradley and General Hoyt Vandenberg went into an immediate huddle.

Within a few moments, teletype messages were flying to Hawaii, to Alaska, to Texas, to Panama.

Because of the time difference, it was only ten in the morning at Bergstrom Field down in Austin, Texas, where the 48th Troop Carrier Squadron was based. An hour before this a C-54 had landed from Guam, and Lieutenant Colonel Forrest Coon, pilot of the ship, had climbed happily down from the cockpit. He'd been away two and a half years, in the Philippines and on Guam, and now at last he was home.

It was a hot day and he joined a group of the pilots who were cavorting in the pool. Coon had a long leave coming and he'd go home and get acquainted with his family again.

His thoughts were interrupted by an order over the loud-speaker: "All personnel report immediately to Operations."

Announcement Makes Fliers Happy

A few moments later, Coon and the others were listening to Colonel Raphael Baez telling them that they would be off for Berlin immediately. The whole squadron would go. That meant 48 officers and 88 enlisted men. The fliers smiled. Even Coon was happy. Germany? Brother, this might be it!

The 54th Troop Carrier Squadron was at its home base, Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, Alaska, that Sunday morning. This outfit has flown more bad-weather missions than perhaps any other in the Air Force. When Colonel Thomas Mosely received the message to get his boys to the Rhein-Main airport at Frankfurt he, too, acted quickly.

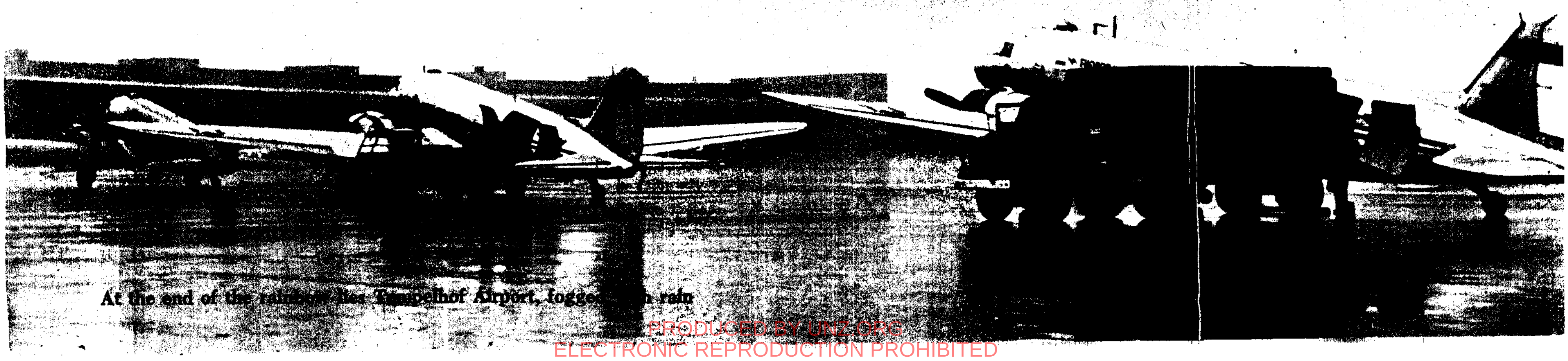
Lieutenant Colonel James Samouce, the squadron leader, and his 41 officers and 169 enlisted men heard the news with joy. Germany! They wouldn't need their snowshoes, standard equipment for Alaska-based planes, but they brought them along anyhow. (And hung them on the wall of their Operations room at Rhein-Main.) Within ten hours the squadron was on its way.

Hickam Field, base for the 19th Troop Carrier Squadron, is at Honolulu. When Colonel Davidson, C. O. at Hickam, received the order from Washington that morning, one of his aircraft was at Brisbane, Australia. He told his squadron leader, Major S. Cresswell, to hurry to Frankfurt with his eleven planes and their ground crews.

Before the last plane had left, a teletype message had reached Lieutenant Michael Pashkevich and his crew in Brisbane, where they had just landed with a load of supplies. In usual cryptic Air Force terminology the message merely read: *Return Hickam immediately.* Pashkevich and his crew of nine climbed right back into their big ship and headed for Hickam. They were there only long enough to have their motors checked and they too joined the migration to Germany.

American Army planes kept streaming into Frankfurt. They came from Westover Field in Massachusetts, from Albrook Field in Panama, and LeMay, chewing on his unlighted cigar, put them right to work. The boys found it a lot tougher than they had expected. They hadn't known that the C-54s would be lifting ten tons and that the two-engined C-47s would be carting 8,000 pounds of coal and flour. This overloading is called a "calculated risk" in Air Force language. No commercial plane would be allowed to leave an airport carrying such loads. But this was an emergency operation, and the rules of war were applied.

The boys hadn't known that many of



At the end of the rainbow lies Tempelhof Airport, fogged in rain them would be flying 140 hours a month and they hadn't known about Tempelhof, the Berlin airport. Tempelhof was designed for the use of relatively short-range planes, like the Junkers. The runways had to be lengthened; new strips had to be built, but the chief disadvantage of Tempelhof is the rows of two-story houses which surround the field.

During the first month of Operation Vittles, there were only seven really good days for flying. Most of the time it was done by instrument. Bringing heavily loaded planes into Tempelhof under a 200-foot ceiling takes a lot of careful and expert guidance, and those houses around the field add to the hazards. The boys hadn't known about the YAKs and the PE-2s which the Russians have been flying in the "corridor" every day just to make life more difficult for them. You never can know when a speedy YAK will streak out of a cloud almost to brush wings with you.

But the air lift was established, and the people of Berlin have not starved. More important in many ways is the fact that the thin line of aircraft landing or taking off every three minutes has enabled the United States to maintain its foreign policy.

It has cost us one and a half million dollars a week to support the life line. This has been the price of retaining our dignity as a nation. The Russians have done everything (short of shooting) to make us leave Berlin. General Clay declared last July that the Soviets could never get us out by anything but an act of war. The Russians thought the blockade of Berlin would eliminate us. With England and France, we were committed to feeding the people of the Berlin western sectors. If we had not been able to do this we would have had no alternative but to leave.

The air lift has also made it possible for us to retain the spiritual leadership of the Western nations in Europe. Had we left Berlin, the Communists in western Europe would have chortled gleefully and would have capitalized on our weakness. Had we left Berlin, thousands in Greece, fearing that Russian domination in Europe was inevitable, would have flocked to the standard of Markos. Had we left Berlin, Togliatti in Italy, an eloquent and persuasive man, might well have doubled the already substantial strength of his Communist party overnight, and Communists in France would have been given new strength.

As a political weapon, the air lift has been tremendously effective. Even the Russians have found no answer to it. They ridiculed it in their German-language newspapers in Berlin, but the citizens of the capital looked aloft and, seeing flour and coal coming to them on wings, laughed at the efforts of the Soviet propagandists. Only history can decide how vitally important in political terms the air lift will have been.

Suppose we consider it in human terms. We'll ride from Wiesbaden to Berlin with the LeMay Coal & Feed Company (delivery guaranteed). The briefing room in the Operations building at the airfield reminds you of briefing rooms you saw during the war. The same pilots are there, lugging the same parachutes, wearing the same overalls and peaked caps. There is the same rather grim tone to their talk; two of their buddies in a C-47 died when they cracked into a hill the night before.

"Take Number Five," the briefing officer says to dark-haired young Lieutenant Gerald Kercher of Cass City, Michigan. Kercher is our pilot, and Lieutenant Cloyd Pearce is the copilot. We climb into a bus and are driven to the fifth plane in line. It has been loaded. Large boxes of powdered milk and dozens of flour-filled sacks are lashed to the floor inside. The manifest is lying on top of one of the boxes.

Kercher looks at it and blinks. "Eight thousand pounds," he says to Pearce. "Think this old crate can lift that much?"

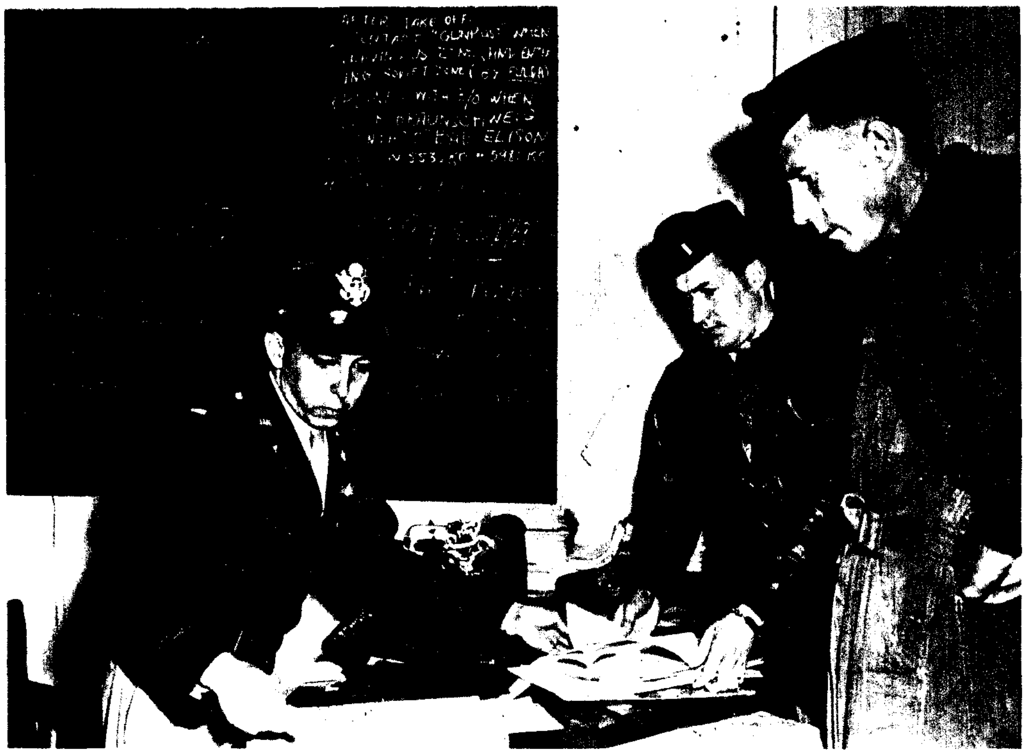
"That's your problem, chum," the copilot says cheerfully.

They take their places, and Kercher puts me in the navigator's seat. Ahead of us the other planes have started their engines.

Through earphones you hear the control tower: "Number One take off at 1700 hours. Others follow three-minute intervals."

Now our propellers are whirling, and the plane shakes and seems to snarl in protest. The first C-47 roars down the runway and then rises heavily. The others follow and now it's our turn. Gerry Kercher looks back, grins and yells, "Hang on," and then he bends over the throttle.

We start to roll. Gerry isn't sitting back relaxed. The skin is tight on the back of his neck. The plane gathers momentum slowly. It creaks and groans with the effort. We're halfway down the runway now, and the plane feels as logy as a sackful of wet wheat. I feel I want to lift it by main force, and after what seems an eternity, it lurches a bit and we're airborne.



Two Yank pilots pick up instructions for the Berlin run in the briefing room at Rhein-Main

The pilot still isn't relaxed. He won't be until he gets over those hills at Fulda. Slowly, agonizingly the plane climbs and then, after some five minutes, Gerry raises his head and sits back. The copilot leaves his seat and comes to the navigator's niche.

"Sit up with the skipper," he says. "You can see something up there."

Kercher offers me a cigarette and grins when I take the copilot's seat. His grin fades as he points to a hill on our left.

"That's what Smith and Williams ran into last night," he says simply, and then he turns his head away from the hill. "Both of them had over 2,000 hours in twin-engine jobs," he adds.

We gain height slowly. The plane three minutes ahead of us, unseen, would be flying at 5,000 feet. We would maintain an altitude of 5,500 feet. The ship following us would be 500 feet below us, and if it maintained its speed, would be three minutes behind us. This staggering of altitudes did not eliminate the possibility of collision, but it minimized the danger.

Ahead of us are dark, ugly-looking clouds. A commercial plane would have risen 2,000 feet to avoid flying through them, but we have to stay on course.

We enter the low-pressure area, and immediately it seems as though we are being pelted by thousands of pebbles.

"Hail!" Gerry yells. "Look at them bounce off the wings; they're big as walnuts."

For an hour we fly through hail and rain and huge masses of thick, angry clouds. This is routine, but careful Gerry is constantly calling the weather ship, which is above us somewhere giving reports at different positions and altitudes.

Finally we emerge into clear, sunlit air. Pearce leans over my shoulder to get a better look.

"I make that Dessau down there," he tells Gerry.

Kercher nods and says, "Take a look at those Russkies."

We are over the Russian zone now, and below is the huge airport outside of Dessau.

"All fighters," Gerry mutters excitedly. "Count 'em."

We count them. There are 78 Russian planes on the field. No one knows how many YAKs and jets the Russians have in Germany but they have plenty. You never fly over an air strip in the Soviet zone without seeing at least 30 planes.

We have been flying nearly two hours now, when Gerry begins that peculiar form of double-talk intelligible only to pilots and control-tower operatives.

"Calling Tempelhof tower," he drones. "Easy 234 calling for landing instructions. Am five miles southwest of field. Altitude five thousand. Victor Flight Roger. Over."

"Easy" meant that an eastbound C-47 was calling. "Big Easy" would have meant an eastbound C-54 (the 54s are the bigger planes). Victor Flight Roger (VFR) was another way of saying that the pilot would not need to make an instrument landing. He would follow visual flight rules.

Within a few seconds the answers came through the earphones: "Okay, Easy 234. Landing on grass to east parallel to Runway 27. Call on base leg. Over."

We circled Tempelhof and landed. We were no sooner out of the aircraft than a truck moved alongside. Six men stepped into the plane, and the unloading began.

Kercher and Pearce had time to hurry into the snack bar at Tempelhof for a milk shake before the loud-speaker told them it was time for the return trip. They said goodby to me casually and headed for their aircraft. Usually the pilots make two round trips a day, but quite often they have to make three. By the end of July the strain began to tell a bit, and LeMay impressed his headquarters staff into action. The latter became the week-end pilots, to give the regular fliers some rest.

General LeMay, who can fly anything with wings, made a dozen trips himself, flying either a C-47 or a C-54. Even the public relations officers and the adjutants and the staff of the bases in both Wiesbaden and Rhein-Main took over the controls on week ends.

The air lift began in June. By August 1st, the Russians had stopped ridiculing the effort. By that date, 43,224 tons of food and fuel had been flown into Berlin. There had been 8,368 flights, and the planes had covered 5,000,000 miles with only two fatal accidents.

The air lift has rejuvenated Berlin. The policy of the Western nations had been to teach the people democracy, but the truth is that Germans hadn't been taking very well to the teaching. They had watched the Russians take one positive aggressive step after another and they had watched the Western nations hesitate. They had begun to wonder whether "democracy" wasn't just another word for "appeasement." Then at long last, they saw democracy at work. All day and all night they heard the drone of engines. They saw trucks tearing out of Tempelhof filled with supplies for the hospitals or with food and coal which were being hurried to warehouses and then delivered to the ration shops. The Americans had stopped making speeches; they were actually defying the Russians.

The air lift became the *(Continued on page 44)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HENRY GRANT COMPTON

Death Had Strange Hands

By CHARLES B. CHILD

“Lipstick,” said Inspector Chafik, “is notoriously dangerous.” It can record a lover’s kiss—or a murderer’s fingerprints

A TALL, gaunt sergeant of the Baghdad Criminal Investigation Department entered the garden cinema of the Al-Rashid during the second showing of the main feature, which was a detective film. He searched for, and found, a neat little man, touched him on the shoulder, and said in Arabic, “Sir, permit me to disturb you.”

“I hear you, Abdullah. But you interrupt my concentration on the truly baffling problem of this animated corpse.”

“Sir, I regret, but there has been—”

Inspector Chafik rose reluctantly.

“I shall never know the true story,” he sighed, with a final glance at the film. “Well, Abdullah?”

“Sir, we have a corpse. The wife of Dr. Ibrahim Fadan of the Royal Hospital.”

The Inspector followed his assistant to the waiting car. “Give me your report,” he said, as they raced through the creamy moonlight.

“I have only the telephone report of the *Mufawwadh* of the police post at the north gate, sir. He states he was called to the house of Dr. Fadan by the resident servant, who returned from an evening’s outing to find his mistress dead. Death was by strangulation.”

“And the husband?”

“They are searching for him. I understand the woman was of French birth.”

Inspector Chafik extracted a card from the filing

"There is no justice," the man muttered. "He sent me away for nothing. I, Hassan, who served him faithfully for many years"

cabinet of his brain. "Naomi, nee Bousset," he quoted. "Born Paris, 1922. She met and married Ibrahim Fadan, in Beirut, in 1946. Fadan is a great surgeon, a man blessed with healing hands." Chafik shrugged and added softly, "I know other things, but they are indiscreet."

The car wheeled into the driveway of a house set back behind fine shade trees. It was convenient to the hospital where Dr. Fadan was resident surgeon. A trooper of the suburban patrol mounted guard at the door, and when the Inspector entered he was greeted by the local station officer.

The *Mufawwadh* said, "Since I telephoned, the husband has been traced. He is at the hospital, engaged in a delicate operation."

Chafik answered, "He can help the living while I investigate the dead."

HE WENT to the bedroom of Naomi Fadan and stopped in the doorway with hands folded behind his back, his thin face expressionless. The room was large. Windows opened on the Tigris. The river breeze stirred the curtains and also gave movement to the dark hair of the woman, whose body was flung carelessly across the bed.

She had been pretty. Chafik could understand why the doctor, a middle-aged bachelor had been attracted to somebody so young and colorful; but he wondered why she had bound herself to a man much older, and of different race.

When he went nearer he saw faint, reddish smudges on the ivory nightdress. Another one on the left cheek stood out with startling clarity, showing the whorls and looped ridges of an obvious thumbprint. There were lesser marks on the throat.

The woman's mouth and chin were smeared with lipstick, and Chafik said, "The killer stopped the victim's cries with a hand. Hence the fingerprints so generously distributed."

Sergeant Abdullah ventured, "Sir, if he had strangled her with unsmeared hands we would have found nothing. Fingers do not leave decipherable marks on flesh. This lipstick will hang him."

"Lipstick is notoriously dangerous," commented the Inspector, dryly. He looked again at the mark on the parchment cheek. "But one does not attach such a seal to a document of crime." Chafik stroked his cheek reflectively and went on:

"I have no affection for fingerprints. Their design resembles a maze such as the one I wander in now." He nodded to Corporal Yacoub of the Fingerprint Bureau, who was waiting with his apparatus, and turned from the corpse.

The Inspector wandered around the room, touching things absent-mindedly, leaving his assistants to their duties. It was his custom to keep his mind inactive until supplied with facts.

He was idly examining a portrait hung above the bed, when Abdullah called him. The sergeant had been searching a bureau crammed with old letters and hoarded bills and had arranged them in neat piles.

"There are letters which may be of interest, sir," he said. "They are, I venture to suggest, in the French language, but posted in Baghdad."

Chafik took the letters and glanced at the signatures. "Maurice," he announced. "And here on an envelope the full name—Maurice Lebrun."

"It is a French name, sir?"

"Lebrun, Maurice," Chafik said. "Age, twenty-seven. Place of birth, Paris. Came to Baghdad as cipher clerk to the French Legation in December, 1947. Lives at the Semiramis Hotel. A constant visitor to this house."

ABDULLAH pressed the palms of his hands together. "Madame was also young. I am informed the French are a passionate people."

"Your thoughts are impure," interrupted Chafik. He selected a letter and began to read with fluent ease. When he had finished he murmured, "But you are partly right. This Frenchman is passionate. It appears Madame confessed affection for Lebrun, but virtuously rejected him as lover. He begs her to come to him. He says she owes nothing to her husband, who is more interested in horses than in his young and beautiful wife—"

The Inspector stopped and turned to the picture on the wall, an oil painting by a well-known Baghdad artist, and an excellent likeness of Dr. Fadan on horseback. He was a man of frail appearance, his features finely drawn, his mouth rather too wide. But he sat the obviously spirited horse with authority, his hands iron on the reins.

"A strange picture to put above the bed of one's wife!" said Chafik. "But Fadan is a cripple—"

He continued reading Lebrun's letters. Although the correspondence was one-sided, the story unfolded was clear. The young people, Parisians brought together in a strange city, had found too much in common; but Naomi Fadan, with the marital loyalty of the bourgeois Frenchwoman, had rejected the appeals of her countryman.

The young man put himself at the feet of his mistress with the subtle obeisance of the Latin. He undermined her with tenderness; deployed the artillery of passion; launched massed frontal attacks.

The final letter, which was a week old, held Chafik's attention. He read it twice, the second time with judicial caution. Lebrun announced his impending departure for Paris, stating he had been recalled. He wrote, "Come to the city you love with the man you love. Do not choose death . . ."

Chafik placed the letters in his portfolio. His thoughts shaped an intricate pattern, and he said, "He may mean death of joy, the death of happiness. But what a singularly unfortunate word!" Hearing himself speak, he went to the window to hide embarrassment.

Below was the moonlit drive, partly hidden by the fanlike branches of a giant pride of India tree. A man came suddenly into view. He walked with a dragging motion of one leg.

Inspector Chafik drew back his head and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Dr. Fadan has returned. There is no easy way to break the news to him. I must be brutal. When he sees me the news will announce itself. I carry the odor of death." . . .

Dr. Ibrahim Fadan stood in the study, leaning on the desk to take weight off his withered leg. He was gray with fatigue.

He said, "I do not understand. My wife was alone when I left. She had been unwell for some days and I made her go to bed before I went to the hospital." He raised his dark, tortured eyes to Inspector Chafik and asked, "Who did this thing?"

"My investigation has hardly begun."

"But you have some clue?"

"There are clues. But a pile of loose threads is not a Kirman rug. The weaver must make the design. There are questions to ask."

The doctor lowered himself to a chair. He picked up a silver statuette of a horse from the desk and fondled it. "The shock of your news is anesthetizing," he said. "I am ready for you, Inspector."

"First, at what time did you go to the hospital?"

"At nine o'clock—"

"The servant had left?"

"It was his free evening. He left at seven—"

"The operation you have just performed was an emergency?"

"No, Inspector. It was arranged several days ago. I operate at night because it is cooler."

Chafik lowered his head. "Forgive my clumsy indiscretion," he went on. "Did Madame expect a visitor?"

Dr. Fadan straightened in the chair. "What visitor?" he asked harshly.

"I speak of a young man who often comes to this house."

"So you know. The soil of Baghdad is indeed fertile for police eyes and ears." He made a gesture. "Forgive me. But I cannot answer your question justly. This Frenchman ruined my marriage."

Chafik thought of the letters in his portfolio. "You are sure?"

"What else?" demanded Fadan bitterly. "You can see I am a cripple." He struck the shortened leg with his fist. "Lebrun was young, handsome."

"Madame married you," Chafik said.

"Pity sometimes wears a cloak of love." Dr. Fadan rose, limped to the fireplace, and began rearranging the trophy cups and photographs of horses which littered the mantelshelf. "I let the Frenchman come to the house because my wife was lonely for Paris. I thought she would be cheered. When I realized what had happened . . ."

"I understand." The Inspector made an awkward movement. "But you forbade Lebrun the house?"

"Since last week. That is why my wife was unwell."

"Has he visited her secretly?"

Fadan shrugged. "My spare time has been devoted to my stables at Hinadi. I discharged the groom on Sunday, and installed another the following day. It was very late when I returned home. My ill luck with grooms continued," he added. "The new man died."

"Died?"

"A heart ailment. He was an old Bedouin from one of the Beni Sakr tribes, an excellent man with horses. I found him dead when I went to the stables Tuesday evening. He was buried yesterday. I was obliged to take back the old groom as a temporary measure—but this is unimportant to you, Inspector. I mention it to show why I have been absent from the house most of the week, and therefore cannot know if Lebrun made clandestine visits."

"I will question the servant."

"He was my wife's, not mine."

"What kind of man is this Lebrun?"

"Excitable. I would not care to thwart him. Inspector, is it possible—"

THE telephone began to ring. Fadan took it, then passed the instrument to Chafik. "It is a man named Yacoub."

The Inspector said to Corporal Yacoub of the Fingerprint Bureau, who was speaking from headquarters, "What have you?"

The excited voice of the expert answered, "I have classified the prints found on the lady and compared them with our records. The result will astonish you—"

"I am disciplined against astonishment. It is a weakness."

"Sir, I was led to the records of foreigners resident in Baghdad. The fingerprints were made by a cipher clerk of the French legation. One named Maurice Lebrun—"

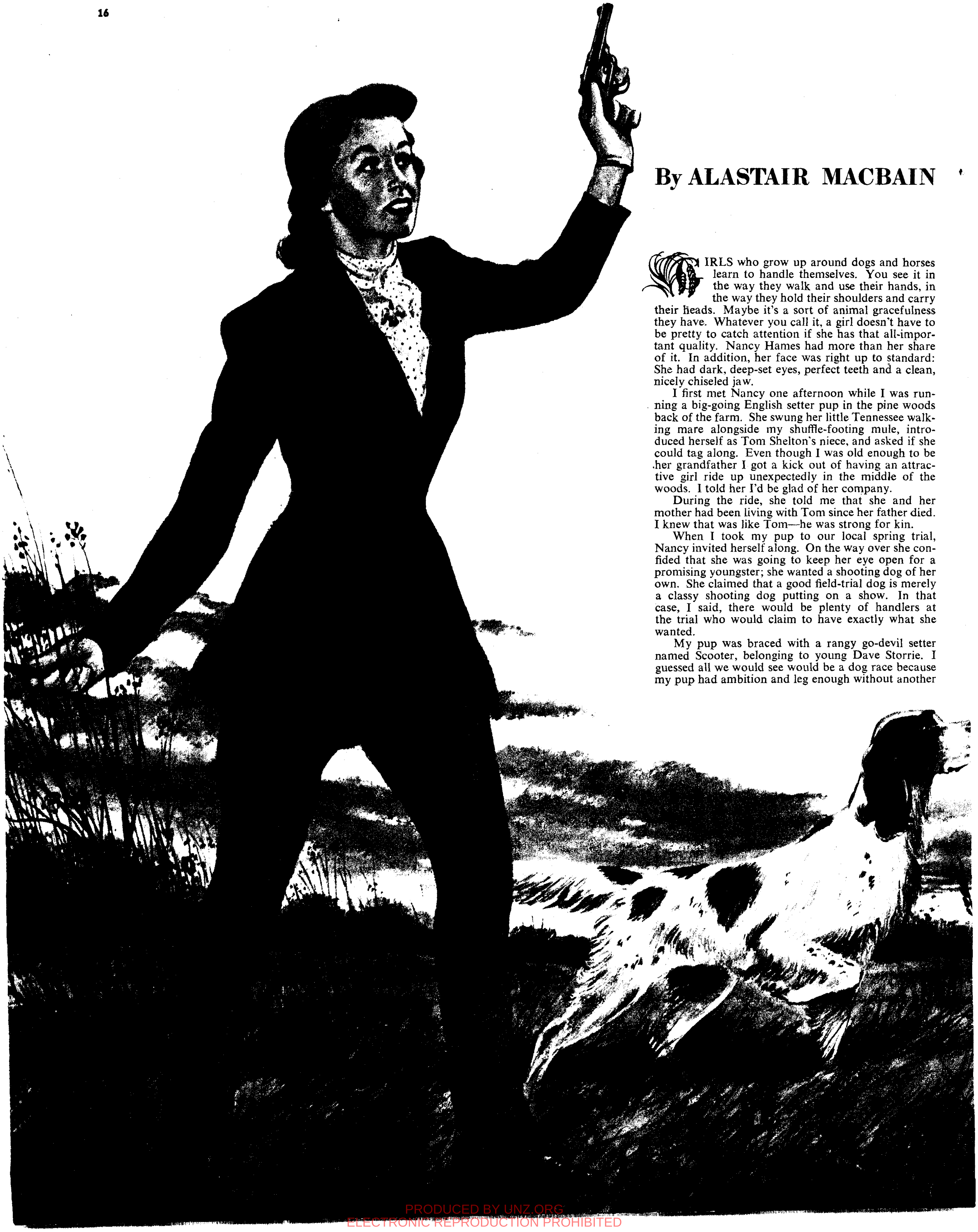
Inspector Chafik made no reply. The stub of his cigarette burned lower. He was roused by the scorching of his own flesh and, as he put the blistered finger to his mouth, he reflected that his discipline had been faulty. . . .

The report which reached the desk of H. J. Ellsworth, the next day, was a summary of hard facts, written with the detachment of a judge. Ellsworth, a former Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard, now adviser to the Iraqui government on police matters, and director of the C.I.D., read it with approval, and then glanced at Chafik, who was perched on the edge of a chair.

"A messy case," Ellsworth said. "Have you traced Lebrun?"

"No, sir. His room at the Semiramis has not been occupied since Monday. There should be nothing unusual about this because he is often away from Baghdad on *(Continued on page 86)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



By ALASTAIR MACBAIN

GIRLS who grow up around dogs and horses learn to handle themselves. You see it in the way they walk and use their hands, in the way they hold their shoulders and carry their heads. Maybe it's a sort of animal gracefulness they have. Whatever you call it, a girl doesn't have to be pretty to catch attention if she has that all-important quality. Nancy Hames had more than her share of it. In addition, her face was right up to standard: She had dark, deep-set eyes, perfect teeth and a clean, nicely chiseled jaw.

I first met Nancy one afternoon while I was running a big-going English setter pup in the pine woods back of the farm. She swung her little Tennessee walking mare alongside my shuffle-footing mule, introduced herself as Tom Shelton's niece, and asked if she could tag along. Even though I was old enough to be her grandfather I got a kick out of having an attractive girl ride up unexpectedly in the middle of the woods. I told her I'd be glad of her company.

During the ride, she told me that she and her mother had been living with Tom since her father died. I knew that was like Tom—he was strong for kin.

When I took my pup to our local spring trial, Nancy invited herself along. On the way over she confided that she was going to keep her eye open for a promising youngster; she wanted a shooting dog of her own. She claimed that a good field-trial dog is merely a classy shooting dog putting on a show. In that case, I said, there would be plenty of handlers at the trial who would claim to have exactly what she wanted.

My pup was braced with a rangy go-devil setter named Scooter, belonging to young Dave Storrie. I guessed all we would see would be a dog race because my pup had ambition and leg enough without another

Naturally enough, it was the renegade bird dog who removed the bone of contention

It Happened to a Dog

of the same kind egging him on. I was wrong. Dave's dog ran like an all-ager. He could handle birds, and he was exceptionally good-looking for a setter bred on field trials. As good-looking for a dog as Dave was for a man, in fact. Nancy thought so, too. I introduced Dave to her, and then I didn't see her again all day until it was time to head home.

She was quite excited. Dave Storrie knew her Uncle Tom, she said, and though he wouldn't sell Scooter, he had an even better-looking, bigger-going dog—a brother of Scooter's—that was for sale. She was going to see him next day. I wondered if the "him" she was interested in was Dave or the dog.

WHEN I met Dave a couple of nights later at a church fish fry supper, he seemed pleased with himself. At last, he gloated, he had gotten even with old Tom Shelton. He hated to do it, he said, because Nancy seemed regular and was easy to look at, but he knew well that Tom had sent her to buy the dog for him. Tom wouldn't try to make a deal himself, Dave was positive, ever since the time he pulled a fast one on Dave, claiming he wanted a "gentleman's shooting dog" for a friend. Cheap. Dave sold him one for a hundred dollars. Before long Tom was bragging about having resold the dog for five hundred. Old Tom knew all along what he was going to get for that dog, Dave claimed. He swore then to get even. Now, Tom had played right into his hand.

It sounded reasonable. Tom is one of the last of the old-time dog breakers and dog traders, and he has a reputation for being crafty. I asked Dave what dog he sold Nancy. He reached in his pocket and brought out a sheaf of receipted damage claims.

"I didn't lie to her, I swear," he said. "I answered every question she asked, absolutely honestly. By now, though," he grinned, "I guess she knows she didn't ask the right questions."

The claims added up to a lot of history for such a young dog. They showed that Buster, black-tan-and-white setter dog, owned by David Storrie, had killed twelve shotes, a calf, several dozen chickens, a ram and a pet raccoon. Dave had paid the claimants two hundred and twenty dollars.

Buster was the most promising pup he had ever owned, Dave explained. A real horizon buster—that was how he came by his name. But he was too smart to train. He learned early to get lost; he stayed away for days at a time; when he came home finally it was always on the end of a rope with an irate farmer on the other end, demanding to be paid before he would relinquish the dog. Dave told me solemnly that he felt Providence had made him keep Buster just so he could unload him on Tom Shelton.

The smug look left Dave's face suddenly. Nancy Hames and her mother had arrived at the fish fry. Dave mumbled something about not liking fish much anyway, and started to ease out of the church. Just then Nancy saw us and walked over, beaming. If Dave could have found a small enough mouse hole I think he would have crawled down it. He grinned sheepishly and turned redder than turkey wattles.

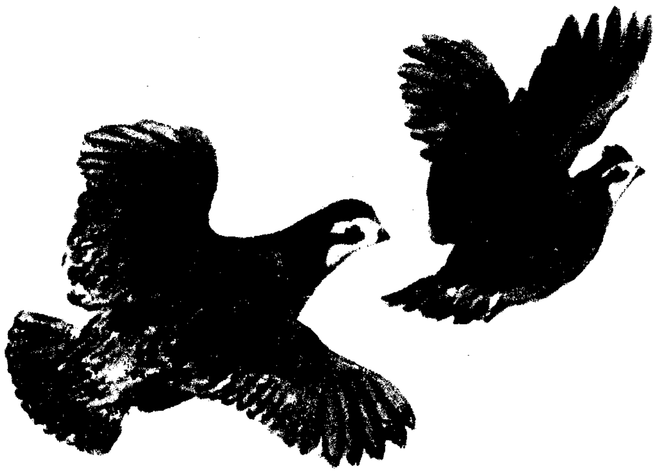
"I hoped you'd be here," Nancy said graciously.

Dave bluffed well. "Why, ma'am, I was hoping the same about you."

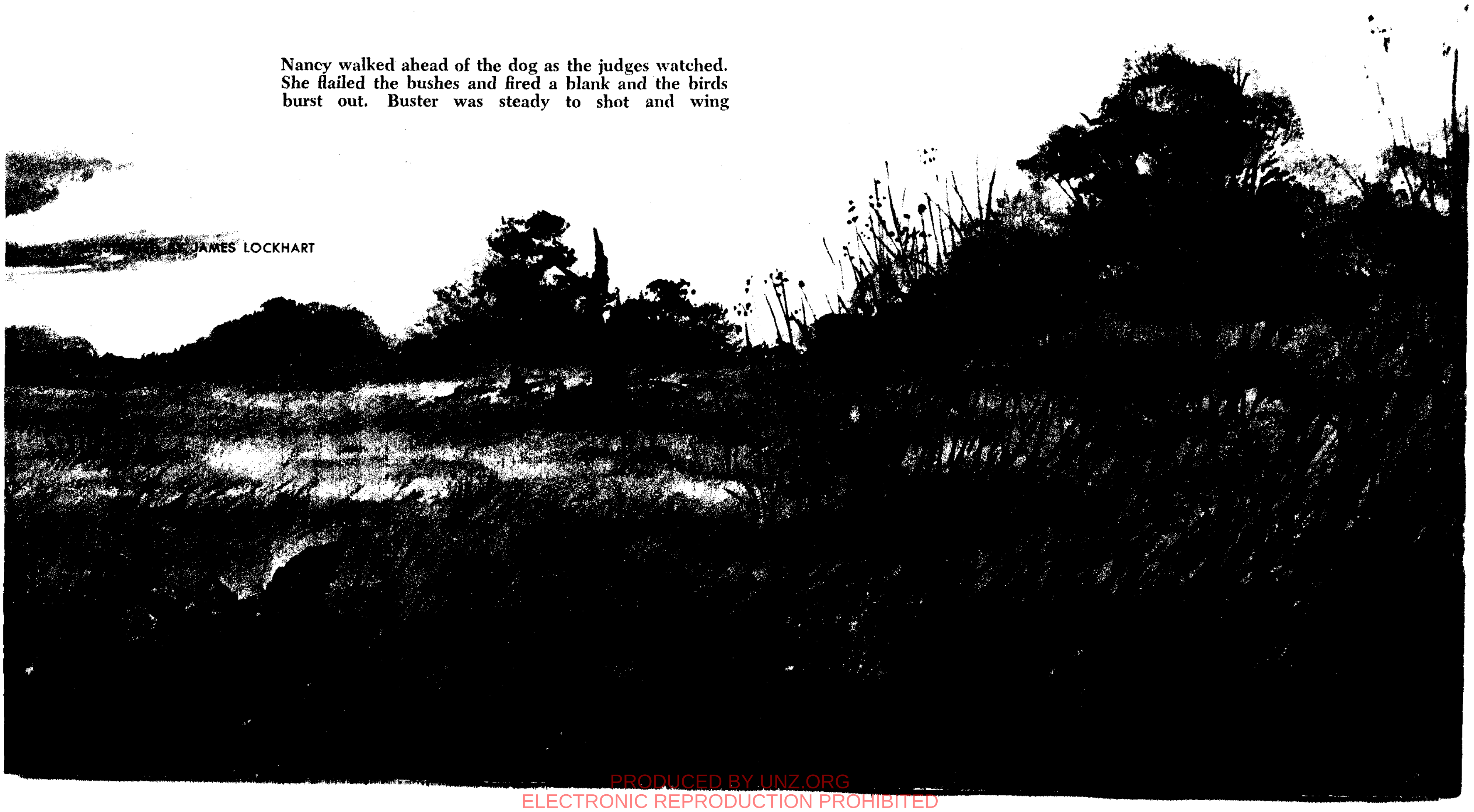
"I want to thank you for letting me have Buster," Nancy said. "He's a magnificent dog. And a real challenge. I only hope I can train him without ruining him. He's got so much spirit."

Dave glanced at me and swallowed. "You're not figuring on training him yourself?"

"Why not?" Nancy's chin *(Continued on page 64)*



Nancy walked ahead of the dog as the judges watched. She flailed the bushes and fired a blank and the birds burst out. Buster was steady to shot and wing



JAMES LOCKHART

Billie Burke—Her Story

For years we've been reading this type of article. Some of them very good. Some have made us yawn. But here's the job we've been waiting for. Here's sheer delight, beautifully and skillfully written. If you don't agree—well, you need a rest or a doctor or something.—Ed.

By BILLIE BURKE as told to CAMERON SHIPP

PART 1 OF THREE PARTS

I COULD hear John Drew harrumphing through his dressing-room door at the Empire Theater, giving forth with those highly bred horsy noises which the Drew-Barrymore clan have so aristocratically made their hallmark.

I stood outside, in my new leghorn hat with the lilacs on it, with my hair fluffed out behind, and my little lilac-checked dress. With me was my new friend, Mr. Drew's niece, Ethel Barrymore, who had been sent to soothe the great man over the embarrassment of meeting a new leading lady with the impossible—absolutely unheard of—name of Billie Burke.

I have always been called Billie Burke, except for those eighteen improbable, glittering years when I was also Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. I find it a perfectly adequate name. It's an especially nice name for the skitter-witted ladies I play on the screen today, and it suits me, too, because I might as well confess here and now that I am not always saner than I seem.

We could hear Mr. Drew through the dressing-room door, as I was saying. Among his mutterings was the complaint that Charles Frohman would do anything so dreadful, absurd, and outrageous to him as give him a new leading lady named Billie Burke. A chorus-girl name. Bound to be a bouncing British blonde with buck teeth.

Ethel grinned at me and I grinned back, unconcerned. Why, it didn't mean a thing. I was only 21. I had come over from London to play a season in the provinces. I was fluffing my hair and preparing a theatrical smile for Mr. Drew when Ethel suddenly threw open the door.

"Uncle Jack," she said, in that wonderful, throaty voice of hers, "Uncle Jack, here is the little girl you are afraid of."

Uncle Jack turned and fixed me with his famous glare. You know, I believe it's a fact that the Drews and the Barrymores were born with built-in glares and sound effects, which they can switch on and off, like the Signal Corps. Mr. Drew glared. Then he opened his eyes wide. He said, "Why, come here, my dear child." And that was that.

I thought I had better explain about my name in the beginning because so many persons have asked me how I got it. Let me introduce myself properly: My whole name is Mary William Ethelbert Appleton Burke, I was born the year before the Statue of Liberty arrived from France, I have been an actress for fifty years, since Victoria was queen of England. And how do *you* do?

I acquired my full name, which certainly sounds as if it ought to wear a lorgnette, through a bit of ecclesiastical connivance with a British curate when I was twelve years old. This was the Reverend Samuel Kishborn, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was a kind man and also a dazzlingly handsome man, so naturally I wanted to please him. I told him the story of my father, who was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1848, and who was a clown with Barnum & Bailey's circus. His name was Billy Burke.

Billy Burke was a handsome clown. I am tempted to say a "pretty clown," because he had a round, open, generous face with sparkling blue eyes, always shining, and beautiful bright red hair. He did not wear tramp clothes or make himself up to look ridiculous. Instead, he was impeccably costumed in white, with a gorgeous white ruff around his neck, a chalk-white face, and a widely smiling pink mouth.

Billy Burke was a singing clown. He sang in a strong, high baritone such songs as "Brannigan's Band," "Dance with the Girl with the Hole in Her Stocking," and "Clara Nolan's Ball." And when he sang, the trapeze artists sat carefully listening on their wires, the roustabouts gathered around the ring, and the brass band muted its harsh blare. And, oh! how the girls listened to that man sing! He had the same effect that Sinatra and Bing have on the impressionable female today, and he was ever so much prettier.

Billy came to Pittsburgh with P. T. Barnum in 1883 and sang his funny songs. I am told that he was witty and clever with satirical pantomime. All the girls thought he was perfectly wonderful and he was invited to many parties. One of the young women who was smitten by Billy was a widow, a girl named Blanche Hedkinson from New Orleans, who had four children, by her first marriage and who, as I remember so well, had a very firm chin and inelastic will power.

I don't know too much about their courtship. They met at a party given by Mr. J. A. Bailey, Barnum's partner, and when the circus left town Blanche Hedkinson went with it, as Mrs. Billy Burke, wife of the singing clown. Blanche came from a family with aristocratic pretensions, the kind with a Southern accent, so you know how *they* reacted. Marrying a clown was unthinkable and they never spoke to her again.

I was born in Washington in 1885, so in spite of my London background, I am as thoroughly American as you can get, without a Cherokee or an Ojibway in the family woodpile.

We still have the telegram that Billy Burke, who was on tour, sent the day I was born. He said to my mother: "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl, but does it have red hair?"

Mr. Bailey, who adored my father, was almost as excited as his chief clown. He wired from New York: "I will make you a firm offer of one million dollars cash for the

(Continued on page 73)

Beautiful Billie when she was wowing them in "Love Watches." This is from her album

Mr. Billy Burke, handsome singing clown, abetted his daughter's rebellion against a stage career

Billie's beloved manager, Charles Frohman, lost with the Lusitania

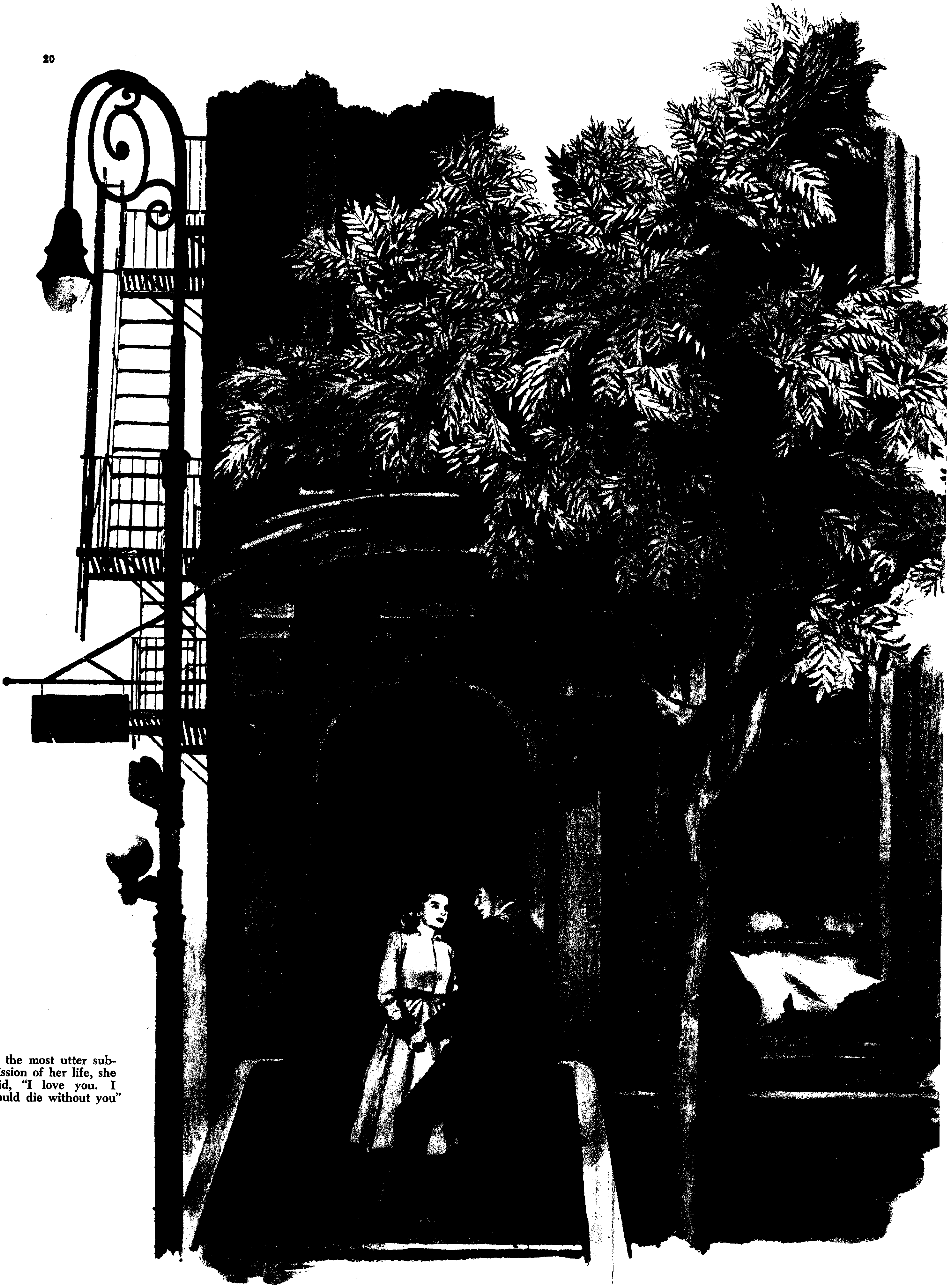
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

In her West Los Angeles home, Miss Burke today lives among mementos of her glittering Ziegfeld years

Mark Twain was a frequent dressing-room visitor. "We redheads must stick together," he would say

The magnetic Anna Held, toast of New York, was Billie's predecessor as Mrs. Ziegfeld

Caruso's golden voice won many hearts, but not that of Billie, his "leetle red mouse"



In the most utter submission of her life, she said, "I love you. I would die without you"

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

the Tree of Heaven

In that endless summer came a misery against which she had no defense. In that summer she watched the death of love

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

THE tree was the reason for taking the apartment; or so Barbara liked to declare, forgetting or ignoring the fact that at the time it had been the only apartment she could find that she could afford.

She was a small-town girl, homesick and romantic. The city frightened her at first and when she had walked into the ringing bare front room of that apartment she had felt inordinately pleased at seeing branches beyond the filmed gray glass. Yellow leaves were dropping there, one or two at a time, random and drifting, a sad but inevitable statement of nature. In that manufactured background it seemed a good reminder of earth's healthy and relentless course. Barbara went to the window and, looking down, saw that the tree sprang in all its lofty strength from a space that was hardly more than a crack beside the front steps.

In a mute unpretentious way it seemed to be asserting that given an inch it is a positive virtue to take an ell. She was naturally pleased by this advice and pleasurably saddened, too, by the sight of the sailing leaves which brought to her mind the last scene of Tristan and the last scene of Cyrano and many other bittersweet leave-takings. Also, not incongruously, it reminded her of her parents' ugly but cozy house in Davenport, and fall days and school and the cracked enthusiastic voices of the male adolescents who had so suddenly changed from well-known children into thrilling strangers—

"It's nice having a tree to look at," she had said, turning to the landlady.

"Those trees, they're just like weeds," the landlady said gloomily. "I get exhausted just sweeping up the leaves." She was a pale, oyster-colored woman, squeezed and wrung out like a cloth. One could not imagine her laughing at a joke or putting her arms around anything.

But the landlady was of no importance.

"I think I'll take the place," Barbara said.

Having passed, all her life, through the stuffed comfortable rooms of her parents' house as blind and oblivious as a minnow among weeds, she now became house-proud and exacting. She and the painters quarreled and contended and came to an agreement about the blue for the walls. She haunted secondhand stores and bargain basements and among the clutter in her pocketbook there were always rags and tags of fabric samples.

She bought a sofa that she could not afford and some prints and a Chinese figure, and when the place was finished she felt a continuing pride and astonishment since this was the first entirely creative product of her life. Before the paint had lost its smell she brought her new friends in to admire the place; girls from the office for small dinners or cups of tea. She loved their screams of praise and envy which made her feel generous and favored. They confirmed the deep hidden suspicion that after all she *was* favored, endowed, blessed beyond the average in some mysterious way.

"Look!" she would say, going to the window and drawing up the blind. "It's too dark to see well, but right out there I've got a tree. Honestly, in New York City, a real tree!"

The last leaf had fallen long ago. The ailanthus branches with their bare blunt twigs looked like the antlers of reindeer. Peering out at them through her own reflection, Barbara regarded the tree as she did any piece of good fortune at that time: as a reward. A reward for what? she sometimes wondered carelessly. For being a pretty girl, ambitious, twenty-two years old? These seemed reasons enough.

The autumn had passed quickly and the city no longer frightened her. In the evening when she came home it seemed with all its spangling lights and deeps of shadow to be a labyrinth of mystery and promises, holding marvels for those who would explore it fearlessly— She even begrudged the brief Christmas holiday with her parents in Davenport and returned eagerly as soon as she could.

THE hard grind of winter began in earnest. The tree beyond the window vibrated to the north wind, and perched among the twigs sparrows were spaced like soiled and weather-beaten fruit. When Barbara went to work she walked with her head bent and with tears of cold in her eyes as the garbage men bowled ash cans across her path, like great trolls down from the mountain. She was wildly happy, for by this time she was in love, and nothing at all seemed ugly to her, neither the ash cans nor the frozen filth in the gutter nor the chapped calves of the bobby-soxers on the subway stairs.

Sometimes her happiness caused her to walk sedately as though she carried within her a spirit level that must be kept even at all costs, and sometimes it caused her to run the length of the block and spring from the curb with a hoydenish leap. The traffic cop smiled at her and so did the old woman selling pretzels and so did other blurred or elderly passers-by, as though by looking at her and signaling their benevolence they might share in her grace and joy—

She was glad that the winter was bitter because then she could have a fire in the old arched fireplace—another reward—and when Hugh, the one she loved, came in the evening they had a simmering, snapping accompaniment to their talk, and the walls of the room seemed to tremble and move under the many alternations of light, recalling to the deepest part of the mind that fire which always burned at the heart of magic.

When the time came for him to leave she used to go down the stairs with him and out to the front steps. Above them the bare silent tree was spread like a skeleton hand and above that—they always looked up—were the sparse city stars, or the moon rolling through rough clouds.

"You'll be cold," Hugh would say to her. "Go on in now like a good girl," and all the time he would be holding her close to him, his arms around her, and she, pressed to his coat, could feel right through it the large tranquil rhythm of his heart— Such a heartbeat could belong only to a man of strength and loyalty, she used to think, a man able to love lastingly and in many ways. It was a comforting yet lonely sound: the sound of another life walking its own path.

"Not yet," Barbara would say, and he would open his coat and fold it around her, and she could hear the heartbeat better and she was not cold at all. It was hard for them to say goodby, they lingered and lingered, cold though it was, and sometimes she would say, "Oh, come back in again!" and he would come— Nearly always when he got back to his place he would telephone and she, yawning, half asleep, warm in her bed, would talk with him, the two of them in the huge humming night city bound to each other by the small thread of their discourse and the intimate strength of their feeling for each other.

A city is a wonderful place to be in love in, Barbara used to think. Nobody notices or questions, no words of advice are offered and no confidences demanded. There are a hundred playgrounds for lovers and a thousand meeting places; the huge mumbling tide of other people only emphasizes the delectable solitude of the two—

"In the spring we'll go to the country on Sundays," Hugh said. "Take a ferry or a bus to somewhere or other and spend the whole day. A rural landscape should become you."

"We'll take a picnic basket," Barbara agreed happily; she was already planning its contents. Beyond this febrile, entrancing period she looked forward to a long life with Hugh in which she would cook good meals and make a pretty place for them to live in. They would eat and sleep and work and play together and out of their fused passion would grow fine children who would be sensible and beautiful and loved. They would have no dissensions, no worries (except the usual ones about measles and money and broken bones) and their lives would at last be so woven together with mutual experience and fortune that never, never could they be disentangled.

"Children do better in the country," Barbara said, apparently irrelevantly, (*Continued on page* 80)

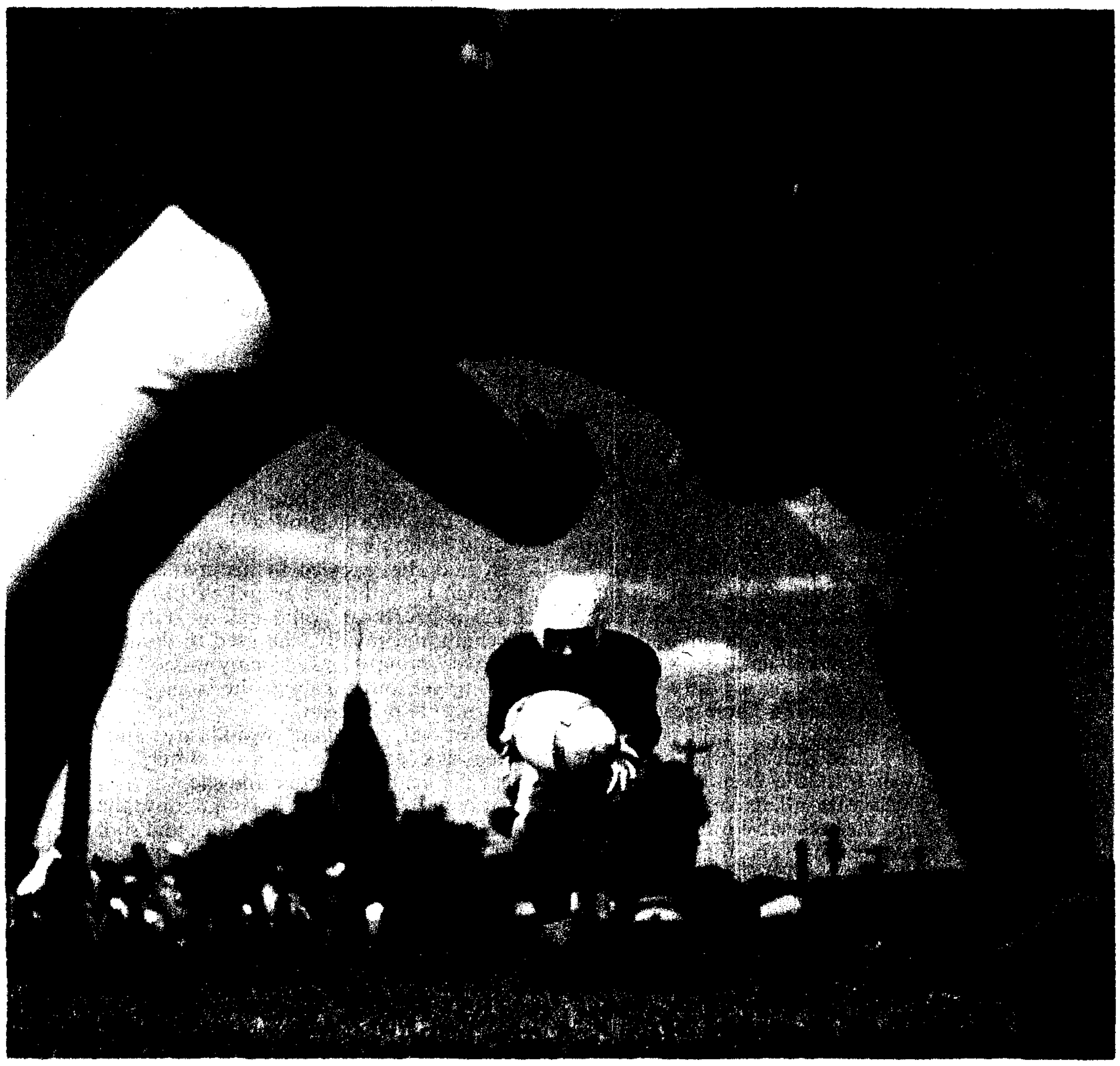
ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI

Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

THE CARDINALS MAY NOT COP THE NATIONAL LEAGUE GRID TITLE BUT THEY HAVE A BIG ATTRACTION IN ELMER ANGSMAN



Angsman takes a pass from center. Davis of the Bears calls him football's fastest starter

Elmer Angsman, the Chicago Cardinal halfback, bulled through the Philadelphia Eagles for a first down in the fourth quarter of the National League championship play-off last December. When the referee reclaimed the ball, Angsman and the Philadelphia tackler were sprawled on the frozen ground, headgear to headgear and cheek to cheek.

"Get this bum off me," Angsman complained. "He's trying to fog my glasses."

"What do you want me to do?" the referee inquired. "Penalize him half the distance to the goal line for breathing hard?"

There is no penalty in the football code for tacklers who make passes at halfbacks who wear contact-lens glasses. "That breathing trick never works," Angsman admitted later. "My contact lenses don't cloud up. Ordinarily, I wouldn't have minded, but that Philly tackler was chewing tobacco."

Angsman scored twice on 70-yard runs as the Cardinals whipped the Eagles. Even Elmer's severest critic—Fred Davis, the Bears' All League tackle—admits that Elmer is a hard man to meet on the line of scrimmage.

"There may be faster straightaway runners," Davis says, "but Angsman has the fastest start and that's what makes a back go places from the T formation—acceleration. Maybe this will give you an idea of Elmer's speed. He plays about four yards back of the line. Paul Christman, the Cards' quarterback, crouches behind center—so close he can bend forward and touch the ball. Well, once last year Angsman started so fast he was through the line before Christman had a chance to turn and hand him the ball. I came busting through from defensive tackle and Christman almost handed the ball to me. It all happened in the time you can count 'one—two.' "

Despite Angsman's speed and Charley Trippi's broken-field elusiveness, the Cardinals are not expected to retain their title. They haven't added much to their 1947 strength, and the possible loss of Marshall Goldberg (he may retire) at defensive halfback will hurt.

The Chicago Bears—stronger statistically than the Cards last year—have acquired Johnny Lujack, George Connor and Bobby Layne. They should win the Western Division title. The New York Giants loom strongest in the East.

Although heavy off-season trading was supposed to bring the top-heavy All America Conference into competitive balance, the Cleveland Browns shouldn't have much trouble capturing their third straight championship. The Browns' coach, Paul Brown, could give trading lessons to Branch Rickey and Joe Stalin. Brown did not contribute much muscle to the cause of All America solidarity. However, the New York Yankees, the Browns' loyal opposition, did trade off some prime football stock to weaker clubs—notably, a guard named Barwegan to Baltimore. If anything happens to Spec Sanders or Buddy Young, the Yankees may surrender their Eastern Division crown to (of all people!) the Brooklyn Dodgers.

But the sight to behold in pro football this semester should be Angsman of the Cardinals, the man who takes out his teeth and puts in his eyes before the opening kickoff. (Notre Dame provided Angsman with some gorgeous dentures after a Navy guard had strolled across his chin three years ago.) To complete the disguise, Elmer wears a steel splint contraption on his left hand.

▶ WALKER'S FATEFUL FOUL

Richie Ashburn will not have to make any long speeches at the various winter banquets sponsored by local chapters of the Baseball Writers' Association of America in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. When the time comes to accept all those plaques engraved ROOKIE OF THE YEAR, Richie can explain his startling center-field success with the Phils in nine words: "Gentlemen, I owe it all to a foul ball."

The foul was struck by Harry Walker (then National League batting champion) during a March exhibition game against the Cardinals. Walker deflected the ball so that it hit his left instep—and he went to a St. Petersburg hospital.

Manager Ben Chapman asked Coach Benny Bengough for a replacement. Bengough, who was directing the Phils' B squad, said: "Best I can do is that Ashburn kid. Hit pretty well for Utica in Class B, and we're moving him up to Toronto. Fastest thing you ever saw but awful green—and he's only 20 years old."

"We'll use him for a week," Chapman decided. So Ashburn went to center field for a week and stayed there all season.

Walker's unlucky swing changed the baseball fortunes of five men.

It canceled Ashburn's railroad reservation for Toronto, and eventually put Richie in the National League's starting line-up for the All Star game.

It demoted Walker from batting champion to utility outfielder and pinch hitter.

It brought about the release of veteran outfielder Roy Cullenbine, who had expected to assist Al Flair at first base.

And it set up the trade which sent shortstop Ralph La Pointe to the Cardinals for first baseman Dick Sisler (with Cullenbine gone, the Phils had to trade for first-base protection).

Of course, Ashburn would have come up to the big leagues eventually, foul ball or no foul ball. He's the fastest man going down the line to first base since Lloyd Waner. After

(Continued on page 54)

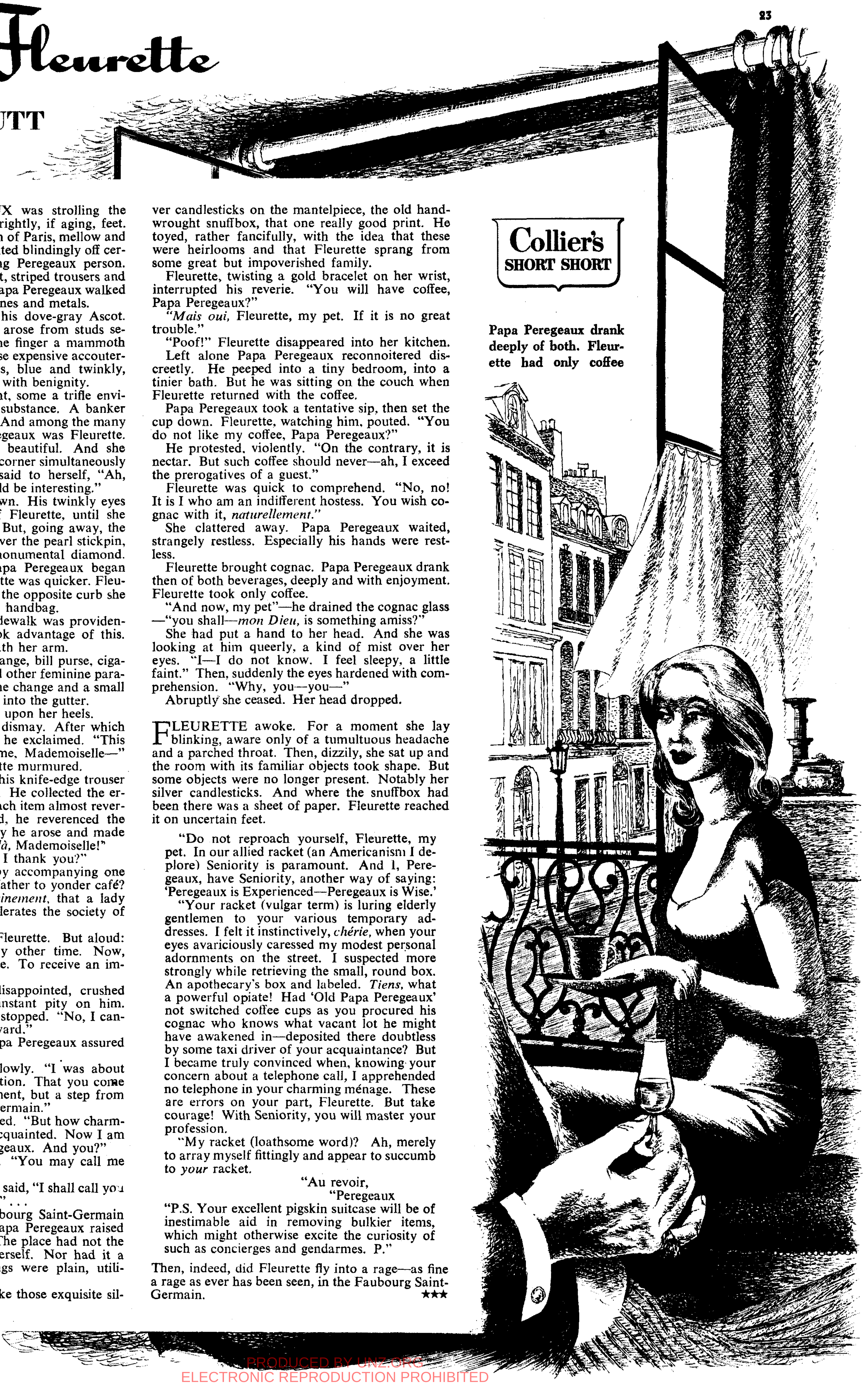
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Chez Fleurette

By EDWIN RUTT

Collier's SHORT SHORT

Papa Peregeaux drank deeply of both. Fleurette had only coffee



PAPA PEREGEAUX was strolling the boulevards, on sprightly, if aging, feet. The springtime sun of Paris, mellow and not too warm, glinted blindingly off certain portions of the imposing Peregeaux person. For, aside from the frock coat, striped trousers and highly polished black shoes, Papa Peregeaux walked shoulder-deep in precious stones and metals.

A pearl stickpin adorned his dove-gray Ascot. The soft gleam of true gold arose from studs securing his shirt front. On one finger a mammoth diamond sparkled. Above these expensive accouterments Papa Peregeaux's eyes, blue and twinkly, gazed upon his beloved Paris with benignity.

Many saw him and thought, some a trifle enviously: There goes a man of substance. A banker or an industrialist, no doubt. And among the many who looked upon Papa Peregeaux was Fleurette.

Fleurette was small, chic, beautiful. And she happened to arrive at a street corner simultaneously with Papa Peregeaux. She said to herself, "Ah, what have we here? This could be interesting."

Papa Peregeaux looked down. His twinkly eyes met the huge violet eyes of Fleurette, until she looked embarrassedly away. But, going away, the violet eyes seemed to linger over the pearl stickpin, the studs, and, lastly, that monumental diamond.

The traffic halted, and Papa Peregeaux began crossing the street. But Fleurette was quicker. Fleurette got ahead of him. Near the opposite curb she surreptitiously unclasped her handbag.

That particular Parisian sidewalk was providentially deserted. Fleurette took advantage of this. The handbag slid from beneath her arm.

Compact, lipstick, loose change, bill purse, cigarette case, cigarette holder and other feminine paraphernalia fell out. Some of the change and a small circular cardboard box rolled into the gutter.

Papa Peregeaux had halted upon her heels.

He surveyed the ruin with dismay. After which he lifted his hat. "Tsk, tsk," he exclaimed. "This is most distressing. Permit me, Mademoiselle—"

"Monsieur is kind," Fleurette murmured.

With gallant disregard for his knife-edge trouser creases, Papa Peregeaux bent. He collected the errant impedimenta, handling each item almost reverently. For a second, indeed, he reverenced the little circular box. But finally he arose and made her an Old World bow. "*Voilà,* Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, Monsieur! How can I thank you?"

"Perhaps," he ventured, "by accompanying one old enough to be your grandfather to yonder café? For an *apéritif?* Not, *certainement,* that a lady of your station habitually tolerates the society of strange men."

Fluent old party, thought Fleurette. But aloud: "*Mais oui,* Monsieur, at any other time. Now, however, I am hurrying home. To receive an important telephone call."

Papa Peregeaux looked disappointed, crushed even. And Fleurette took instant pity on him. "However—" she began, but stopped. "No, I cannot. It would appear too forward."

"Not, my dear, to me," Papa Peregeaux assured her.

"We-e-ll," Fleurette said slowly. "I was about to make a rather bold suggestion. That you come for coffee to my little apartment, but a step from here in the Faubourg Saint-Germain."

Papa Peregeaux's eyes lighted. "But how charming! We shall walk and get acquainted. Now I am no one except Old Papa Peregeaux. And you?"

She took his arm, prettily. "You may call me Fleurette."

"With your permission," he said, "I shall call you 'Fleurette, my pet.' My age—" . . .

The apartment in the Faubourg Saint-Germain was small, cozy even. But Papa Peregeaux raised bushy white brows slightly. The place had not the fastidiousness of Fleurette herself. Nor had it a lived-in look. The furnishings were plain, utilitarian.

Yet there were touches. Like those exquisite silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the old hand-wrought snuffbox, that one really good print. He toyed, rather fancifully, with the idea that these were heirlooms and that Fleurette sprang from some great but impoverished family.

Fleurette, twisting a gold bracelet on her wrist, interrupted his reverie. "You will have coffee, Papa Peregeaux?"

"*Mais oui,* Fleurette, my pet. If it is no great trouble."

"Poof!" Fleurette disappeared into her kitchen.

Left alone Papa Peregeaux reconnoitered discreetly. He peeped into a tiny bedroom, into a tinier bath. But he was sitting on the couch when Fleurette returned with the coffee.

Papa Peregeaux took a tentative sip, then set the cup down. Fleurette, watching him, pouted. "You do not like my coffee, Papa Peregeaux?"

He protested, violently. "On the contrary, it is nectar. But such coffee should never—ah, I exceed the prerogatives of a guest."

Fleurette was quick to comprehend. "No, no! It is I who am an indifferent hostess. You wish cognac with it, *naturellement.*"

She clattered away. Papa Peregeaux waited, strangely restless. Especially his hands were restless.

Fleurette brought cognac. Papa Peregeaux drank then of both beverages, deeply and with enjoyment. Fleurette took only coffee.

"And now, my pet"—he drained the cognac glass—"you shall—*mon Dieu,* is something amiss?"

She had put a hand to her head. And she was looking at him queerly, a kind of mist over her eyes. "I—I do not know. I feel sleepy, a little faint." Then, suddenly the eyes hardened with comprehension. "Why, you—you—"

Abruptly she ceased. Her head dropped.

FLEURETTE awoke. For a moment she lay blinking, aware only of a tumultuous headache and a parched throat. Then, dizzily, she sat up and the room with its familiar objects took shape. But some objects were no longer present. Notably her silver candlesticks. And where the snuffbox had been there was a sheet of paper. Fleurette reached it on uncertain feet.

> "Do not reproach yourself, Fleurette, my pet. In our allied racket (an Americanism I deplore) Seniority is paramount. And I, Peregeaux, have Seniority, another way of saying: 'Peregeaux is Experienced—Peregeaux is Wise.'
>
> "Your racket (vulgar term) is luring elderly gentlemen to your various temporary addresses. I felt it instinctively, *chérie,* when your eyes avariciously caressed my modest personal adornments on the street. I suspected more strongly while retrieving the small, round box. An apothecary's box and labeled. *Tiens,* what a powerful opiate! Had 'Old Papa Peregeaux' not switched coffee cups as you procured his cognac who knows what vacant lot he might have awakened in—deposited there doubtless by some taxi driver of your acquaintance? But I became truly convinced when, knowing your concern about a telephone call, I apprehended no telephone in your charming ménage. These are errors on your part, Fleurette. But take courage! With Seniority, you will master your profession.
>
> "My racket (loathsome word)? Ah, merely to array myself fittingly and appear to succumb to *your* racket.
>
> "Au revoir,
> "Peregeaux
>
> "P.S. Your excellent pigskin suitcase will be of inestimable aid in removing bulkier items, which might otherwise excite the curiosity of such as concierges and gendarmes. P."

Then, indeed, did Fleurette fly into a rage—as fine a rage as ever has been seen, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC MULVANEY

Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Continuing the dramatic story of three modern wives

The Story: LILITH CLARK, an interior decorator, is being married to DR. HENRY FOWLER who has insisted that they be married in the Little Church in the Vale. Lilith has been married twice before. On their way there she recalls an item she has read in the morning papers: One out of every three marriages in 1948 is doomed to fail within a year's time. They arrive late at the Little Church and Lilith goes immediately to the Bride's Boudoir. Another girl is there, HELEN WOZZECK. Helen is being married for the first time to BILL SNYDER and she lends Lilith a blue garter to fulfill the sentimental requirement. After her marriage, Lilith is at the wedding breakfast when she discovers that she has left her cigarette case in the Bride's Boudoir. Henry drives her back and at the church Lilith encounters CAROL MCANDREWS who is being married to DAVIS BARNES, JR., son of DEPENDABLE DAVIS, the used-car king. The reception after Carol's wedding is held at the home of MR. AND MRS. BARNES, SR., and the champagne flows too well. A tipsy bridesmaid accuses Davis of jilting her. Carol had not known about this before and she feels a little frightened, and thinks: How could a girl who has known Davis' love go on living without it?

PART 2 OF FIVE PARTS

NO MATTER how alarming the statistics, how dire the prophecies, how gloomy the warnings, people go right on getting married. Divorce? Certainly it's frequent, but not in our family. Danger? Plenty of it for other people. Of the three couples married that morning in the Little Church in the Vale, the only ones to give a second thought to the doleful newspaper item were the Fowlers—Lilith and Henry.

To such people as Helen and Bill Snyder, divorce was merely an item in the newspapers. They were Catholics, and it was not common in their world.

In the world of the young Barneses, divorce was as prevalent as stomach ulcers. But these two felt that they were different, theirs was romance, pure and untouched. Theirs was truly a love match.

The fact that Davis had been in love before she met him did not alarm Carol. With his charm and ardor it was inevitable. And Carol had herself, in the years between the paper-doll weddings and her own, been in love too.

To exorcise the ghost of Davis' old love, Carol decided to make him talk. "Tell me about Betsy," she said as they drove through the hills toward Carmel where his parents, in order to match her mother's generosity with food, wine and flowers, had engaged a bungalow for the honeymoon.

Davis laughed. "Can I help it if she thinks she's in love with me?"

"Did you ever—I mean—"

"She meant nothing to me, I swear it."

"You called her Babe."

This startled Davis. Babe was his name for every attractive woman. "Jealous, huh?"

"Certainly. I'm the jealous type."

"You should've warned me. If there's anything I loathe it's a jealous woman."

"Want to turn back?" she teased. "While there's still time."

"Time for what?"

"Annulment. Before the marriage is consummated, you know."

Davis' right hand left the wheel and found her left hand. "Don't kid me, Babe. I'm a sensitive character."

Davis drove at eighty, speeding around curves, sliding down the steep hills, passing trucks on the upgrade. She forgot her fear of losing love in the larger, more immediate fear of losing life. But she did not speak aloud of the danger for he disliked nothing more than being told to drive carefully.

It was Carol who noticed the siren, but when she warned him, it was too late. "Now don't tell me you were only doing fifty," the cop said. "It happens I got a speedometer on my bike and it also happens I can read. Got a license?"

Although Davis had been in trouble with the police and had once lost his license, he was not alarmed. "You wouldn't stop a man on his wedding night, would you, Officer?"

"That's a new one," the cop said.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Your license, please."

Davis whistled The Wedding March as he searched his wallet.

"Hey, this is no driver's license," the cop declared.

"You asked for my license, sir," Davis answered jauntily, "and since we'd been talking about my wedding, I supposed you meant my marriage license. Now . . ."

The cop laughed.

"What do you think of the bride? Pretty, isn't she? Can you blame me for hurrying?" From the seat of the car and from Carol's skirt, Davis had scooped up some grains of rice. "If you'd like additional proof, Officer," he said and dropped the rice into the policeman's palm.

What can you do about a man like that? The cop enjoyed his insouciance. "Well, good luck to you, ma'am. And if you want to enjoy your married life, see that your husband keeps down to forty on these curves. Good luck," and he mounted his motorcycle.

For the next few miles Davis kept down to forty, Carol felt so safe and happy that she forgot everything that had troubled her, the farewell to her mother, the disgruntled bridesmaid. Abruptly the car jerked to a stop.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why are you stopping?"

Davis got out and ran around to open the door for her. "Come on," he said, extending his hand.

"But why? What's wrong?"

"We're staying here tonight."

"Here?" She saw that he had pulled up in the driveway of a roadside hotel. "But we're not there yet, we're still miles and miles away."

"Too many miles." He took both of her hands and urged her out gently. "I've been waiting for you so long, Babe, I don't want to wait any longer."

The dry warmth of his hands, the ardor of his voice sent a flash of electric excitement through her. The inn was built in the Spanish colonial style, its balconies twined with honeysuckle. "Come along, Babe," he whispered, still clinging to her hand, and as she followed him through a series of arched doors and through a long tunnel-like corridor, she knew that nothing in her life had matched her love for him, and that from this moment and forever after, nothing else in her life could matter.

IT WAS very different with Helen. She had not had a modern education. What she had learned of life in the slums of a mining town had not been romantic. No one had ever told her about the birds and the bees. She was a "good girl" and, therefore, innocent, but she knew that on her wedding night her popular-song and motion-picture concept of love would have to be surrendered.

Just the same she was frightened, so frightened that the very earth had become unsteady. Everything moved. The waves of the Pacific rolled high upon the beach and fell back again, the stars danced overhead, and the chains of neon lights swayed against the darkness. She was dizzy, made sick by the wine or the wedding dinner or the motion of the car.

Bill looked grim, himself, as if he had had too much wine or chicken or spaghetti. But he had hardly eaten; Helen had noticed this particularly and remarked upon it. They had ordered the

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

It looked innocent enough. Why shouldn't Davis lean close to Lilith to light her cigarette?

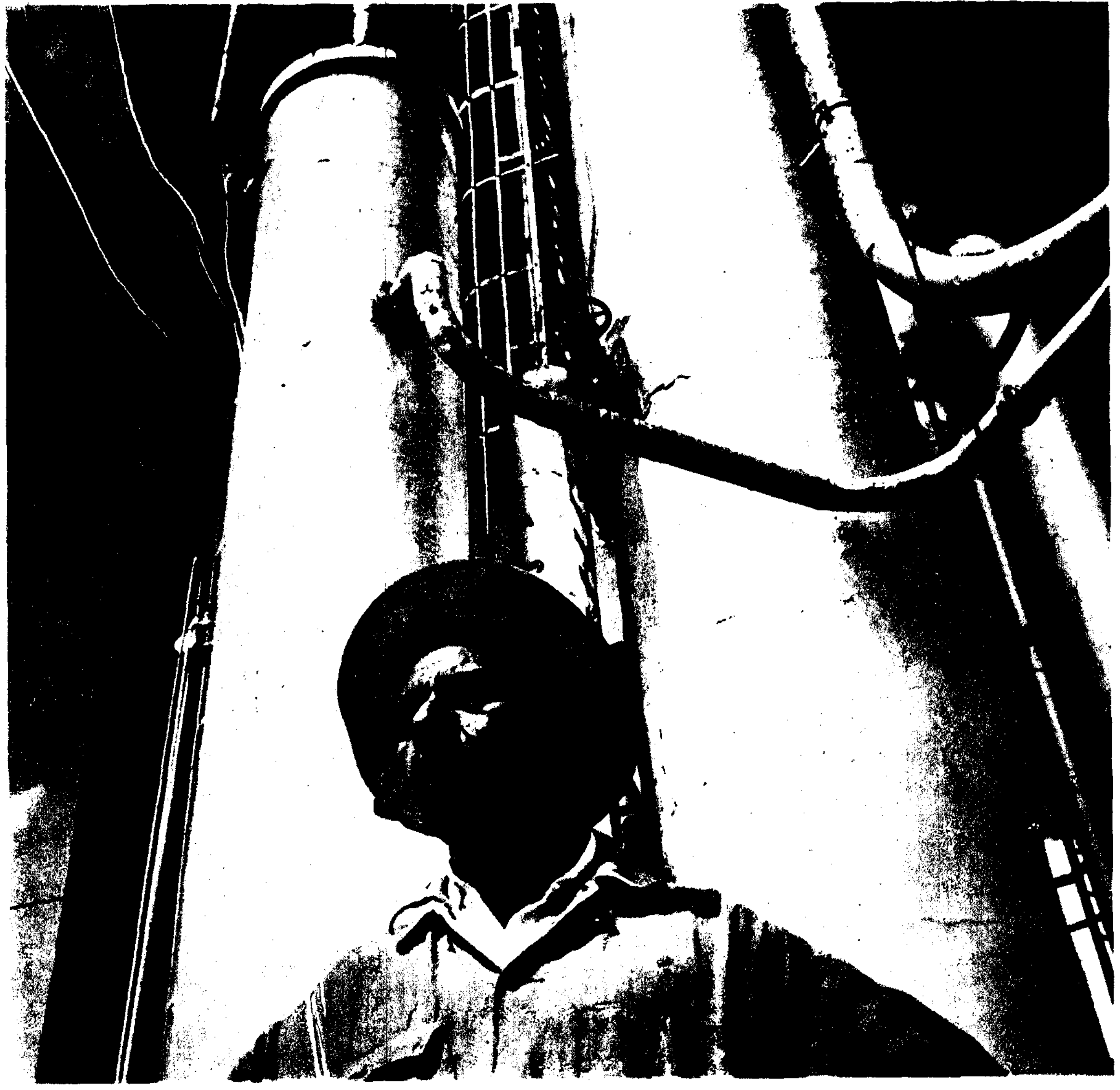
Oil Below The Rio Grande

By FRANK GERVASI

America needs the oil in Mexico's undeveloped fields for hemispheric safety. Mexico needs U.S. dollars. But between the two countries lies many a political barrier for the co-operative Alemán Administration to hurdle

UNDER the malarious jungles of Mexico's Gulf coast, lies a patrimony in petroleum. As yet, no one can tell exactly how large it is. But it is known to be big enough to make poverty-burdened Mexico potentially one of the most prosperous countries in the world. And, more important, big enough to ensure the security of the whole Western Hemisphere in wartime.

One expert, a Brooklyn Irishman named John Slattery, who has spent 23 of his 50 years studying Mexican oil fields, has estimated Mexico's oil hoard at anywhere from 5,000,000,000 to 50,000,000,000 barrels. These deposits, lying beneath the Mexican portion of what oilmen call the Reynosa Formation which begins in Texas, represent from two to possibly 20 times the total new reserves of 2,750,000,000 barrels proved in the entire United States in 1947.



The future has a grim look to this worker and the Mexican oil industry as a whole. Without U.S. capital and know-how, production is faltering south of the Rio Grande. But the Yanqui operator is not welcome

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLE

Defense Secretary James Forrestal and others entrusted with the security of the Americas have been desperately seeking a petroleum source close enough to be defended. They know that if the cold war boils, distant sources in the Middle East would fall to the logical enemy—Russia.

War may never come. The battle for oil has begun, however. Russia dominates the Rumanian wells, and is seeking new fields in Iran. America is pushing development of Arabian deposits. But both time and distances work against the United States in the oil contest between West and East.

The drilling of exploratory wells and erection of refineries in Mexico would require from two to five years, oilmen have estimated. It would also require money. Oil development is a risky and expensive business. According to Slattery it would cost $150,000,000 to drill 1,000 exploratory wells in Mexico. An additional $100,000,000 would be needed for refineries and pipe lines.

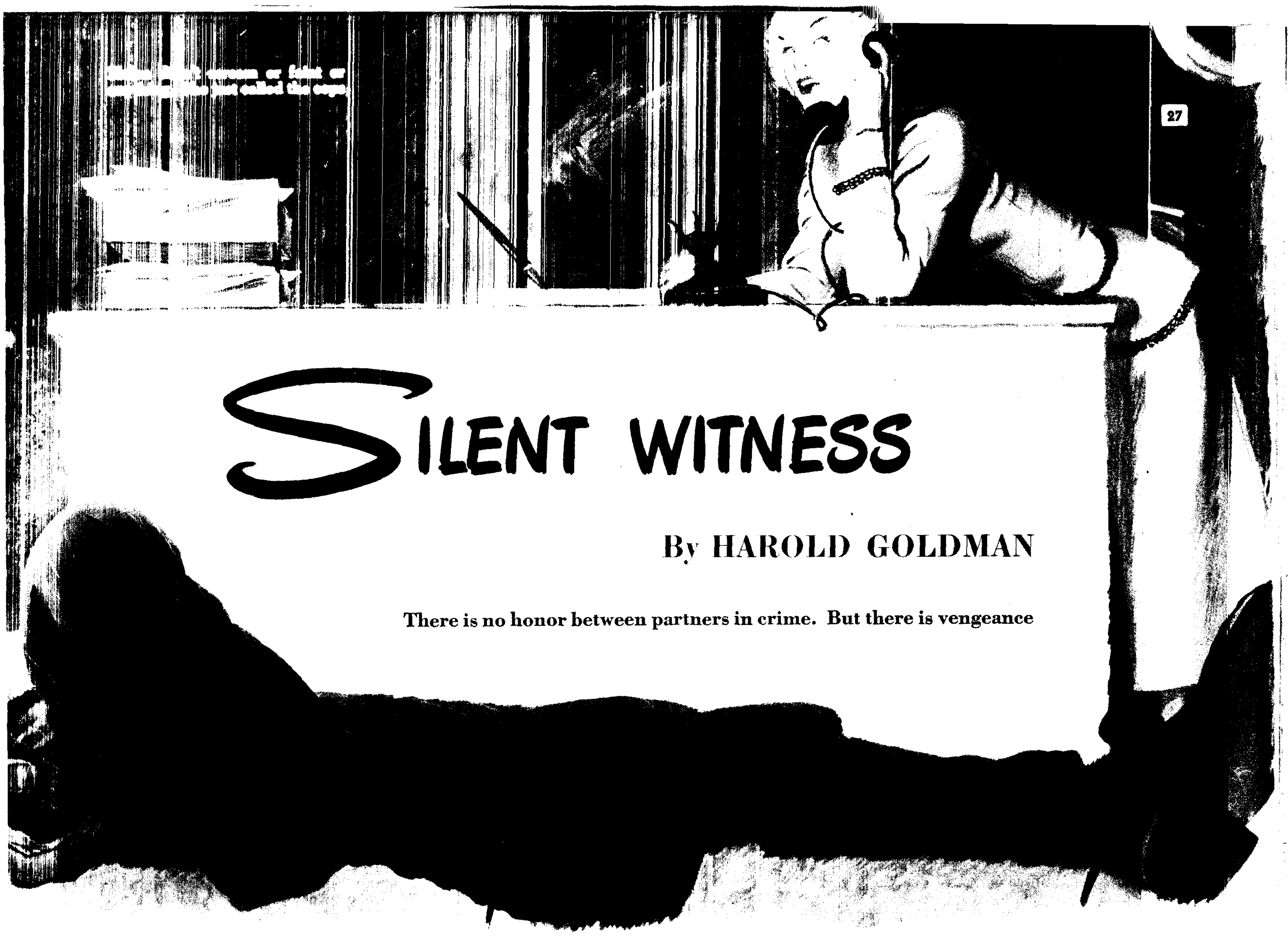
There isn't that kind of money in Mexico. And if there were, Mexican capitalists would not risk it. They are the kind of sure-thing bettors who insist, a banker friend told me, on a 15, 20 or 50 per cent return on any investment. They would not take chances on drilling and not finding oil.

American capital is the only possible source of the huge stake required to tap the reservoirs of Mexican oil. But United States companies remember March 18, 1938. On that day General Lázaro Cárdenas, then President, threw foreign petroleum firms out on their collective derricks. Americans valued their holdings at $200,000,000. They were eventually paid $40,000,000.

Until Mexico creates a political, labor and legal climate favorable to American investments, Mexico's petroleum will remain rock-bound in what geologists call "the cretaceous tertiary contact." Can this change of climate be induced? Principally, the answer rests with Mexico's darkly handsome President Miguel Alemán—in his ability to overcome the difficulties created by those groups who oppose American participation in Mexico's economic development; in his ability to put an immediate end to the corruption which threatens to wreck his administration.

If Alemán were a dictator there would be no question of the availability of an oil supply handy to American war plants. But Alemán is not a dictator. He is an honestly elected President, whose most immediate trouble, although not his biggest, is lack of money.

One way of encouraging United States oil money to flow back into the country would be for Mexico to agree officially that "expropriation must be followed by prompt and adequate compensation." This idea was incorporated in a resolution presented by Secretary of State Marshall at the recent Pan-American Conference in Bogotá. Mexico promptly objected. *(Continued on page 50)*



[illegible] scream or faint or
[illegible] called the cops

SILENT WITNESS

By HAROLD GOLDMAN

There is no honor between partners in crime. But there is vengeance

I THOUGHT I'd better make the call from the office of the telephone company. I had to call exactly at three and there were a lot of booths there, so it wouldn't be likely I'd have any trouble. It seemed better than using some obscure shop where you might just possibly be noticed and remembered. Besides, the telephone office was less than half a block from my own business building, and a lot depended on my getting there fast after I'd made the phone call to Larry Blakelock.

I closed the door of the phone booth and looked at my watch. It was set to the same second as Al's, who was sitting in my home about five miles away in Brentwood Heights, waiting to do his part. He would be asking the operator for the same number at exactly this time, so that there'd be a record of a call from my house.

I waited until exactly three. My throat was really in bad shape, my voice little more than a rasp. I'd had an ugly laryngitis for a week or more and I hadn't been to the office in all that time. It was a genuine case all right, but Dr. Winters couldn't understand why I didn't seem to respond to his treatments and medications. I could understand it fine, because I was pouring them into the sink as fast as I got them and smoking enough cigarettes to keep my vocal cords good and angry. As a matter of fact, it was the loss of my voice in the first place that gave me the idea.

I dialed my own office number, knowing that Blakelock was sure to be there at that time. Helen answered from the switchboard in the outer office.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Jarvis?" she asked.

"Not bad, but I'm still in bed. Winters won't let me up until we get rid of the inflammation. Is Mr. Blakelock in?"

I gave him the same thing I'd said to Helen.

"Take it easy," he warned. "You sound terrible."

"Just the voice," I said. "What's happening?"

He gave me a quick review of things at the office, new orders and shipments—but naturally, only the straight stuff. We were always careful over the telephone. I put in an occasional comment, asked a question or two. I knew Helen would be listening in from the switchboard. It wasn't only that this was her usual practice, but Blakelock and I had had some pretty healthy rows during the past month which she had overheard—although she didn't know what they were about—and I figured she'd be curious as to whether there'd be another blow-off right now. That was fine for me. I wanted her to hear every word. There must never be any doubt in her mind that it was actually I who was on the other end of the phone. After all, she'd be the only one who'd be able to swear to it.

I suddenly interrupted. "Hold it, Larry," I said. "There's someone at the door. It may be the medicine and I'm alone. Call me back in fifteen minutes, will you? I want you to do something for me."

I hung up fast, looked out to be sure there was no one I knew around, and walked round to the alley behind the firehouse that led to the service entrance in the rear of my office building. I had parked my car there in the first place. No, not my car. I'd left that home. It was Al's little coupé—just to show you I wasn't taking any chances.

There wasn't a soul around—there never was, in that rear alley—as I went up the back stairs to my office. The corridor was clear as I walked to the door of my own private office, softly unlocked it with my key and went in.

The door between my office and Larry's was closed as usual. There was small chance he would come in for any reason. I sat at the desk and waited, my ear close to the wall to listen to the call he'd make any moment now to my home.

It couldn't have been more than a few seconds but it seemed a long wait. I wasn't lashing myself into a fury or anything like that. I didn't need to get up my courage suddenly for something I'd had in the front of my mind for so long. In fact, I wasn't furious at all. But I was scared—scared of what he might do unless I kept him from doing it. He should have made up his mind before we first went into partnership that this wasn't for him, that he wanted to play it straight and aboveboard.

We were the West Coast agency for a big drug firm in Kansas City, specializing in vitamin products, and we were doing a good job on sales and distribution. But that didn't mean a thing. It was just a front for what happened after we'd monkeyed with some of the little capsules, so that they weren't exactly vitamin products any more when we got through with them. Al—the fellow who was sitting up at my house right now waiting for the call—got the stuff right from the harbor at San Pedro, and Larry and I had our own contacts for disposing of it. It was smooth and easy and, so far, there hadn't been a whiff of anything that might interfere with our own notion of free enterprise. Larry'd picked a fine time to get religion over it. I wouldn't have minded his getting out and leaving it all with me. I didn't specially need him anyway. But I didn't like his eyes when we talked about it. He didn't threaten or anything. But I was getting too nervous about him really to enjoy my six separate bank accounts

I could hear him in the next room, busy at his desk at one thing or another, and then I heard him buzz Helen on the phone and say, "Get Mr. Jarvis at his home, will you? I promised to call him back."

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

How to Keep Out of Trouble

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Hermits and saints may skip this one. It's for the rest of us mortals, who sometimes find we "can't get along with" our mothers-in-law, bosses or other frictional characters

THREE years ago some of the best brains at Harvard University harnessed themselves to a new course dealing with the primary ill of all human existence: that ubiquitous ole debbil called *trouble*. How do people get into trouble? Once in it, how do they get out of it? Now—after much cogitation, experimentation and research—the Harvard seers have come up with some, though certainly not all, of the answers.

"Trouble" is just any everyday human problem which has been fouled up. The recipe is an easy one. Take two or more human beings, add a cupful of day-to-day experience, spice with human emotions, add a pinch of high tension, mix well and—there you have it.

Problems will always be with us. Problems are life, and life problems. The staff of the Human Relations experiment at Harvard College, realizing this, have concentrated on the methods of dealing with problems. Problems won't hurt us so long as we cope with them. It is only the problems we foul up which get us into jams.

Harvard College's program has been directed by Professor Wallace Brett Donham, former dean of the university's famed Graduate School of Business Administration. At his elbow have been researchers and instructors trained during two decades by the eminent George Elton Mayo, retired Professor of Industrial Research. Nineteen deans and professors from Colgate, the University of Kansas, Ohio University, Texas Christian, the University of Washington, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute have aided in the experiment.

It has been called simply Human Relations.

I strode across the elm-shaded lawn of Harvard's famous Yard into aged and cavernous Sever Hall, where a Human Relations class was in progress. Here Harvard men and Radcliffe girls were grouped around a U-shaped table. They were taking apart the Case of Julia Damon.

Like the dozens of other "cases" which make up the grist of the course, the Case of Julia Damon (disguised by fictitious names and places) was a painstaking record of a real-life situation.

Dilemma for a Housemistress

Julia Damon was housemistress of a dormitory at Myer College for Girls. Her relationship with two seniors, "Tex" Farner and Faith Gantling, had long been skirting the edges of trouble. Now, just two weeks before comprehensive exams, the girls had come in late and signed the night book "on time." Reporting them might stop their graduation. Letting it pass might strengthen their rebelliousness. What should Miss Damon do?

The students went back three and four years into a carefully recorded case history. Tex, they discovered, had been extremely worried about her mother, who was suffering from angina. She was under pressure from her brothers to "make good" in college. A chemistry exam had almost thrown her. Both girls had been abandoned by the chums of their freshman year. Like a snarled ball of yarn, the case took considerable untangling.

The student who had said, "Miss Damon *must* report the girls!" realized how much he had missed of what his professor called the "total situation."

And the student who had urged, "Let it pass," realized he, too, was wrong.

"What Tex and Faith really need is *help*," one student finally summed it up. Reporting or not reporting the girls was virtually immaterial. Miss Damon had a chance to counsel with them, help them see their own problems, help them become happier, less rebellious young women. That, the class decided, was what Miss Damon should do. That is what they thought *they* should do, given a comparable situation.

Every case in the course is similarly analyzed until what Harvardites call "the total situation" is laid open.

The Jinny Stover Case is searched for the reasons why nine-year-old Jinny refused to go to school.

The Case of the Seiton Family is sifted for the strange motivations which made each member try to please the others, while in reality nobody was pleasing anyone.

Why do human beings behave as they do? What forces are pushing them?

Whether in the home-town neighborhood or in the halls of the United Nations the art of getting along with others is becoming the prime art of our time. Says Donham, "We must all live with ourselves, with other individuals—and the process of learning how is slow and painful."

What can Harvard offer to you and me? What capsules of wisdom have come out of the searching years?

First, beware of logic. "Emotions are never logical and can almost never be changed by reasoned argument," Donham declares. "Anyone who has tried to argue the logical merits of a situation with an upset wife or child, particularly when he is himself upset, should know this."

One Harvard student almost disrupted the class by throwing "harpoons of logic," as lecturer Joseph C. Bailey put it, into every case that came along. He apparently confused men with machines, thought all you needed to do was push buttons, shift gears, grease up the axles. He had charted his entire career in cold logic. Two plus two would always equal four.

For three years, Professor Wallace Brett Donham of Harvard and associates from other universities did research for their pioneer course in Human Relations—the art of getting along with people.

Here are ten simple rules for keeping out, or getting out, of trouble, distilled for all of us mortals from the rich mash of the professors' collective experiences:

1. **Learn all about a problem before trying to solve it. Listen a lot. Talk a little.**
2. **See the *total situation*. Don't act on just a part of it.**
3. **Don't be deceived by *logic*. Most problems are full of emotion. Emotions aren't "logical."**
4. **Watch the meaning of words. Look behind words to get their full impact.**
5. **No moral judgments, please. Until you have diagnosed a problem don't leap to conclusions about what's *right* and what's *wrong*.**
6. **Imagine yourself in the other fellow's shoes. See how the problem looks from where he sits.**
7. **When a problem gets you down, get away from it. Put it in the back of your mind for a week. When you approach it again the solution may be obvious.**
8. **Ask yourself, "What are the forces acting upon the other fellow? Why does he behave as he does?"**
9. ***Diagnosis* must come before *action*. Use the doctor's approach. Don't prescribe until you're sure what is wrong.**
10. **Easy does it. Quick solutions are often the quick route to trouble. Take your time.**

Eventually he discovered that where human beings are involved two plus two can equal five, fourteen, five million or zero.

Sentiments and emotions are the big sways in life. That's what Cardinal Newman meant when he said man is not a reasoning animal, but a feeling, seeing, hearing, acting animal.

The Professor's Unexpected Answer

One logical young law student jumped up in the Human Relations class and said, "If this is how people behave, I must change nearly all my concepts of the world!"

"Yes," was Donham's quiet reply. "Quite so."

The illogic of human behavior applies to the large arenas as well as the small. In a 1947 report Donham wrote:

"We tried to make students realize, for example, that Secretary Marshall on his recent trip to Russia faced the same necessity they themselves are meeting in the simpler cases . . . that he must understand not only the logical implications of facts as they concern people with whom he deals and as they concern us for whom he is acting, but also the prejudices, sentiments and emotions which enter into his problems—his and our own emotions as well as theirs."

Perhaps you and I can profit, too, in trying to understand a daughter who wants to smoke before she's old enough, a boss who is overexacting, a neighbor who wakes us up with his lawn mower, a wife who nags, a husband who picks fights, or a thousand and one human relationships where logic isn't the answer. Let's ask ourselves, "What emotions are involved?" Then let's go on from there.

Another thing they've learned to disdain at Harvard is the pat answer, the snap judgment.

"One student gave the entire 'answer' to a case in two minutes," relates Miss Frances G. Mulhearn, one of the Human Relations researchers. "He was trying to play God. That's something we just don't do." (And of course the student was wrong.)

The course also stresses the "equilibrium" in human relations. We are warned against being elephants in china shops. Since every human relationship is a delicate balance of dozens of factors, we must realize, Harvard tells us, that "if we change one of the factors, we may change many—perhaps all—of the factors."

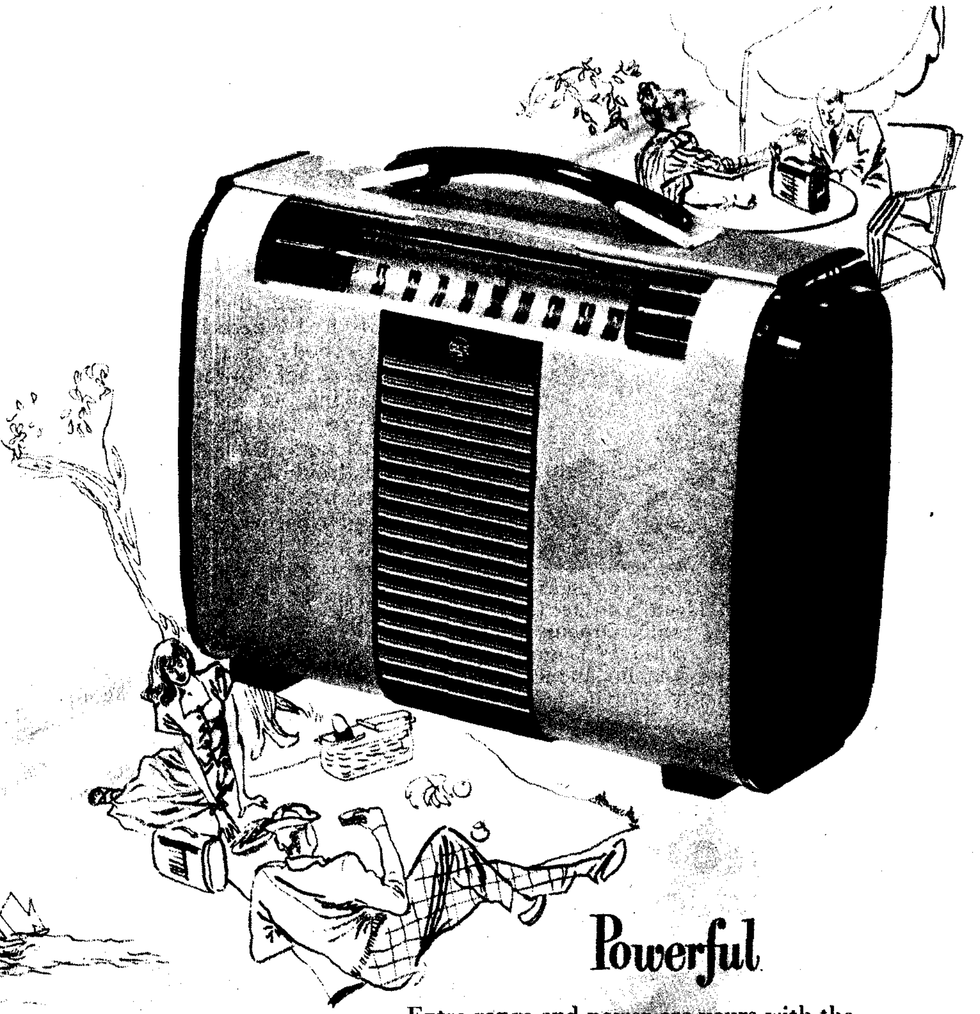
The idea is to make our improvements so as not to break up the equilibrium, and to find out what improvements the people in the situation are themselves capable of making. As Donham points out, "It is quite a different thing to push a man gently and to punch him in the face"—though the hand may be used in both gestures. It's the timing that makes the big difference.

Donham's colleague in the Harvard experiments, Professor George F. F. Lombard, reminds us that "people get mad when you try to change them." Try changing your mother-in-law and see just what Lombard means. Instead of kicking over the applecart of a human relationship, why not give up the idea of "controlling the other fellow, and try controlling yourself *in relation to* the other fellow?" he suggests.

Often human relationships shipwreck on the rocks of *meaning*. Many a

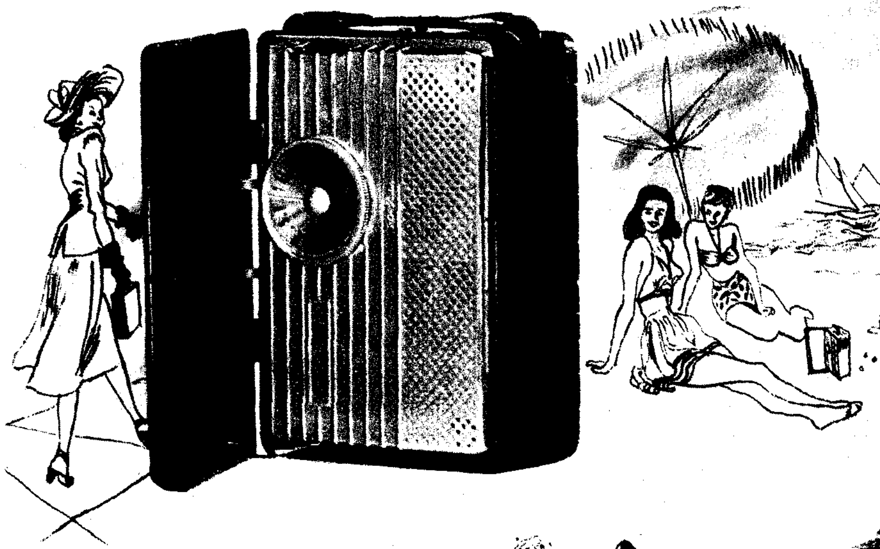
(Continued on page 59)

The pick of the Portables



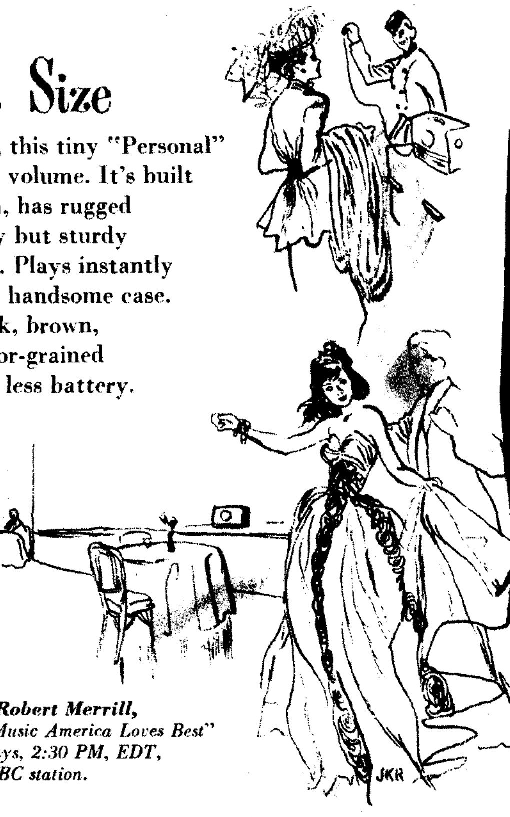
Powerful

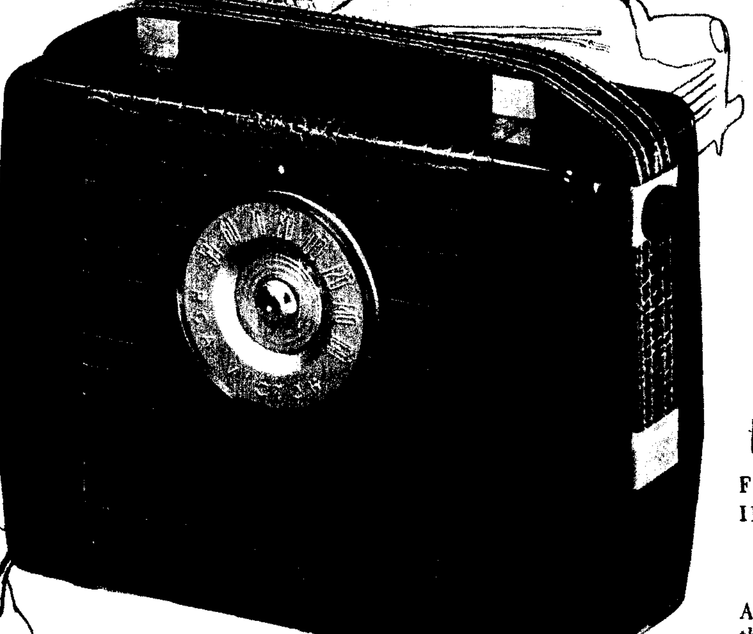
Extra range and power are yours with the "Globe Trotter," amazing sensitivity, plenty of volume even for outdoor dancing. That handsome case is lightweight aluminum and plastic with a special, weather-resistant finish on the aluminum. Plays on house current (AC-DC). Plays on its self-contained RCA battery and turns on the second you lift the dial cover. It's a star performer with the marvelous tone of the famous "Golden Throat." $49.95* less battery.



Pocket Size

Just 6¼ inches high, this tiny "Personal" gives you room-size volume. It's built like a fine camera, has rugged RCA batteries, tiny but sturdy RCA Victor tubes. Plays instantly when you open the handsome case. Choose *yours* in black, brown, red or ivory alligator-grained plastic! $29.95* less battery.





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Always buy RCA batteries . . .
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Like all RCA Victor instruments, this stunning new portable is an outstanding value. It has fine volume and the glorious tone of the "Golden Throat." Plays on AC or DC house current or on its long-life RCA battery. Lightweight—in durable maroon plastic with non-tarnish golden finished trim and a handsome saddle of smart luggage-type covering. It's a welcome companion at home or wherever you go! $34.95* less battery.

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TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

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LIKE THIS WITH NEW
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A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL makes your hair look and feel good all day long. Grooms perfectly without that greasy plastered down effect. Get a bottle or tube today at any drug counter. Ask your barber for a professional application.

NOW YOU CAN GET
AMERICA'S LEADING HAIR
TONIC IN NEW 25¢ SIZE!

IF YOU'VE NEVER used Wildroot Cream-Oil, don't put it off any longer. As little as a quarter buys you days and weeks of smart good grooming that can't be beat. Then you'll know why it's—again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
Contains LANOLIN

SMART WOMEN use it for grooming, relieving dryness, training children's hair. Now available in new 25¢ size (also larger economy sizes) at drug counters.

TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.

MARRIAGE '48

Continued from page 24

wonderful two-dollar dinner at their favorite Italian restaurant. Their guests, Stan and Mildred Wozzeck, Helen's bridesmaids, the best man and a couple of other friends, had packed away food as if they hadn't seen a good meal in ten years. And the wine! The younger bridesmaid had said the most awful things, and Mildred Wozzeck laughed so loud that everybody in the restaurant turned to stare at her. In the end, when they were walking out she had nudged Helen's arm and told her not to be scared, just to take it easy, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"This looks like a nice place," Bill had said, and Helen, jerked out of her trance, had noticed that he had stopped the car beside a neon sign that turned his face quite pink. Midway Hotel, it said, Exclusive Cabins.

BILL jumped out of the car and went into the cabin that had a blue neon Office beside its door. She hoped the Vacancy sign was a mistake.

Through the window she saw shadows move. Bill was probably writing their names in the register, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Snyder. The V stood for Vito. His mother had been Italian. From her he had got his sleek good looks, his liquid eyes, the graceful body. He reminded Helen of Mexican songs, of the people in holy pictures. This love of the Latin ran through her blond family. Two sisters and a brother had married brunets. She thought of Bill's body tanned by the sun as he lay on her pale-blue beach towel. The ice in her veins melted and she felt alive again, eager to touch Bill's hands and to feel his lips on her mouth.

He did not speak as he got back into the car and started the motor. Helen decided the rosy sign had been a mistake, that the manager of the cabins had forgotten to turn it off when the last cabin was rented.

He drove a few feet, brought the car to rest under a roof beside one of the cabins. "Well, this is it." His voice was gruff, his lips rigid, and only the muscles of his cheeks seemed to move. Out of the trunk compartment he took their bags, his own old and battered with the number of his Marine company stenciled on the side, and hers, a shining new one of airplane cloth bound in maroon leather.

It was a very nice cabin, really de luxe, with cream-colored Monterey furniture, Mexican-looking rugs, candlewick bedspreads in a tasteful shade of brown, and on the wall her very favorite picture of a little Mexican boy squatting under a giant cactus.

Bill locked the door. Then he unlocked it again and looked out at the road. "How about a cup of coffee before we turn in?"

"Would you care for one?"

"I asked you."

"Not unless you do."

They heard the cars on the highway, the sea and a new record in the juke box. Bill pulled down the shades. He tried to appear unconcerned but his jerky movements showed that he was nervous. Helen was afraid she had made him angry again by refusing to have coffee.

"Well, if you don't feel like going out—" he left the sentence unfinished. With a jerk he loosened his good brown tie, and in the same angry way, he took off his coat and threw it across a chair.

Helen sat on the edge of the bed, shivering and trying to think of something nice to say to him. Presently, because Bill expected it, she began to undress. As she started to take off her stockings she noticed that she had only one garter on. This reminded her of the classy bride, Mrs. Henry Fowler, and she wondered how it would feel to be as casual about getting married as about eating in a new restaurant or moving to a different house.

Bill started on his shoelaces. He was having a bad time. After much tugging and jerking one of them opened, but the other was tied in a hopeless knot. It was clear that he hated himself for his clumsiness, but that he would not give in. He kept tugging and jerking, stamping his other foot on the bare floor between the Mexican rugs. Helen came over and looked at it, saw that the knot would never be untied, and shook her head.

This angered him still more. He turned his back on her, muttered a curse that might have been against women or shoelaces. All at once she felt sorry for him. Her own fear was lost in the greater emotion, sympathy for big clumsy creatures who strut their strength before women and pretend to be brave, but who are transformed by fear into silly, swaggering children. She was his wife, wasn't she, married to him in church that morning? Why was he so scared?

With a little skipping step she hurried to the new suitcase, took out plastic-handled scissors and returned to the chair where Bill sat sulking over a shoelace and punishing the floor with his other foot. Kneeling beside him, she cut the lace. "I can tie it in the morning, so you can use it till you get a new pair."

He did not look at her face but at her small hand resting on his knee. He laid his hand upon it, the dark flesh on the pale, the strength on the softness. "Hello," Bill said.

"Hello, yourself."

"Gee, we're married," he cried as if he had just happened to think of it. And he put his arms around her.

ECSTASY, Lilith thought, ecstasy is an ordinary thing, but intimacy is the soul of marriage. Careless couples destroy intimacy, foul it up with selfishness and discourtesy but wise husbands and clever wives cultivate intimacy as a fine art.

Lilith was lying, as she indulged in these exquisite abstractions, on her wide and comfortable couch in her handsome living room. She had on a negligee that was no less sophisticated for being pink, and a single gold leather mule. The other mule stood on the coffee table along with her silver service, Royal Doulton cups and plates and the remains of a midnight snack. Her bare foot rested on Henry's lap.

Lilith moved on the couch, her negligee fell open and she saw a reddish ring circling her thigh just above the knee. She sat up to examine it, and Henry looked at it.

"What's that?"

"A scar, the scar of superstition. I'm probably marked for life because I married you today."

"What does that mean?"

She told him about the pale young girl she had met in the Bride's Boudoir, and the garter which had been loaned her for luck.

"And because you forgot to return it, our marriage is destined for bad luck?" he teased.

Lilith pouted prettily. "It was stupid of me to forget. If only I had some way of finding her name and address, I'd send it back."

"That's easy enough. All you have to do is look at the church register."

Lilith clapped her hands, looking up at him archly. "I knew I'd married a genius."

Lilith went on, "I met another bride, too. When I went back for my cigarette case, she was up there getting ready for the grand entrance. Real lace and all that. You know what she reminded me of? Myself at my own first wedding."

As soon as she had said it, she was sorry. Henry was scowling. Over the champagne that morning she had promised him not to talk any more about her other weddings, her experiences and husbands.

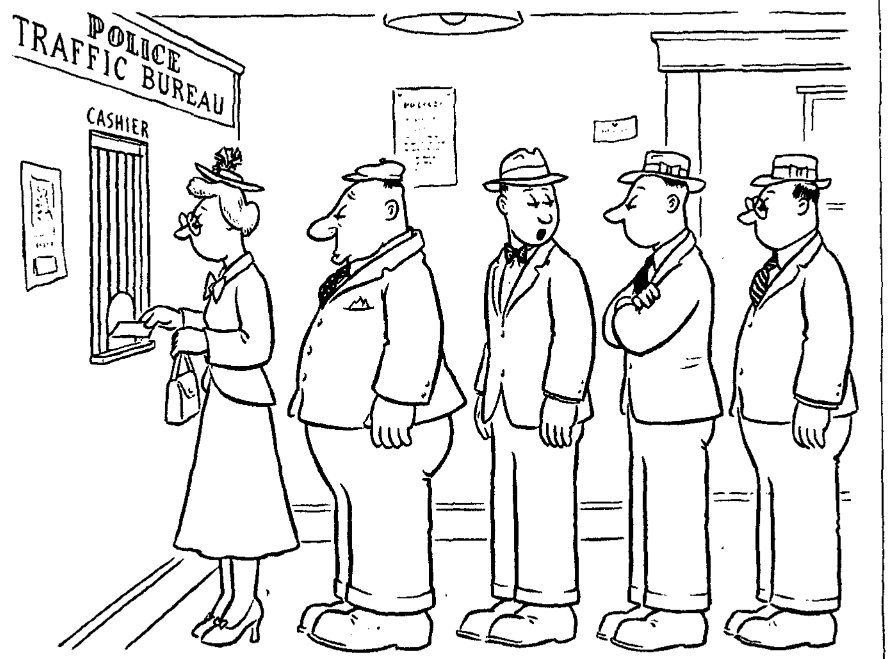
To cover up her mistake she chattered, "Just think, three of us married in a morning. Such different brides, too."

"Different grooms, also," commented Henry, smiling at the female tendency to believe that only women are sensitive.

"How different marriage will be for all of us. Nothing in common but a wedding day, but probably we're all starting out with the same hope of living happily forever after. If you believed in astrology, it'd make you stop and think."

"I don't believe in astrology but I can

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"It's not the two-dollar fine that is crushing Alfred's spirit. It's the humiliation of standing in line with the other lawbreakers"

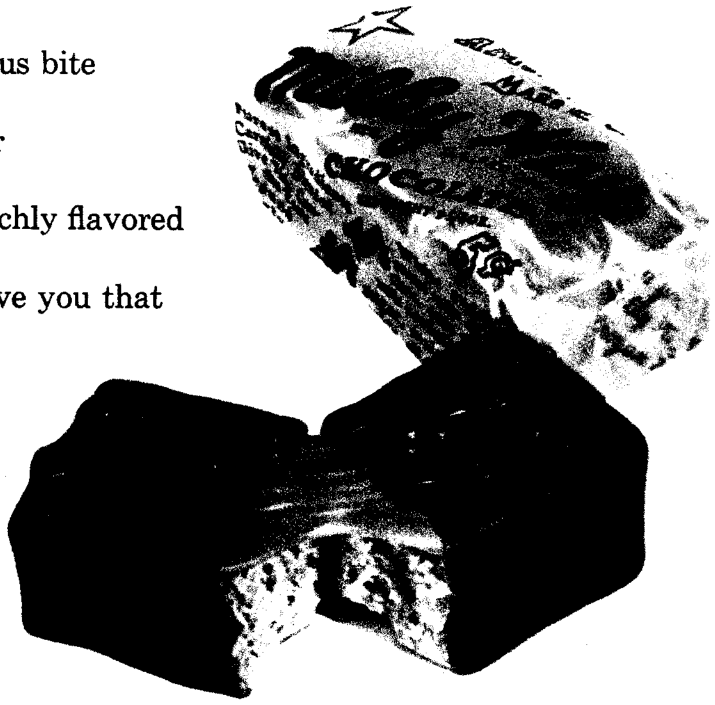
COLLIER'S

ONLY IN A MILKY WAY...

From the moment you take your first luscious bite, you know that only in a Milky Way can you find this rare taste thrill. For, in every luscious bite of a Milky Way the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk, all melt together in your mouth . . . to give you that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



Men like this will say

"HOORAY!"

So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free.

FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.

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NEW
IMPROVED FLAVOR
COFFEE
INSTANT
SANKA
COFFEE
NOW IN INSTANT FORM

still stop and think," he said. "Three marriages in a morning. That gives us a two-thirds chance."

So he had read the morning papers, too. His remark was a dead giveaway, evidence that he had also shown qualms. Why shouldn't he? How else could a man feel, marrying a woman who had twice failed? Damn all statistics! The surface of their intimacy was unruffled, but the depths had been disturbed.

To console herself she looked hard at Henry's profile, dark against the glow of the lamp. His face, like his character, was firm. He came from a tough people, Puritan stock and Quakers, rocklike in will power and endurance. "You're so good-looking," she said.

Henry smiled and turned toward her. Among the jutting rocks of his features were his eyes, blue as flowers. And the twist of a humorous mouth. "Now don't start that again, my girl."

"And cute, awfully cute."

"Is that any way to talk to an obstetrician?"

She fell back upon the cushions relaxed again and cozy. "You can be as obstetrical as you like, darling," she told him, "just so you don't bring any babies tonight."

As if it had taken a cue from her remark, the telephone rang. Henry ran for it. Lilith looked at the old French clock on the mantel. At this hour the call could only be for Henry.

"Are you going out tonight?" she demanded.

"I don't know."

"If you do—"

He took the phone from the cradle, but instead of answering, held his hand over the mouthpiece. "You'll what?"

THE air of judgment, of righteous interrogation made her defiant. She loathed men when they became masters. "I'll leave," she cried, not bothered by the illogic, not even remembering that this was her house and that if anyone left, the apartment and the furnishings and all the fine antiques were her property.

"Aren't you being a little premature? According to statistics, we've got a year anyway." And he turned from her coolly to talk into the phone.

She beat the sofa with angry fists. There it was again, that damned statistic, the specter at the wedding feast. And suddenly, as she looked up, she saw Henry smiling down at her childish fury. She hoped he would not notice that she was trembling.

He had been trained to observe the symptoms of weakness. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Someone walking on your grave?"

"On my marriage license, someone with heavy boots and sharp nails," she said. Abruptly then, before Henry could tell her whether he meant to stay or go, she flung herself at him, tucked herself into his embrace, crying, "Oh, darling, let's stay happy. Let's stay as happy as we are tonight, Henry." . . .

In August there was a sudden wave of confinements. Among Henry's patients were women who had the poor taste to bear their babies prematurely while others, who seemed to have dallied with theirs, chose the same or succeeding nights for labor. It made a mess of the Fowlers' social life and kept Henry out at all hours. This made Lilith increasingly resentful of his work.

One evening a quarrel was interrupted. It was not important at the start, merely one of those Mr. and Mrs. arguments about a dress. They were to go to a doctors' party the following night, and Lilith had suddenly decided that she had nothing to wear. So she had bought a new dress and had to model it for Henry, complete with sandals and long gloves and earrings. When he saw her in it, Henry gave out a shrill and vulgar whistle.

"You mean it's cut too low?"

"That crowd is pretty conservative."

"I don't see why doctors should be shocked by the human body. They've studied anatomy."

"I wish you'd wear something else. The black."

She pouted. The black was stuffy. Moreover, she had worn it at last month's dinner. "Why not, Henry? Give the boys a treat. I'm sure they'll love it."

"Their wives won't."

"I'm not dressing for a lot of doctors' wives. I loathe doctors' wives."

"What do you think *you* are?"

"I dress to fascinate you, darling."

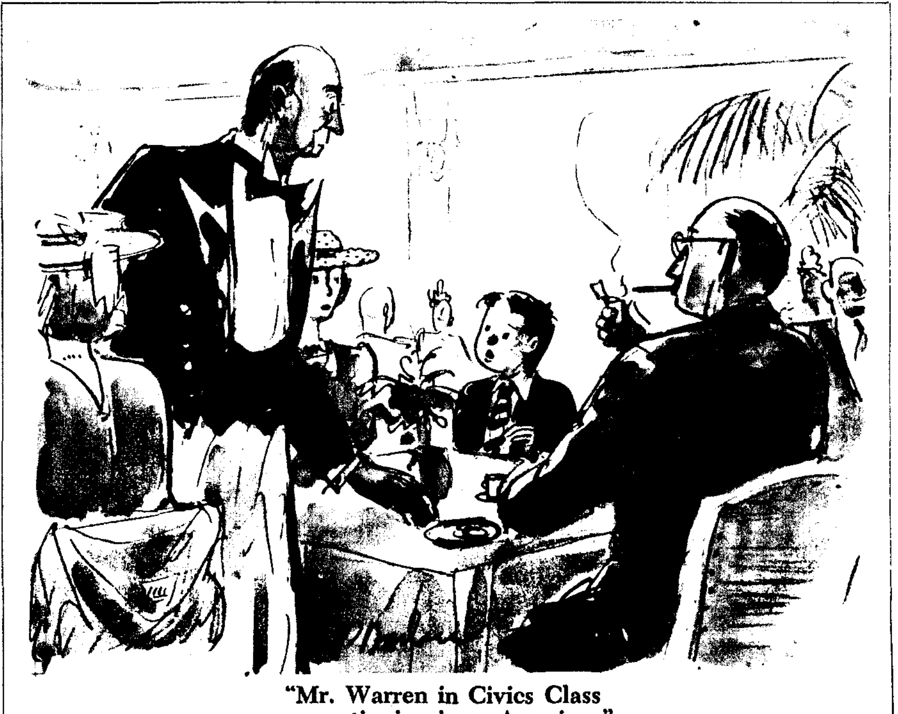
There was no doubt of the fascination. Henry had an eye for her slim waist, appreciated the glint of the bare tanned shoulders and the roundness of her breasts. Said he, "That sort of fascination ought to be reserved for the boudoir."

"What a prig you are!"

Henry nodded, admitting to a degree of conservatism, and asked her to wear a more modest gown. Lilith pouted and argued. She knew that she was being childish and illogical but she was afraid to give in, lest her independence be lost.

In the midst of their argument came the inevitable summons.

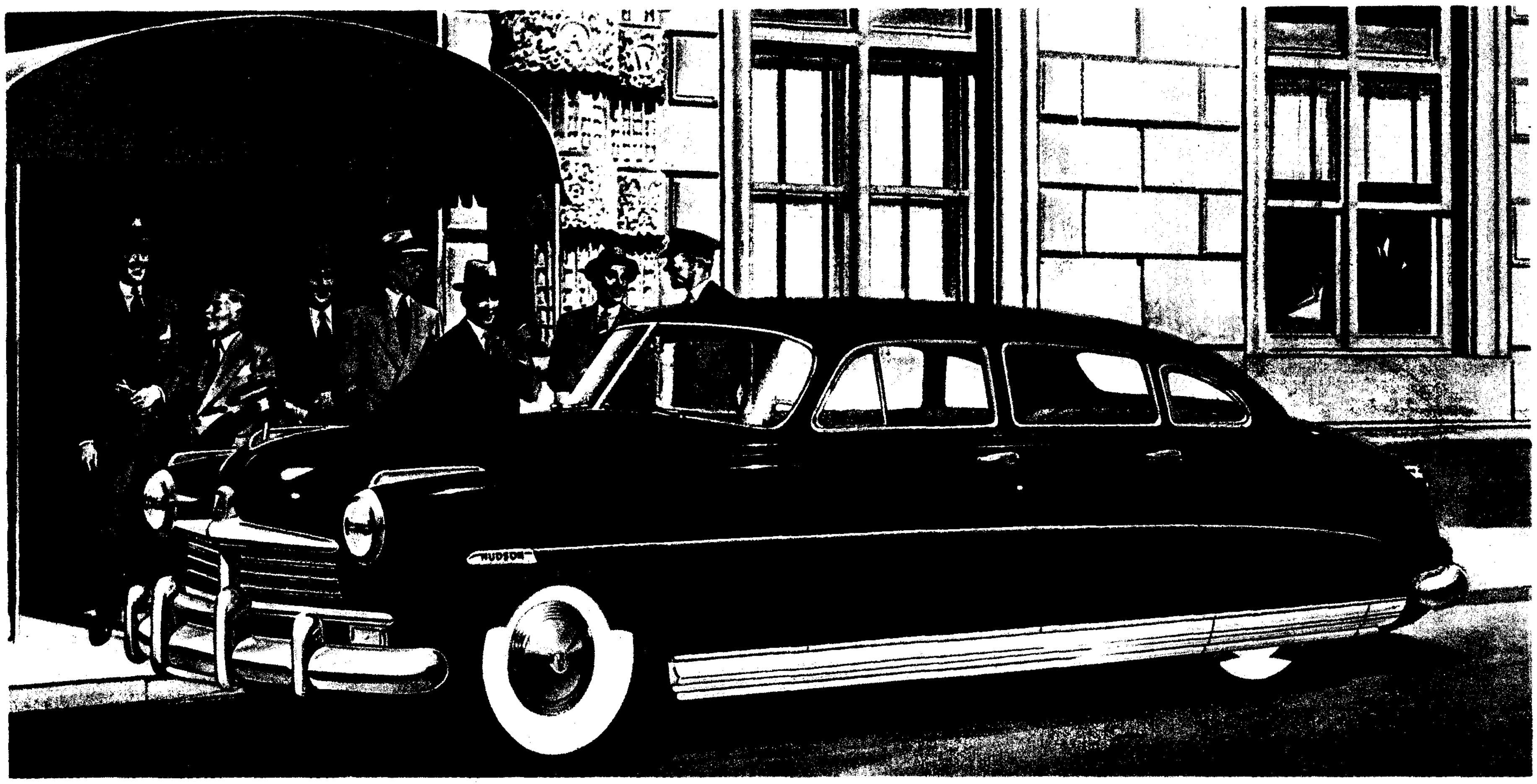
When she saw Henry putting on a clean shirt and knotting his tie as if her



COLLIER'S

"Mr. Warren in Civics Class says tipping is un-American"

PERRY BARLOW



Hudson Commodore Custom Sedan at the famed University Club of New York, a distinguished Florentine structure made notable by the shields of the nation's great colleges and universities which are carved into its exterior stone. Painted from a photograph.

"Gentlemen...be seated!"

In the beautiful New Hudson — the only car you step down into — you get *more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced automobile built today!

If you've as much as looked inside a gorgeous New Hudson, you know that *all* of the gentlemen above are not only going to be seated, but seated in comfort and luxury that sets a new standard for the motor-car world!

For Hudson—the lowest-built, most streamlined car on the highway—has *more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any mass-produced car built today! This astonishing roominess is achieved by a new design principle, the key to which is a recessed floor. Hudson is the only car you step *down* into! Space under the floor between frame members that is usually wasted is thus brought into the car and made available for passenger use. This permits Hudson to move full-height seats down to harmonize with the new, lower top.

Hudson's new design provides other opportunities for increased roominess. Seats extend the full width of the body, for instance, because they are positioned completely ahead of the rear wheels.

And the gentlemen above are in for even more pleasant discoveries—just as you will be when you really get acquainted with this amazing motor car.

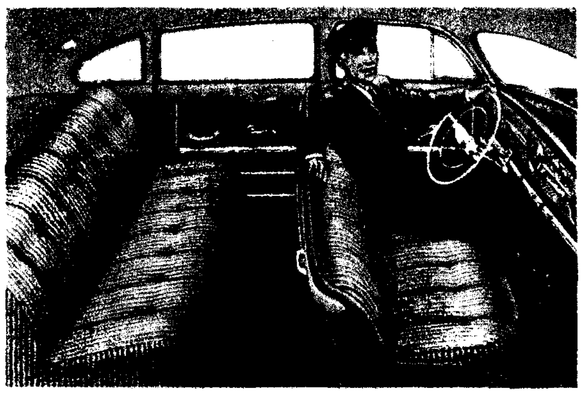
For example, experience everywhere has shown that the lower to the ground a car can be built, the more stability it will have, the safer it will be; and Hudson has the *lowest center of gravity* in any American stock car—yet road clearance is ample!

As a result, this car has a hug-the-road way of going on curves, in cross-winds and on every conceivable kind of road. You sense this delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin to ride, and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by the sturdy box-section steel girders of Hudson's Monobilt body-and-frame*, gives you a grand feeling of safe well-being!

Still another thrilling thing about the New Hudson ride is the restful quiet with which this car glides along. The engineering in this beautiful automobile is so advanced that the usual motoring noises are reduced or controlled *practically to the vanishing point!*

Will you accept this as our invitation to look into and ride the exciting New Hudson? The nearest Hudson dealer will welcome your visit, and he will supply you with a copy of a new booklet, "The Importance of Stepping Down," which explains all of the many advantages in Hudson's new design principle. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Trade-mark and patents pending



Interior, Commodore Custom Sedan for six or more passengers—typical of the luxury and roominess in all New Hudson models.

Hudson Drive-Master Transmission—you are invited to try automatic gear shifting in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's Drive-Master Transmission—by far the easiest of all ways to drive. You can accelerate as long and as fast as you like in pick-up gear, then lift your toe momentarily, and you're in high. The shift into high comes *only* when you are ready! Button control on the instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if ever desired. Drive-Master Transmission is available on all New Hudsons at slight extra cost.

The only car you step down into

Hudson

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

"Hey, buddy—no changing clothes in MY cab!"

HARRY: Who, me? I didn't do anything!

DRIVER: Don't gimme that! You step into the hack wearin' a nifty shirt, and now you're wearin' a nifty *sports* shirt! Whatcha tryin' to do? Make me lose my license?

HARRY: But, honest, Cabbie—*it's the same shirt*. It's a two-way shirt. Called the Arrow* Doubler.

DRIVER: Two-way stretches I've heard of. Two-way shirts? Nah!

HARRY: It's true. Y'see, I'm starting my vacation today, so I'm wearing the Arrow Doubler. In the office, I wear it with a tie. *It's a business shirt!* In the cab, I take off the tie. *It's a sports shirt!*

DRIVER: Look, Bub. I admit it's a handsome sports shirt. It's cool-lookin'. It's comfy-lookin'. But I don't see where it's a *dress* shirt—

HARRY: Look. LOOK. I'll *prove* it to you. I'll put *on* the tie. It's just like every Arrow Shirt, see. Swell collar, swell fit. And *Sanforized,** too—shrinkage less'n one per cent. LOOK!

DRIVER: Say! You're right! It's the same

shirt—only *different*. Arrow Doubler, huh? I'll have to—oh, oh!

COP: PULL OVER TO THE SIDE! Why don't you look where you're driving, Hackie! You been on a one-way street for ten minutes!

DRIVER: Holy *smoke!* Two-way shirts—one-way street—what a DAY! *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

*Arrow, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks.

See the Arrow Doubler at your dealer's 3^{95}

ARROW SHIRTS

rage meant nothing to him, she went completely fishwife. Dr. Fowler coddled his patients needlessly, she shrilled; this woman had summoned him merely to satisfy a selfish whim, she shouted.

Henry picked up his little black bag. "You'll probably be asleep when I get back."

"I shan't sleep a wink. I never do when you're out."

"You can take a pill," he said. "Just one, no more."

Blocking the door with her body, she demanded, "What time will you be back?"

"How can I say?"

"I warn you—" she began.

"Again?" His voice sounded frozen.

"I'll bolt the door. You won't be able to get in."

Without another word, he pushed past her, gently brushed her aside and walked out. She made a noisy business of bolting the door. There was no sign that Henry had heard, and when he backed his car out of the garage, he did not look up to see whether she was at the window. After a time she laid out an elaborate two-deck game of solitaire. At two in the morning, before she went to bed, she took off the bolt.

When she woke, at nine, he had not come home. She called the hospital but was told that Dr. Fowler was with his patient and could not be disturbed. All day she waited for some word, but Henry neither returned home nor tried to reach her by telephone.

The blue silk garter which had been lent her for luck on her wedding day and which she had not yet returned to its owner had been put away in an old satin Valentine box along with some discarded costume jewelry, unstrung beads and mateless earrings. Lilith had not forgotten the little bride who had offered her "something borrowed and something blue" but she did not often think about her.

ON THE other hand, Helen Wozzeck Snyder recalled every detail of the meeting which had been one of the most significant moments of the most memorable day in her life. Twice Helen had read in the newspapers about the bridegroom whose wedding had preceded hers in the Little Church in the Vale, for Dr. Henry Fowler had been obstetrician in attendance at the birth of movie stars' babies.

Naturally, Helen believed that Mrs. Henry Fowler dwelt in a state of unceasing ecstasy. Had she heard about Lilith's problems, Helen would have gone right on believing in the bliss of the Fowlers.

Helen's problem was much simpler. She wanted a home. This was a normal desire, and in normal times easy of achievement. Now she and Bill were living, through the grace of her cousin Stan Wozzeck, in the parlor of the Wozzeck bungalow in Inglewood. Helen and Bill considered themselves lucky to be paying forty dollars a month for the parlor when so many newly married couples were sleeping in reconditioned hencoops.

The Wozzeck house, like so many dwellings in Los Angeles, single or multiple, bungalow or mansion, was made of tar paper, chicken wire and thin plaster. Through the walls Helen and Bill could hear, like a radio that is never turned off, the ceaseless lament of Stan's wife.

To have heard Mildred go on about the loss of her parlor, one would think she had descended to life in a cave after years of luxury in marble halls. She was constantly bewailing the invasion of her home and never thinking about the forty a month which she and Stan paid on their mortgage and which allowed them to live in the other four rooms rent-free. Eight years before, she and Stan had paid five hundred dollars down, and because of this had become as holy as a landlord who owns blocks of apartments.

The sad part of it was that Helen and Bill had more money in their joint bank accounts than Stan and Mildred had put into the house, and were together earning almost a hundred a week. This was solid money and certainly not the income of people who have to beg favors. But what could they get nowadays for a five- or six-hundred-dollar deposit? Not even a hencoop! And the problem of renting was even more insoluble. Day after day, when they had finished work, they drove around in Bill's old jalopy, looking at "investments" which turned out to be sand lots without even foundations or basements on them; or worse, run-down twenty-dollar apartments at seventy-five, besides a two- or three-hundred-dollar bonus to the landlord or agent.

MILDRED'S petulant voice and the wailing of her year-old child, spoiled beyond belief, woke Helen each morning at half past six.

"I could kick her teeth in," Helen would say, greeting the dawn in cheery fashion. "What's she got to kick about, I'd like to know. Forty a month for this steam roller."

"Sh-sh, they'll hear you," Bill warned.

Helen groaned and buried her face in the pillow. The kitchen was a card table set up in the corner and fitted out with a few ten-cent-store pots, a set of plastic dishes, and an electric plate upon which they boiled water for their coffee.

Sleep, once the cheapest of Helen's activities, had now become so precious that she counted the hours of slumber like a miser his gold. Overtired and restless, she lay rigid on the hard couch, afraid to turn lest she disturb Bill. And he, although loving and considerate about most things, thought Helen's complaints no more than female cussedness.

"What do you mean, you can't sleep? I just wish you could see a picture of yourself pounding that pillow. I never in my life seen a woman so crazy about sleeping in the morning."

"How many women have you seen sleeping in the morning?" she'd inquire tartly.

"Gosh, what a sour-puss your wife's getting to be," she remarked when finally she had got herself alive enough to hear her voice.

"If we could only find a place of our own to live in, I guess everything'd be all right between us," she would explain, hooking her bra with one hand and with the other slipping slices of bakery bread into the toaster.

"What's wrong between us?" Bill inquired as he put his razor back into his suitcase and hunted in the cedar chest for a tie.

"We'd have a place to keep our things, and I could give you a hot cereal in the morning."

Bill was always ready first. By the time the toast was brown and the coffee ready, he was able to sit down and eat comfortably at the card table. Helen hopped around like a one-legged sparrow, dressing and putting things away, trying to eat her breakfast and get the room tidy all at the same time. The strain was too great.

"What's getting to be the matter with me?" Helen cried, and when she saw herself in the mirror set upon the console radio which she used as a dressing table, she was appalled by her appearance. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes surrounded by violet circles, and her hair, in spite of a twelve-dollar permanent, as straight and pale as pulled taffy.

"Maybe you ought to quit work," Bill said. "It's getting too much for you, having a job and getting used to married life at the same time." Sometimes at night, when he was most in love with her, he saw shadows fall across her pinched little face.

"But we want a home of our own, don't we? And with prices nowadays, how'll we ever manage to get something nice?"

FORECASTING...

A feeling that's mutual

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Here in Alloway, Robbie Burns, Scotland's immortal poet, was born. Another famous Scottish native is Johnnie Walker . . . product of Scotland's misty climate and clear spring water that impart such distinctive bouquet and flavour to this superb Scotch.

West or east, discriminating tastes are quick to agree on their favourite drinking companion. It's Johnnie Walker, of course! Here's a Scotch of unchallenged superiority . . . smoothly perfect, perfectly mellow—and preferred *everywhere.*

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JOHNNIE WALKER

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Both 86.8 proof

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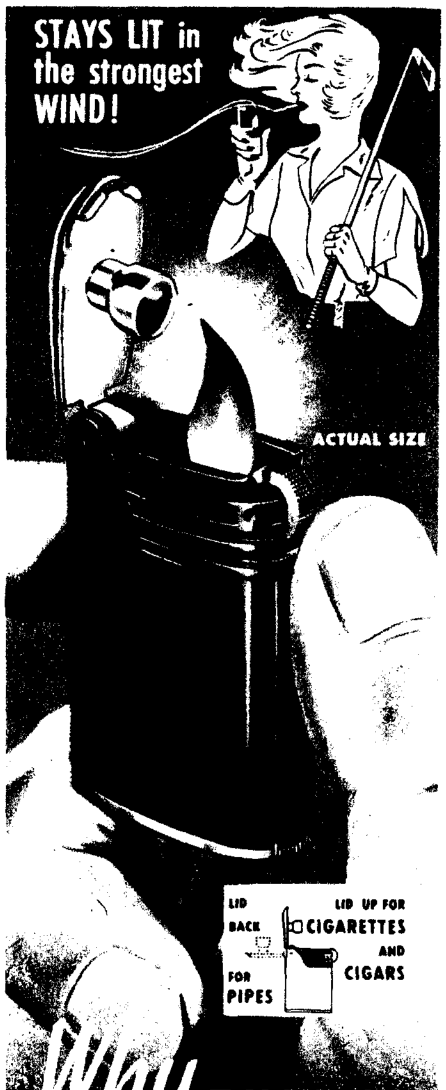
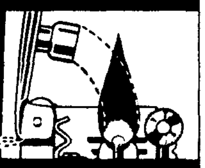

STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!
ACTUAL SIZE
LID BACK FOR PIPES
LID UP FOR CIGARETTES AND CIGARS

Why THIS IS THE LIGHTER FOR you!

SURE LIGHTS ✓

Two sealing cups conserve fuel — confine fumes around asbestos wick—insure instant lighting.



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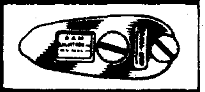
Two sealing cups, plus precision fit fuel cap hoard fuel for more lights per filling.



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Airfoil windshield defies the strongest breeze.

ALL THIS AND beauty TOO...

RECORD VALUE $2.95

Precision made sturdy, all metal construction — smartly finished in Chromium and rich tortoise enamel.

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STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!

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To comfort her, Bill took her in his arms.

Helen had the breakfast things to clear up while Bill had to go through the awful ritual of closing the couch-bed. It had a mechanical contrivance, which, according to the salesman who had demonstrated it to Mildred, a child could close with the tip of a finger. Bill Snyder, ex-Marine, had to fight it out with both hands. This was always accompanied by such shouting and swearing that Helen feared God's fury and the neighbors. . . .

On the other side of the wall Mildred Wozzeck listened nervously. "If that big lummox had any brains in his head he could close it like that." She snapped her fingers.

"Mind your own business," Stan told her.

"I suppose I'm to stand here like deaf and dumb and see my good furniture ruined."

"If you didn't look, you wouldn't see so much," roared Stan.

Gathering her wrapper around her, Mildred went through the hall to the parlor door. A landlady in ermine could not have knocked more arrogantly. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to be a little more quiet. The baby's had a bad night."

"You're telling us?" said Helen.

Mildred strode coolly into their room, their home and, by virtue of the forty a month, their castle. She sneered openly at the manner in which Bill had restored the cushions to the couch.

"I'd thank you, Mildred, to leave us have a little privacy in the morning."

"It happens to be my house and you might as well know, it don't set too well having relatives all over the place."

"We may be relatives, but we pay our rent," Helen reminded her.

These female encounters distressed Bill. He did not like seeing his young wife coarsen and turn sour. "Come on, kid, we'll be late again. Last time you fought with her, you got docked—remember?"

As THEY rushed out to the jalopy which they had to keep parked on the street at night, Mildred summoned her husband. "Some family you got," she screamed, as if Stan were deaf and half a mile away. "Where was your cousin brought up? In a barn?"

"Can't you quit pushing her around, just for one day maybe? Helen's just a kid."

"Me push her around? Did you hear what she said to me?" Mildred strolled to the improvised dressing table, examined a scratch in the walnut veneer and tried Helen's new pancake make-up on her swarthy skin. "I'm not going to stand it in my home much longer, I'm telling you. They got to find a place of their own and quick."

"That's what you always say," jeered Stan.

"This time I mean it." . . .

As their old jalopy made its way through the jungle of Los Angeles traffic, the young Snyders were discussing the same topic. Fighting about it, in fact. Bill had again warned Helen against being fresh to Mildred.

"What am I supposed to do, get down and kiss her feet every morning because we're paying her forty a month?" snapped Helen.

"You can try to get along with people. If it weren't for her and Stan—"

"Yes, I know, we'd be sleeping in the gutter."

Bill gave up the argument. Helen sulked, resenting his criticism.

After a while Bill said, "We got to find a place. If they ask for a bonus, so what? We only live once." This was a sign of weakening. Until now they had been firm in their resolution not to pay out good money for the bonuses demanded by racketeering real-estate agents and greedy landlords. Their savings, accumulated with great effort and laid aside by their combined will power, had been intended for investment; as down payment on a home of their own.

Every cent out of their bank accounts was like blood dripping from Helen's body. "I guess we'll have to, but then we'll have to make more and try to save more, too. With the furniture to buy and all, where'll we be if we pay out a bonus? There's nothing I hate like starting out in debt."

To a couple like the young Davis Barneses, the housing problem was one of those unfortunate things you read about in the newspapers. Carol had been invited by her mother-in-law to a number of club meetings and forums on the subject, but she was too busy with one small house to concern herself with a problem that both houses of Congress had been unable to solve.

The seven-room bungalow had been given Carol and young Davis by his parents, and her mother, not to be surpassed in generosity, had written out a check for the furnishings. To a girl of Helen Snyder's sort, such gifts would have seemed manna from heaven. Carol accepted them with gratitude, but as less than miraculous.

After much deliberation she had decided to do her house in mixed antiques. Modernistic decoration had become vulgar, she decided, and straight early American cliché.

The elder Mrs. Barnes raised plucked eyebrows at the effort and time it was taking Carol to complete the furnishings of her house. She could never understand, Mrs. Barnes said, why a girl with plenty of money to spend should not shop respectably at the department stores.

In spite of this Carol went on undaunted, going out every day to poke about in the antique shops. For a long time she had avoided Hollywood and Beverly Hills which, she had been told by her new friends in Pasadena, were costly and inferior sucker salons for tourists and motion picture parvenus. But at last, because she was tired of the nagging and desperate for a dining table, she gave up her prejudices.

There were so many shops on the Sunset Strip that she parked her car and walked on the deserted sidewalks. The day was unbearable, the sun like a blunt instrument.

She was about to give up for the day when she saw dimly, through half-drawn Venetian blinds, the curve of a mahogany leg. The shop looked cool and inviting, and she thought she might ask for a drink of water while she looked at the table.

A blond young woman strode forward to greet her. "Good afternoon," she said in a voice that Carol classified as Eastern finishing school.

"That's a rather interesting table," remarked Carol warily.

"Our pride and joy," said the dealer.

"English?" asked Carol.

"No, American, but in the early Empire manner which is in my opinion—" The sentence, left unfinished, was accompanied by a shrug that suggested omniscience. "Look at that cabinetwork. And the grain of the wood. Many dealers would pass this off as authentic Phyfe, but we don't do that sort of thing."

"When I'm fond of a dog, I don't give a hang about the pedigree," Carol said.

"But this has a pedigree. We got it from the family for whom it was originally made. One of the great houses of North Carolina."

"Is that included in the price?"

"I'm not sure the table's for sale."

"Really?" said Carol.

"That's not just sales talk," the dealer said. "My partner, Mrs. Clark—Fowler, I mean, she's been remarried recently, would like it for herself."

"You mean it's not for sale? Definitely?"

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Topcoat Smartness

plus SHOWERPROOF PROTECTION

Most valued garment in thousands of wardrobes is the double-duty Rain Topcoat by RAINFAIR. Smart as a topcoat, yet ready for rain. Careful tailoring gives it an immediately recognizable distinction. The Rain Topcoat retains its smart appearance for the life of the garment. Ask your retailer for Rainfair.

GRAFTON (*above*) . . . $15.50. Made from fine combed yarn gabardine showerproofed by Rainfair. It drapes richly. Trim fitting collar shaped to neckline. Raglan shoulders, open-through pockets. Yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous rayon. Colors: Light Olive, Taupe and Tan.

ZIPRAIN . . . $18.50...A knee-length Rain Topcoat of fine showerproofed combed yarn gabardine; with wide sweep. It has fly front with slide fastener. Colors: Bleached Bone and Light Olive.

RAINFAIR showerproof Rain Topcoats

New free booklet illustrates popular Rainfair styles. Write for it and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR
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Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

Scenting profit, Margery Sears showed indecision. "It's hard to tell. I'll ask her, if you'd like."

She went up a flight of stairs at the back of the shop and crossed a balcony. She found Lilith with her ear glued to the telephone. "Left the hospital!" she cried. "No! But when? What time? Try to locate him. And tell him to ring me back. At once."

Lilith slammed the instrument back on the cradle. "Do you know Henry left the hospital at two o'clock and hasn't called me yet?"

"What did I tell you about marrying a doctor?"

"Of course," said Lilith, "it was a terribly difficult case, and—"

"The next time it happens, let me know," laughed Margery. "I'll fix up a date for you."

"Thanks," snapped Lilith, "but you know I don't go out with other women's husbands."

This was Margery's cue for changing the subject. "What about the Durham table? Want to sell it? I think I've got a deal on."

"I don't know. I might want it for our house."

"Well, we sell or don't we?"

"Will she pay eight hundred?"

"You brigand," laughed Margery.

"If the customer wants it enough, she ought to pay."

IT WAS, really, a very good table although not nearly so valuable as Margery's conversation with Carol had inferred. Lilith had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it at an auction in Durham, and they had also spent about seventy-five dollars for shipping and repairs.

Lilith started down the stairs. There was nothing she liked better than a sharp duel with a rich customer.

"You've got the real connoisseur's eyes," she said, facing Carol across the mahogany. "Very few people really know how good that table is."

Carol offered a frank smile. "You look so familiar. Haven't I met you somewhere?"

"Maybe you've been in the shop before," replied Lilith.

"No, I've never been in here."

"At the Antiques Show?" ventured Lilith.

"No, I've never been at one in California. I only came here last winter, on a visit, and I met my husband and we were married—"

As clearly as if it were a room she had planned for a customer, Lilith saw the Bride's Boudoir again, complete to the patterns of carpet and drapes. "The fifth of June," she squealed, and drew out her gold cigarette case. "Smoke?" she said, offering it.

Immediately the scene returned to Carol's mind. What she remembered was that this woman had confessed that she had that morning taken a third husband. In the circumstances she could not bring herself to ask whether the marriage was flourishing.

Lilith had no such qualms. "How you doing? Happy?"

"Blissful," said Carol, and forcing the question, inquired, "and you?"

"I wouldn't exchange him for a ton of diamonds," answered Lilith.

"It's a great coincidence, our meeting like this."

There was nothing coincidental about it. In her business Lilith was likely to meet everyone who could pay a hundred dollars for an old vegetable dish. But she was well disposed toward Carol now, and when asked the price of the table, hesitated before breaking the bad news. "It's pretty expensive."

"I know," Carol answered, "but I've looked at hundreds of tables and I've just got to have this one."

Lilith drummed on the table. She was weakening.

"How much?" Carol repeated.

Lilith pretended to be unaware of Margery's dark glances. "Six fifty."

"Oh!" exclaimed Carol. "I thought it'd be at least eight hundred."

Margery collapsed into a Regency chair.

"There's only one thing," Carol said. "I want the table, but I'd like my husband to see it first."

"We have another customer who's interested in it," Margery said eagerly. "She might be in tonight to look at it."

"I'll ask my husband to dash right over," Carol offered.

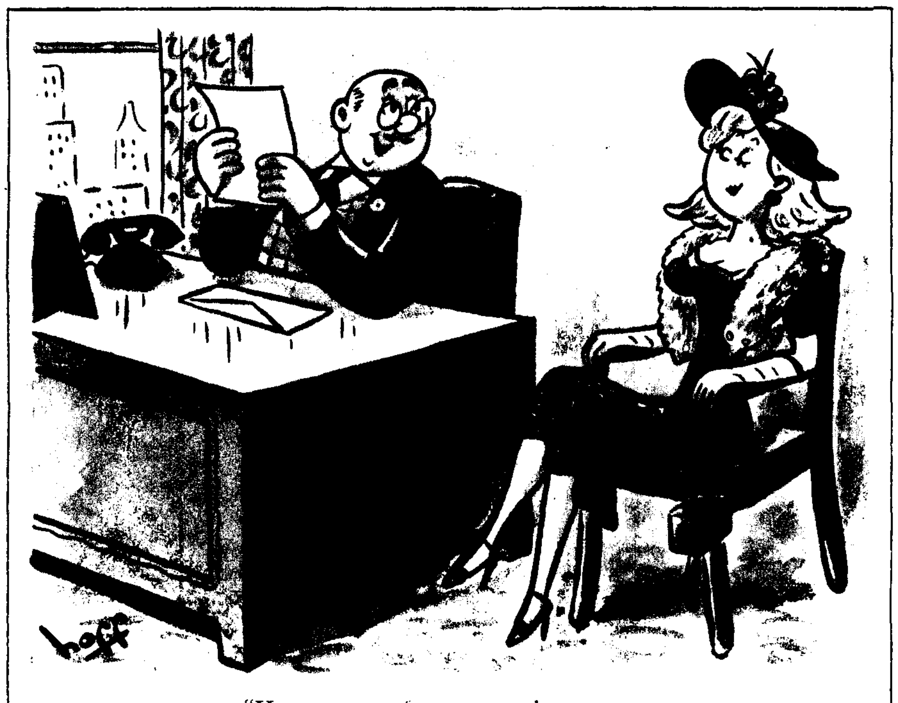
She called the used-car lot, interrupting Davis in a transaction that also involved an antique. He was trying to persuade a customer that eight hundred dollars was not too much to pay for a rare old '36-model car.

"What do you think I am, a playboy?" he asked her brusquely. "If you like it, buy it. You know it'll be all right with me. I'm in the midst of a deal, Babe."

"When it's finished, Davis, will you come over, please?" Carol begged. "It's not much out of your way and you could stop on the way home."

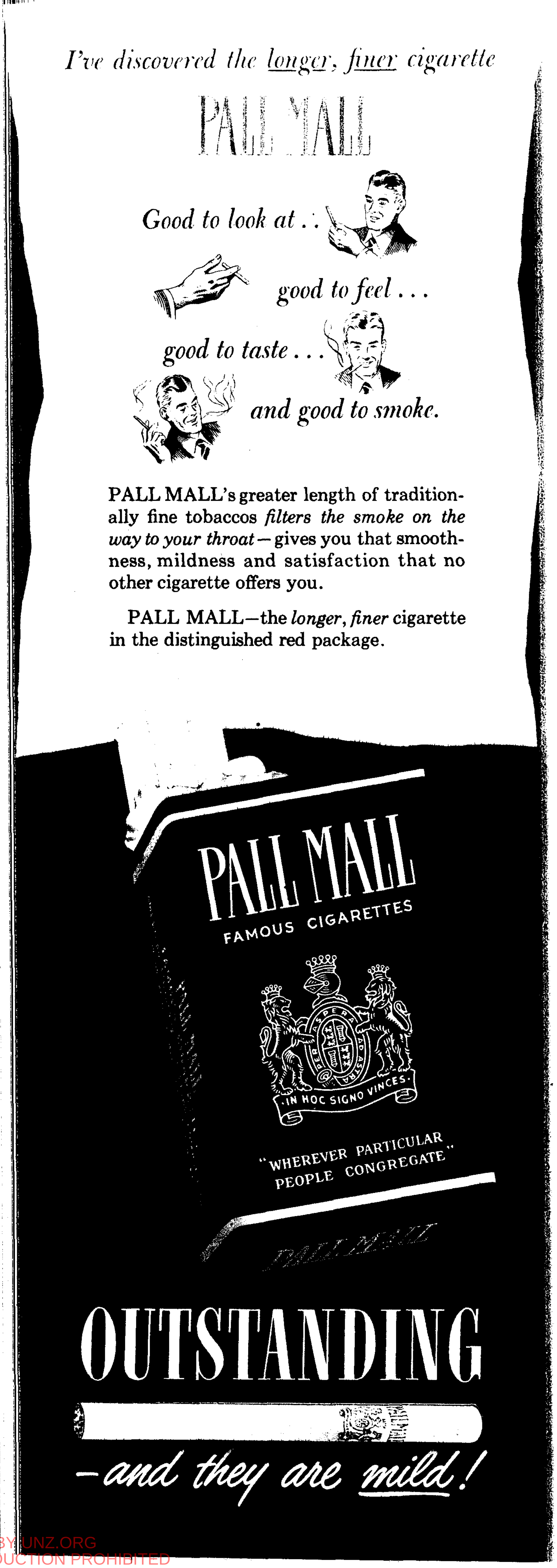
"Okay," said Davis. "I'll be there about half past five. What's the address?"

He meant to leave the used-car lot



"Hmm—your former employer gave you a very nice letter of recommendation—but how about your work?"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF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Good to look at . . .

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PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos *filters the smoke on the way to your throat*—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

All-New Schick turns Shaving Chore to Cheer

New in power, new in speed, new in comfort—new Stop-Start Finger Switch, new Mighty Motor, dozens of newsworthy features for whisker-weary shavers!

Electric Shaving HQ, Sept. 17—The latest and greatest Schick Electric Shaver has made its dynamic debut — and is already making news wherever shaving men gather.

For this sleek Schick is new *through and through.* It's new in styling — new to look at, a pleasure to hold. It's new in stopping and starting—the handy finger switch snaps on and off in a flash. Even the Stay-On Whisk-Its are new — stronger, sturdier, blended into the shaver.

And brother, is it packed with *power!* 1/3 more power — power that zips Schick's V-16 Shearing Heads through thick and thin, through rough patches and soft fuzz, from cheek to cheek.

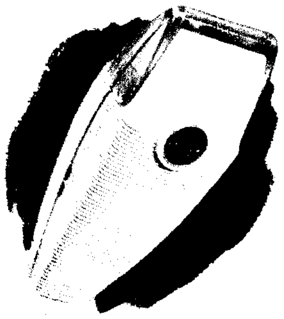
Besides, it's nylon-cushioned — has a new spring-like actuating lever — and a batch of other new features.

Add 'em together and here's the grand total — cheerful shaving instead of choreful shaving — shaving that's fast, easy, bother-free.

The experts at Schick say no one ever dreamed of a shaver this good. They ought to know — after pioneering electric shavers 18 years ago — and making Schick America's No. 1 shaver.

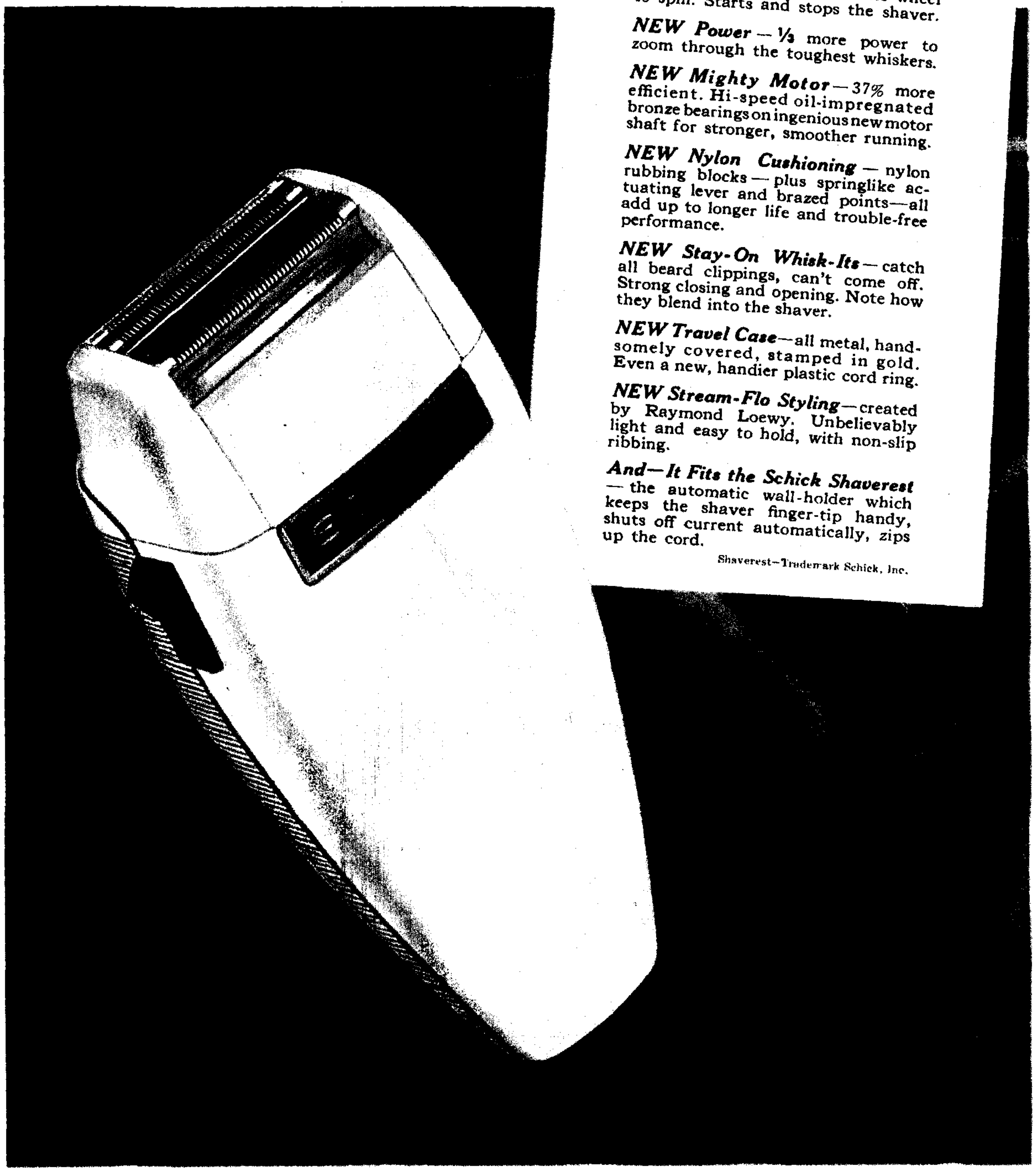
After shaving with this all-new Schick just once, you'll say they're understating! Your dealer awaits you with open arms and a brand-new Schick!

* * *



THERE'S A LOT THAT'S NEW IN THE COLONEL, TOO!

There's a new head on the Colonel's shoulders. It's the new 3-M Hollow-Ground SHEARING HEAD — with Fast Pickup INTERCEPTOR BAR that pops up each whisker to be cropped clean at skinline. Also — the Colonel comes in a smarter travel case. Schick Colonel with new 3-M Head $16.50



WHAT'S NEW? *PLENTY!* —INSIDE AND OUT!

NEW Shaving Ease, speed, comfort, convenience—with the V-16 shearing heads.

NEW Stop-Start Switch—no wheel to spin. Starts and stops the shaver.

NEW Power—1/3 more power to zoom through the toughest whiskers.

NEW Mighty Motor—37% more efficient. Hi-speed oil-impregnated bronze bearings on ingenious new motor shaft for stronger, smoother running.

NEW Nylon Cushioning—nylon rubbing blocks—plus springlike actuating lever and brazed points—all add up to longer life and trouble-free performance.

NEW Stay-On Whisk-Its—catch all beard clippings, can't come off. Strong closing and opening. Note how they blend into the shaver.

NEW Travel Case—all metal, handsomely covered, stamped in gold. Even a new, handier plastic cord ring.

NEW Stream-Flo Styling—created by Raymond Loewy. Unbelievably light and easy to hold, with non-slip ribbing.

And—It Fits the Schick Shaverest—the automatic wall-holder which keeps the shaver finger-tip handy, shuts off current automatically, zips up the cord.

Shaverest—Trademark Schick, Inc.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

New Power-Packed Schick Super—$21.00

All-new, through and through **SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER**

promptly and arrive at the antique shop as he had promised, at half past five. Another deal detained him, this time with a '48-model customer who was trying to make a good thing for himself on the sale of a new convertible. To convince the character that his demands were unreasonable, Davis suggested cocktails in a near-by bar. It was almost six when he started.

Margery was alone in the shop. Lilith had gone up to her apartment to bathe and change just in case Henry should turn up and insist, in spite of the sleepless night, that they go to the doctors' dinner.

Margery had been phoning around, trying to get herself a date. It was one of those dull periods when all of her best friends were out of town, or their wives at home. She was locking the front door when Davis came along.

"I'm so sorry to be late," he said, offering his most engaging smile, "but I was detained by business."

"Advertising business?" she asked.

"Guess again."

"It's selling something. Something that costs more than it's worth."

"What makes you say that?"

"I smell the sales stimulation. You don't have to ply the customer with whisky when you're selling an honest chocolate bar. What business is it, Mr. Barnes?"

"My first name's Davis. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Dependable Davis," she shrieked. "I'm without a car at present, and need a new one. What about it?"

"I'd be happy to demonstrate a few models."

"And ply me with whisky?"

"Depends upon your resistance."

Margery turned from his bold glance. "This is the piece your wife wanted."

"Is it a good buy?"

Like the good saleswoman she was, Margery showed off the merchandise. Davis appreciated her efforts.

It was just good luck that he happened to be driving in her direction. In a city where public transportation is so bad that many people do not even know it exists, it is common enough to ask for a lift.

His car was open. She had to tie on a scarf. While she was gone he waited in the dusky shop. Suddenly the place was ablaze with lights. Lilith had turned them on as she came down from the apartment.

"And I thought I'd find antiques in this shop," cried Davis in delight.

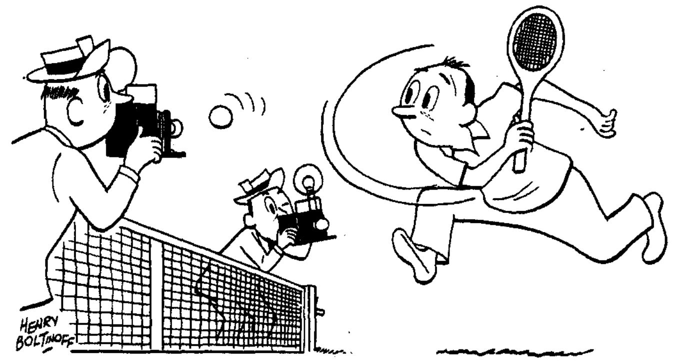
"Hello, there," said Lilith breezily. She was not unaccustomed to finding strange men waiting in the shop for Margery at this hour. "I'm Lilith Fowler, Margery's partner. She oughtn't have left you in the dark."

Her entrance had been dramatic, and she could see fire kindling in the young man's eyes. The salve of masculine admiration was balm for her hurt pride. After waiting all day for Henry's call, she had become contrite and decided that her display of temper had offended him, and that she would make up for it by wearing the black dinner dress. But when she had discovered, through the operator at the doctors' exchange, that Henry had left the hospital at two o'clock her anger had sparked up again.

At six o'clock he had still not called. Just to show him that he could not treat her in that offhand manner, she had changed her mind again, and put on the strapless gown.

AT THE same moment Henry Fowler was in his car at the corner of their street, and fuming because a traffic light delayed his home-coming.

The past twenty hours had been difficult. He had delivered a healthy boy to a happy mother, and had been about to leave the hospital when an emergency case had been brought in. His colleagues often said that Henry Fowler was overconscientious, that he took the loss of a child harder than the parents. Intimacy with the beginning and the end of life always made him impatient of trifles, and when at last he had been able to leave the patient, he had been loath to go straight home to Lilith's fussing. This did not indicate a flaw in his love, but merely distaste for the frills and adorn-



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

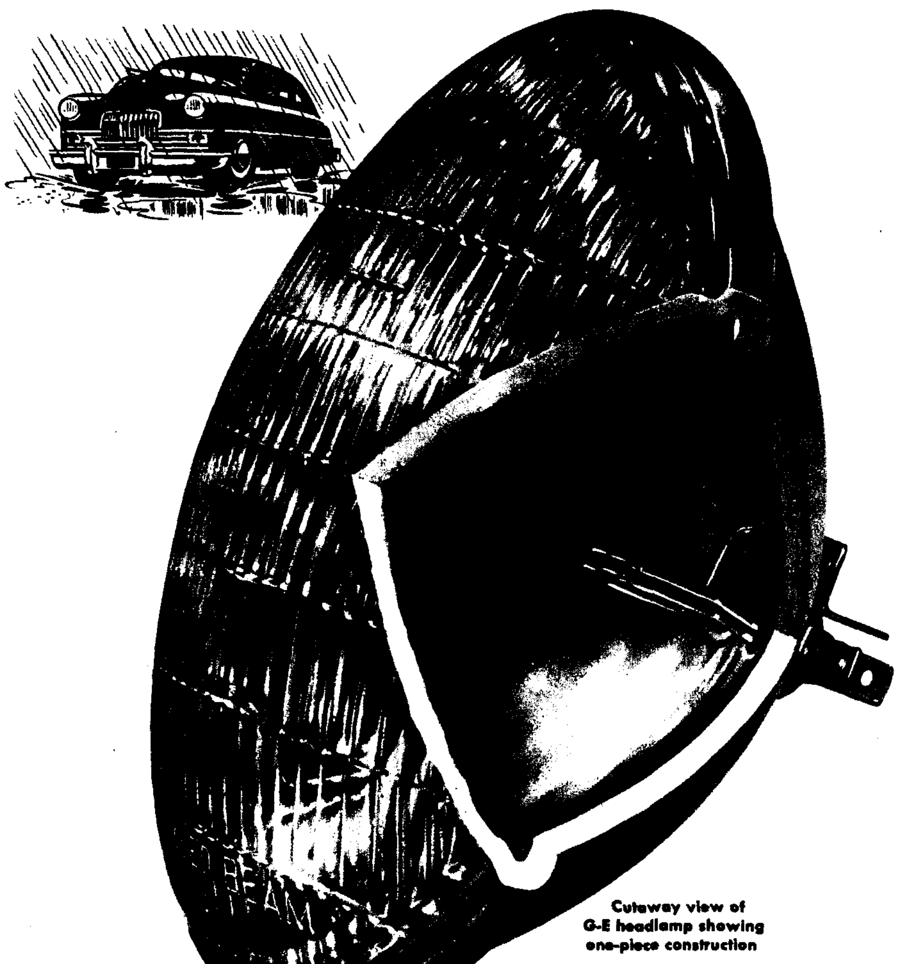
New Mexico's tennis champion, Dale Dillinger, won the set point of a match with Arizona's champion without hitting the ball with his racket. It wasn't a case of a double fault on the serve. The Arizona player's serve was good. But it came high into the teeth of a strong Arizona wind, and Dillinger rushed up and swung at it as the photographers tripped their shutters. The ball went back over the net, dropped low, the Arizona man missed it—and Dillinger had won the set and match.

The developed photographs showed, however, that Dillinger had missed the ball by at least two feet. It had been blown back over the net after the first high bounce.

—Jack Halliburton, Austin, Texas

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

DIRT and MOISTURE CAN'T GET IN!



Cutaway view of G-E headlamp showing one-piece construction

..that's why G-E All-glass Sealed Beam headlamps DO NOT GROW DIM!

DANGER MONTHS AHEAD FOR DRIVERS
November, December, January bring less daylight, more accidents.

Have your lights checked

next time you leave your car for service!

FOR easier, safer night driving—get the headlamps that do not grow dim.

The G-E All-glass Sealed Beam Headlamp is all one big bulb. Dirt and moisture can't get in to tarnish reflector and dim light output. Even at the end of its life, the average G-E All-glass Headlamp still gives 99% of original light output.

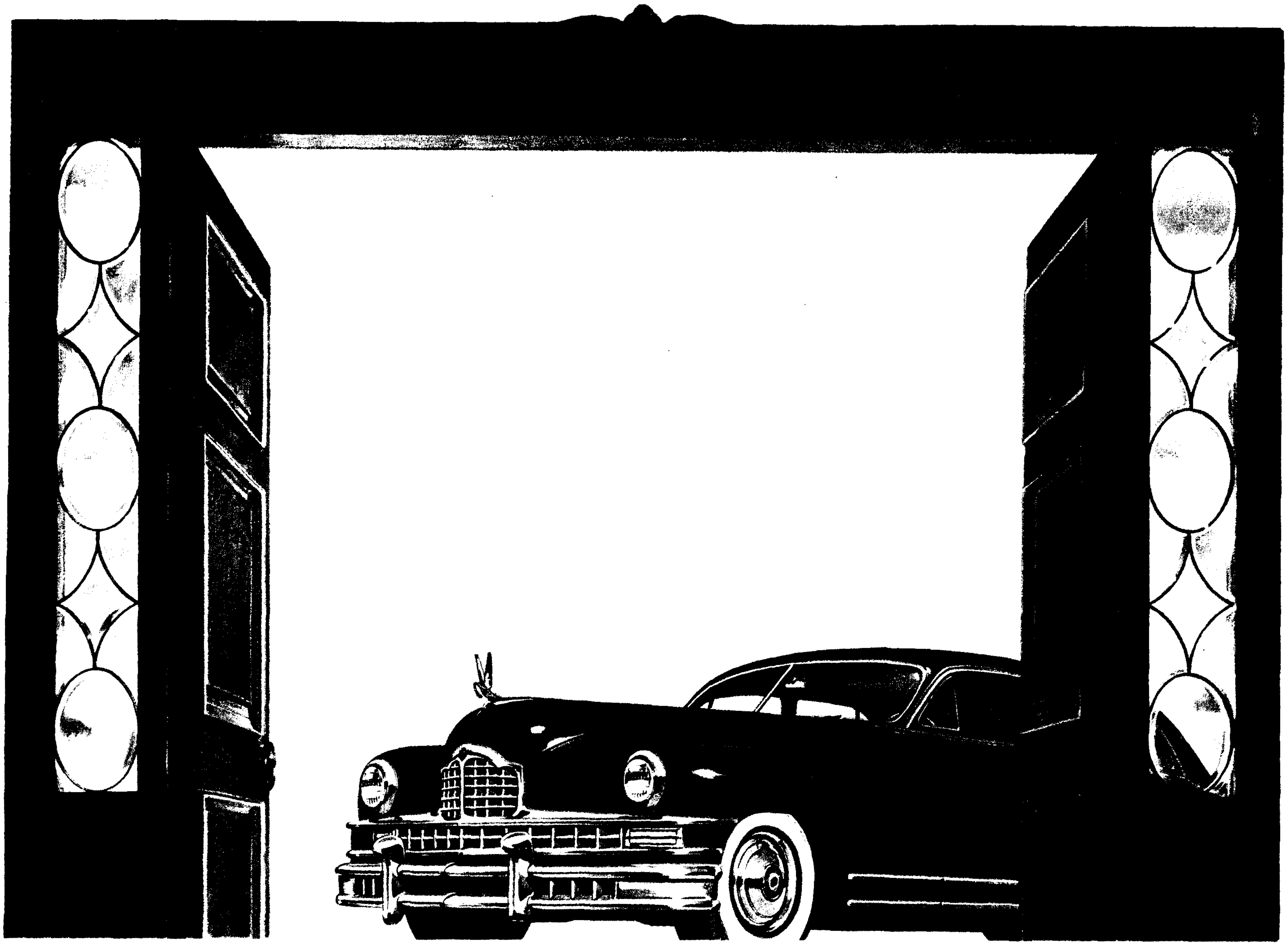
And now G-E headlamps give you 12% more light for driving, 16% more for passing—thanks to General Electric lamp research!

Whatever lamps you need for your car, make sure you insist on G-E.

G-E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HEAR "WHAT'S MY NAME?" WITH ARLENE FRANCIS, SATURDAY EVENINGS, ABC



AMERICA'S MOST *POWERFUL,* MOST *LUXURIOUS* MOTOR CAR

—ONE GUESS WHAT NAME IT BEARS!

THIS page needs no signature.

Even the car itself dares to carry no nameplate. For there is no mistaking the identity of "America's most *powerful,* most *luxurious* motor car."

No other car built in America today offers you the performance of a precision-built, 160-horsepower engine.

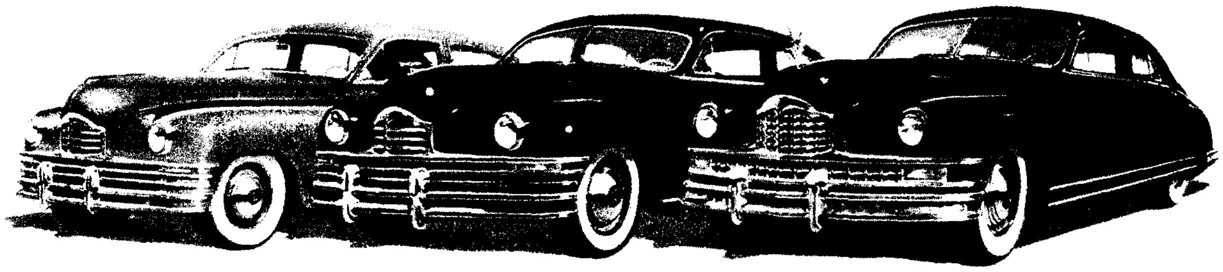
No other car offers you such delightful smoothness, such roadability, and so broad a range of luxury appointments.

This car shares its distinctive styling and engineering with no other car of lesser name. It is the proudest achievement of America's oldest builder of fine motor cars.

At home, and in the far corners of the world—for 49 years—its famous "face" has been the symbol of the very finest expression of American craftsmanship.

One guess what name it bears!

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE



130-HP EIGHT

145-HP SUPER EIGHT

160-HP CUSTOM EIGHT

ments which, at other times, made women, and particularly Lilith, attractive to him.

He had driven from the hospital to a cliff on the beach, parked his car and listened to the broadcast of a Mahler symphony while he added up the blessings and subtracted the shortcomings of life with Lilith. In many ways he was better suited than she to domesticity. He was steadier, in better control of himself, and newer to marriage; therefore, less apprehensive of failure. On the other side of the ledger were her charms, the warmth and sparkle, and the wealth of energy she gave to love and old furniture, cocktail parties and quarrels.

WHEN he had first met Lilith, he had seen her as a woman whose courage and independence made her unique. Now, knowing her so well, he understood that she resembled her sex in frailty. The garments of independence had been her protection against a fundamental fear of experience. With her other husbands she had played at marriage, charmingly no doubt, but without ever getting close to reality. This time, she was even more timid because failure would destroy her self-confidence.

Moved by compassion and nourished by three hamburgers, he started eagerly toward his home and the wife who needed him. Let her wear the strapless gown, he decided. Give the old doctors a treat; let their women whisper. There was scarcely a member of the local medical association who would not envy Henry Fowler his dashing wife.

As the lights turned green and he turned the corner, Henry was surprised to see the lights still burning in the antique shop. He parked at the curb, leaped out, dashed across the sidewalk—and paused. The tableau beyond the plate glass was innocent enough, and there was no reason why a good-looking young man should not lean close, in a simple courtesy, to light a woman's cigarette, nor why he should not enjoy the sight of her smooth, tanned shoulders. Nor was there reason why the woman should not laugh at his jokes or compliments.

The bare shoulders would not ordinarily have annoyed Henry. His magnanimity had been prepared. Nor would the young man's admiration have irked him excessively. But the combination sent a chill through him, and instead of rushing into the shop to greet Lilith, he turned and walked slowly toward the other entrance. . . .

Twenty minutes later, after a blithe farewell to Margery and Davis, Lilith came upstairs. Twilight falls like a rock in Los Angeles and the apartment, which had been bright when she left, was now all shadow. She moved around restlessly. After a few minutes of waltzing without music, she picked up the telephone. "Well, have you located Dr. Fowler yet?" she asked the girl at the doctors' exchange. "Where can he possibly be?"

"Right here," said Henry.

Lilith squealed.

Henry was stretched on the sofa like an untidy corpse, his coat off, his shirt open, his shoelaces dangling.

"Call off the dogs, we've located him," she told the operator and hung up. "When did you get in?" she demanded, staring down at him.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes ago."

"Why didn't you let me know? I've been worrying myself sick."

"I didn't want to disturb your tête-à-tête."

"Are you crazy?"

"Your boy friend's good-looking."

"Why, Henry Fowler!" Her voice hit high C and cracked. "You're a jealous fiend. Just because I happen to be talking to a man in the shop! And you, gone for twenty hours without even letting me know that you were alive. And here I am, waiting—waiting—"

"But not lonely," commented Henry.

"What am I supposed to do, play solitaire for twenty hours straight? If you think I'm going to sit and twiddle my thumbs day and night, you're very much mistaken. I'm not that sort of woman—"

Her stridency echoed in the quiet room. Henry had not even bothered to defend himself. In order to show him that she could play the game with equal passivity, she walked to the great window and looked down upon the glittering cobweb spun by lights across the city.

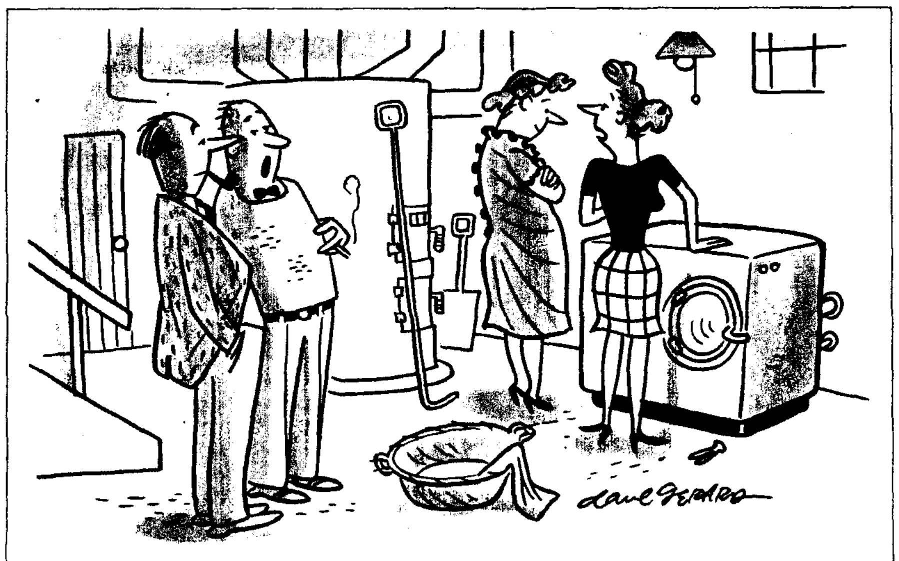
Silence lengthened. At last Lilith said, "You've no reason to be jealous. I never saw this man before. He was waiting for Margery and I just happened to—"

A gentle snore was Henry's answer.

LILITH did not know whether to laugh or cry. In the mirror she saw herself beautifully dressed for a man whose eyes were closed. She was tempted to wake him and urge him to dress for the party, but as she returned to the couch, she saw his pallid, exhausted face. His hand drooped over the edge. She moved it to a more comfortable position, adjusted the pillows and covered his legs with the afghan.

On a chair in the hall her gold purse and her cloak lay ready. Below the window stretched the city, all color and invitation. Last night she had been alone. Her dress was beautiful and provocative. She walked quickly to the door, did not pause there nor look back but hurried out, taking care that the click of the lock and the creak of the hinges should not wake her husband.

(To be continued next week)



"I insisted she get it. She thought it was an extravagance"

"George nearly blew a fuse when I told him I'd bought it"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

DOCTOR OF MOTORS

A TIP FROM THE DOCTOR OF MOTORS

If you've an Oil Hog, costly—slow,
A balky car that just won't go,
See your Doctor of Motors quick.
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Leading car manufacturers, too, use millions of Perfect Circle Piston Rings in new engines, and recommend their installation in worn engines to restore power and economy.

There is a set *Custom Made* for your car—for *any* car. Sets with sectional steel oil rings, if it's an Oil Hog—with less severe oil rings for a slightly worn or rebored engine. Best for your car—best for *any* car.

Perfect Circle

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Less Severe Oil Ring for slightly worn engines.

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738½ LIGHT GREEN
739½ OLIVE GREEN
740½ SKY BLUE
741 INDIGO BLUE
741½ AZURE BLUE
742½ LAVENDER
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745 CARMINE RED
745½ TERRA COTTA
754 GOLD
751 EMERALD GREEN
750 VERMILION
748 RED AND BLUE
747½ DARK GREY
747 BLACK
746½ TUSCAN RED

Bloodhounds Are My Babies

By DR. LEON F. WHITNEY as tol

Dr. Leon F. Whitney, noted biologist, veterinarian and student of genetics and eugenics, is a well-known authority on dogs. Bloodhounds have always fascinated him, and at his home in Orange, Connecticut, he has a large number of them which he lends to the state police when they are looking for a criminal or a missing person. His book, Bloodhounds and How to Train Them, is a standard work on the subject.

Dr. Whitney is perhaps best known to the scientific world for his studies of cancer in dogs. He is also the founder of the Leon F. Whitney collection of dogs in the Peabody Museum at Yale University.

THE bloodhound is a flop-eared, morose-looking animal that has the purely contemplative countenance of a senator and the inquisitiveness of a village spinster. He got a bad reputation back in the days of Uncle Tom and has been trying ever since to live it down. There is a feeling that bloodhounds are useless in these days of motorcars, gasoline odors and scientific crime detection.

But listen to what happened in the town of Piermont, New York, in July of this year: The citizenry was engaged in a frenzied hunt for Mrs. Margaret Guzma, who had been shopping on a Friday morning and was reported missing by her husband at 10:45 that night. Next day the Boy Scouts and fire department were combing the woods, an emergency squad was dragging a creek that ran through the Guzma property and every able-bodied man in town was engaged in a chase that combined hallooing, bushwhacking and strenuous exploration.

Late Saturday, local authorities called Chief Walter Liebert of the Clarkstown police, who has a kennel of prize-winning bloodhounds. None of his experienced trackers was available, so he brought along his fourteen-month-old puppy, Spotter of Little Brook. He took the dog into Mrs. Guzma's bedroom, held some of her clothes to his nose and turned him out the back door on a leash. With Captain Liebert gasping along behind, Spotter headed straight up a hill behind the house. He traveled at a lope, crossed the Erie Railroad tracks and came upon Mrs. Guzma sitting on a rock near a clump of trees, dazed but alive. The trail was thirty hours old and the rescue took twelve minutes!

No self-respecting bloodhound would consider this much of a feat but it had happened close to New York City, with the resultant publicity. My interest in the case arises from the fact that I have been breeding bloodhounds for thirty years and Spotter was the son of one of my best trailers, Operator of White Isle.

The news stories about Spotter made one mistake, a common one in view of the old legends about bloodhounds. They said he had bayed vigorously on finding Mrs. Guzma but that is wrong because the dogs I now breed are mute trailers. They may squeal a bit when the trail gets hot but that is the extent of their excitement.

The old bloodhounds were heavy, gangling and loud-voiced. When we used to start out on a criminal hunt, the hounds made so much racket the whole county would turn out to get in our way. It was embarrassing for the handlers and bad for the dogs when the curiosity seekers trampled what would otherwise be fresh trails. By persistent experiments in breeding and a careful selection, we developed the mute trailer, of which there had always been a few among the bloodhounds. Penitentiaries still use the open trailers—the baying, tonguing type—because they get on the trail early and the wardens—traveling usually by cars—can keep in touch with the hunt by the noise of the hounds.

The test of a great bloodhound is his ability to take up an old trail and run down his quarry. The greatest of all bloodhounds, Nick Carter, handled by the late Captain V. G. Mullikin of Lexington, Kentucky, provided evidence for 650 convictions. To solve one case he took up a trail 105 hours old and ran down a man who immediately confessed. Red Trailer, a hound I trained, ran twelve different trails that were over 72 hours old. All the captures resulted in fines or convictions.

Old Sappho Trails a Killer

The New York State Police (Troop K), stationed at Hawthorne Barracks, near White Plains, always have several of my dogs, handled by Sergeant W. W. (Cy) Horton. One of their finest cases involved a murder at Port Jefferson on Long Island. There were no clues, but there was one suspect. The police secured a sock belonging to this man and started Old Sappho on the trail. She is a mute trailer and one of our "streamlined" hounds, weighing around 75 pounds (in contrast to the 125 pounds of the old-type dog).

What followed was baffling even to Sergeant Horton. Sappho started running in a ditch that bordered a highway. There were no footprints and no signs that anybody had come that way. Sappho bounded along among the rocks and weeds, with Horton close behind holding the leash on her harness. She followed this peculiar trail for three miles, turned into a driveway, smelled in an old automobile that had no top, jumped out, trailed into the house and

The flop-eared sleuthhound is not as pessimistic as he looks. He'll tackle the toughest search with the slightest clues. He's streamlined now, and voiceless, and he's living down the reputation he got in the days of Uncle Tom

to KYLE CRICHTON

identified the man who owned the sock. The man confessed.

Sappho's strange trailing is explained by the fact that the man had come all the way in the automobile; his feet had never touched the ground till he reached the house. The scent had evidently escaped from the car to the weeds bordering the road. Don't ask me how Old Sappho did it. I've been training bloodhounds all these years and their achievements still baffle me.

Most spectacular of all was the work of Sergeant Horton and Sappho on the prison break at Sing Sing on July 15, 1941. Charles McGale, Joseph Riordon and John Waters had made a run for it by killing John Hartye, a guard, getting the keys and fighting their way out of prison. In a running gun battle through the streets of Ossining, James Fagan, a local policeman, was killed and John Waters was shot. McGale and Riordon got away and the greatest man hunt in New York history followed. The territory around the prison was in a state of terror because McGale and Riordon had shown they were desperate killers.

On the west shore of the Hudson an empty rowboat was found. Officers brought it back to the Ossining side in the belief that it might have been the means of the men's escape, and Horton and Sappho went on the job. They recrossed the river and the scent was taken up with alacrity on the other side. This was the Palisades Interstate Park, a section known for its wild and rough beauty. Sappho was running the trail with eagerness when the wind shifted. The dog raised her head and then started up a hill toward an old stone quarry. Horton was working with Lieutenant Frank Carlson of the Ossining police. They tied up Sappho and started to throw rocks into the quarry, yelling at the top of their lungs to simulate a crowd.

"Come on out!" yelled Horton. "We've got you covered!"

McGale and Riordon came out with their hands in the air and were easy captives.

Some years ago we were called to help find a boy who had been lost on the New Haven marshes. He had disappeared while out clamming with his father and uncle. For four days they had searched for the boy, dragging the marshes and calling hopelessly to attract his attention. In their desperation they had consulted a clairvoyant, who had assured them the boy was alive and would be found behind a white garage.

We decided that the dogs might be taken along the edge of the marshes, downwind, and if they smelled the boy they could locate him. Trailing conditions were beautiful. Scent seems to cling to water and to heavy damp night air. We kept one dog with us and sent the other across a small inlet in a boat. Then, simultaneously, we gave each dog one of the boy's shoes to smell, close to the water. Before we realized what was happening our dogs were both swimming. The trail ended not over ten seconds later.

I said to the anguished father, "There is your boy."

The body was found at the mouth of the inlet, exactly where the dogs indicated it was.

Hunt for Lost Baby at Night

One night I was asked to try to find a lost baby. It was after midnight. Hundreds of searchers were scouring the countryside. I asked the police to call the searchers back and ask them to stand in a lot behind the house and watch our progress.

The dogs were started from the baby's playsuit, which she had left on the ground. They dragged us through a barberry field and we thought they were headed for the baby. But they turned, ran through the crowd of curious people and then into the baby's house. Faithful, my old faithful, ran from room to room and then came out again and trailed to the baby's playsuit. Then he went directly to a swamp where we found the baby—naked and alive.

How could the hounds smell a baby's scent a quarter of a mile away when it was mixed with all those other human odors? I don't know and nobody knows, but if these dogs couldn't unscramble odors they'd be of little use.

When I jog along holding the rein which leads from a bloodhound's harness, I am constantly filled with awe and admiration. I can't imagine how a bloodhound can walk along a dirt path over which dozens of people have been tramping and follow the trail of a person who has gone that way three days before. Bloodhounds are never fooled by the fresher human tracks but follow the scent they have been given. If they lose it by a shift in the wind, they retrace their steps until they find it and take up from there.

The bloodhound is a kind and affectionate animal that has an appealing charm as a puppy but becomes increasingly less attractive as a pet as it matures. The weight of the long ears and the loose skin about the head pulls down the lids of the eyes and gives the hound a dissolute look it doesn't deserve. But at its specialty of trailing, no other dog remotely approaches it. The bloodhound asks only one thing: If you need his services, call him within a reasonable time so that the trail is fresh. Then nothing can keep him from locating his objective. ★★★

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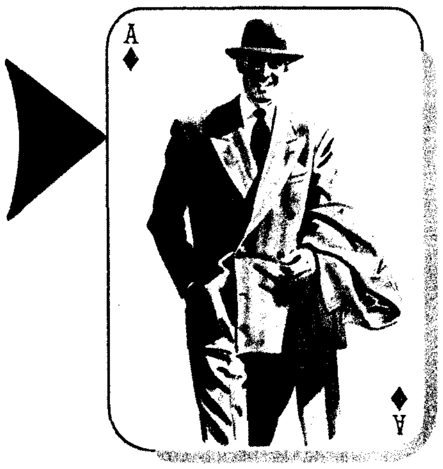

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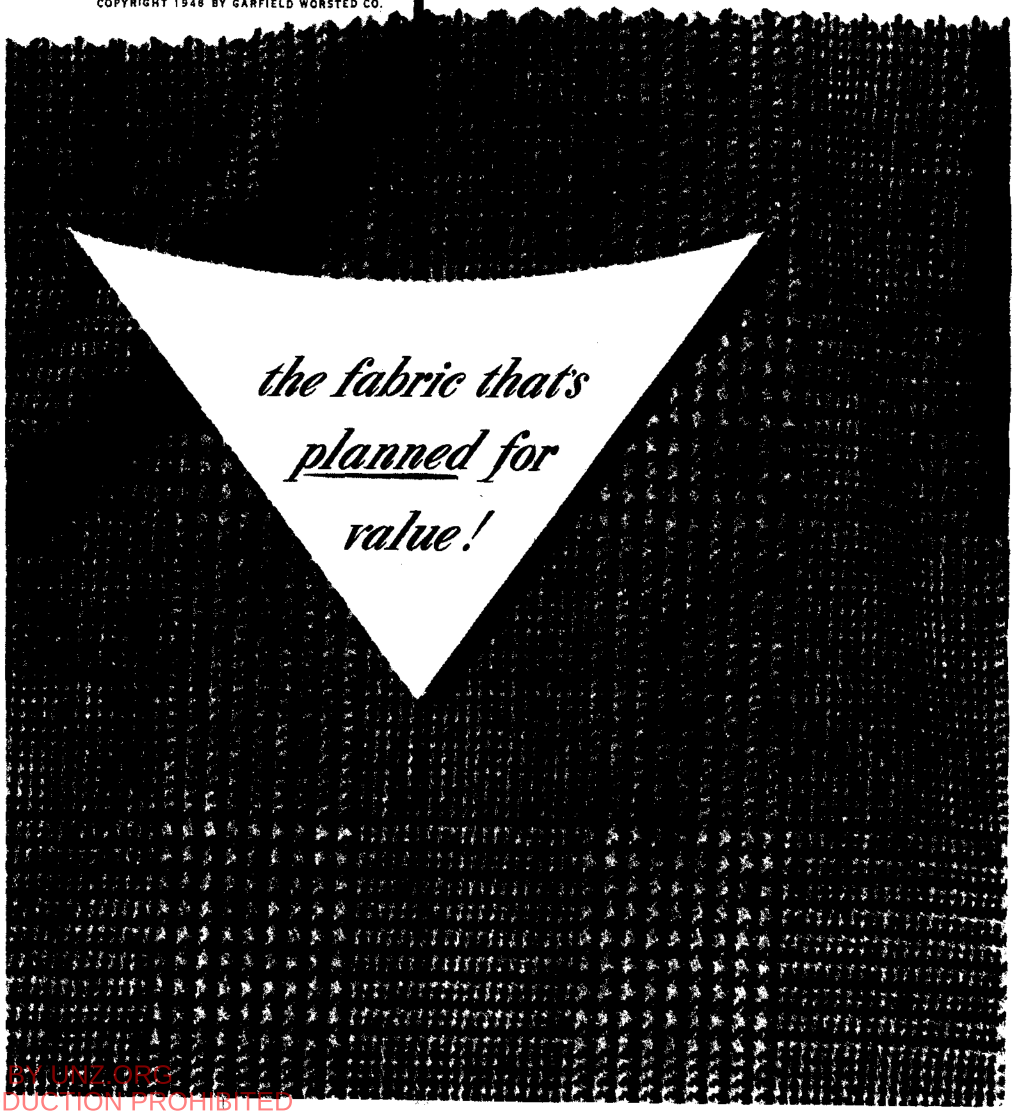

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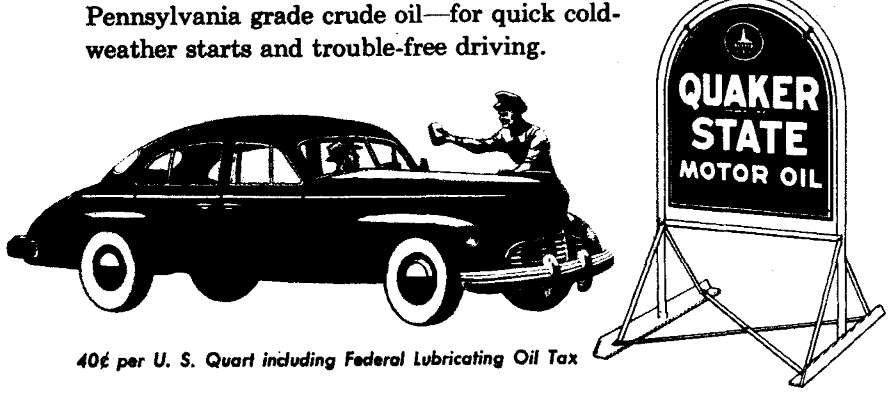

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RAINBOW ROUTE TO BERLIN

Continued from page 13

chief topic of conversation in Berlin. On July 25th a C-47 crashed a short distance from Tempelhof, and Lieutenants Charles King and Robert Stuber were killed. The Russian press screamed that the overloaded planes were presenting a grave threat to the lives of the people of Berlin. Other planes would crash, they said, and Berliners would be killed. This line of reasoning aroused the people to furious anger and resentment. They held a spontaneous memorial service for the two dead pilots.

Each day the crowds increased at Tempelhof until there were often 10,000 men, women and children on Berlinerstrasse, bordering the field. They climbed trees; they scaled the walls of ruined houses; they stood on the roofs of parked cars and trucks. They cheered as the planes roared overhead and they brought presents for the fliers.

I saw an MP stop four kids trying to slip into Tempelhof. Each carried an armful of flowers. They said they wanted to give these to the pilots. So the MP looked the other way, and the four kids scrambled inside looking for the pilots.

Women brought Meissen ware and treasured pieces of silver, and some brought lucky charms they had knitted. These people were getting their first lesson in democracy, and it meant more to them than all the lectures, radio talks and editorials they had been exposed to since the Western nations took over their Berlin sectors.

At Gatow, the airport in the British sector, the same scenes were being enacted. Here the four-engined Yorks were landing, and you noticed that practically every R.A.F. pilot wore one of the small, knitted amulets given him by Berlin school children. Out at Lake Havel, where the huge Sunderlands landed, the shores were always crowded with people who cheered when the big ships hit the water.

The Berlin newspapers kept what amounted to a box score which told the previous day's haul. You'd go to the snack bar at Tempelhof for breakfast, and your waitress would beam and say, "We broke the record yesterday. Five hundred and seventy American and British planes came to Berlin."

For the first time since the end of the war, priests and ministers found their churches filled with people who had come to give thanks for the miracle of the flour and the coal. The air lift has done more than keep the people of Berlin alive. It has given them something they hadn't had before: courage to face the horribly uncertain future.

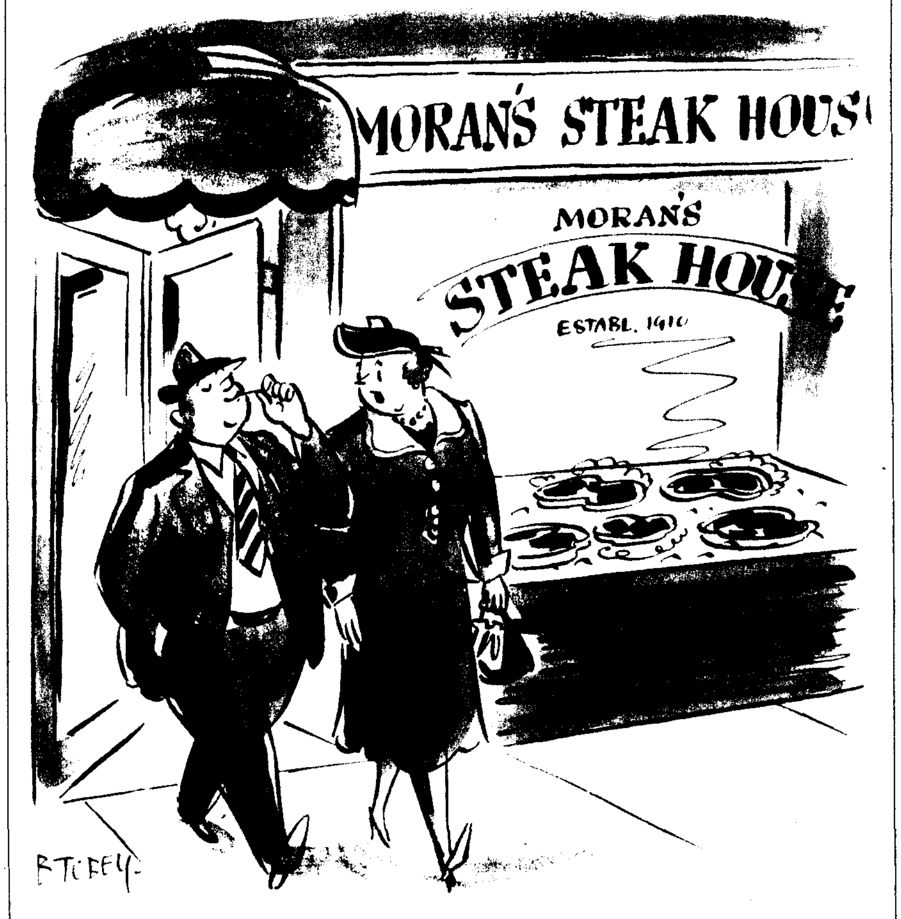
It must be remembered that there are very few men in Berlin between the ages of twenty and forty. A great portion of the able-bodied male population was killed during the battle for the German capital. When the Soviets took over they rounded up most of the rest and sent them to Russia to rebuild the cities the German army had ruined. These never came back. So today Berlin is pretty much a city of women and children, old men and amputees. The two months during which Russia had Berlin to itself (June and July, 1945) instilled a great terror into the hearts of the surviving Berliners. The success of the air lift has, to a great extent, dissipated this terror. The people now believe that Clay meant it when he said we would never leave Berlin short of an act of war.

Hundreds of Berlin women carry capsules of cyanide with them, ready for use if the Russians again gain control of the city. One of these, who works as a cook for the family of an American military government official in Berlin, came to him one day, when the air lift had been operating more than two months. She handed him the capsule.

"I know now I'll never need to use it," she said.

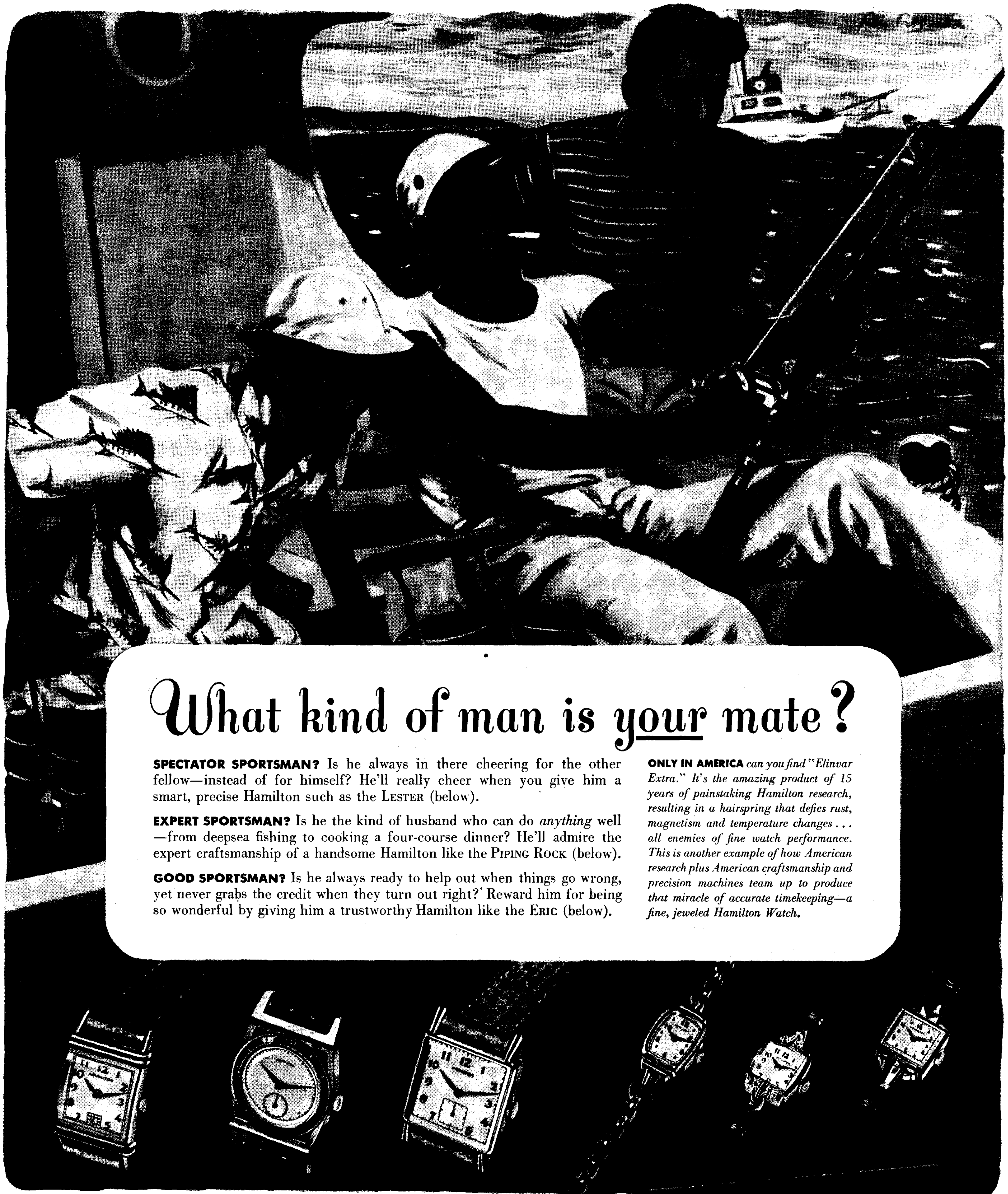
Then she smiled.

THE END



"You realize, of course, that this means codfish cakes, omelettes, macaroni and salads until next Wednesday"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



What kind of man is your mate?

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EXPERT SPORTSMAN? Is he the kind of husband who can do *anything* well—from deepsea fishing to cooking a four-course dinner? He'll admire the expert craftsmanship of a handsome Hamilton like the PIPING ROCK (below).

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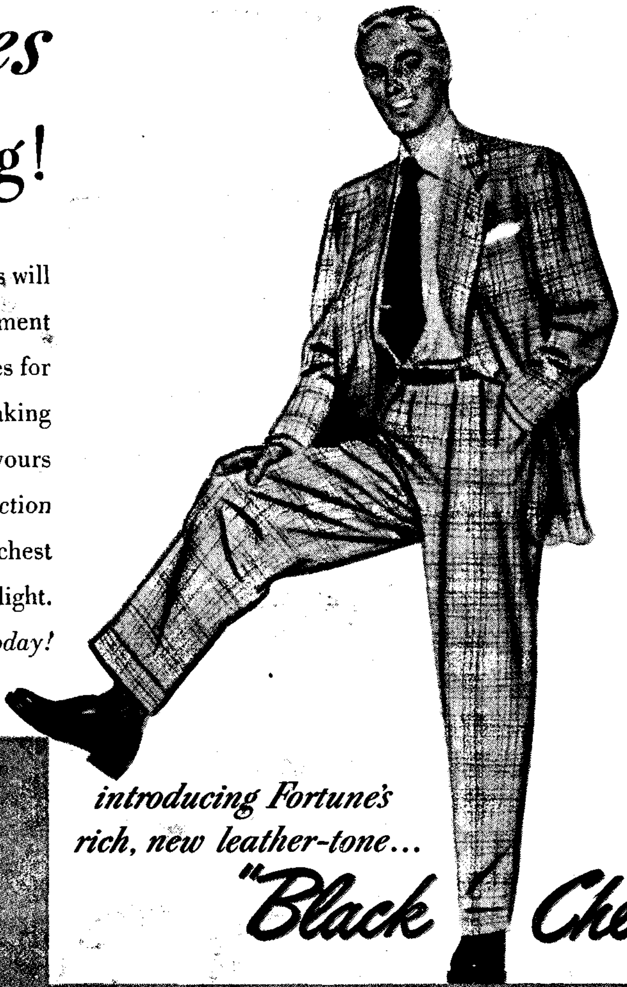

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"Black Cherry"

● TOP: Style 6150. Fortune's smart wing tip style in "Black Cherry." Husky ribbed sole.

● RIGHT: Style 6132. Ghillie tie Moxford in "Black Cherry" with thick brown rubber sole.

● LEFT: Style 6110. Handsome classic plain toe blucher in "Black Cherry." Ribbed sole.

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most styles

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

men had been overcome in two recent bad fires. Too, he does not maybe understand the price it was necessary to pay to get one of the jobs. Your husband must have been killed in the performance of his duties, not just die an ordinary death. Then the city pays them the huge sum of $25-a-month pension until they are 65 and eligible for one of their own.

Claire Jones, West Philadelphia, Pa.

EAGER BEAVER SQUADRON

Dear Sir: Ryder of the Comic Page by James Poling (Aug. 14th) is excellent but Mr. Poling left out something very important. During World War II a destroyer squadron was called the "Little Beaver Squadron" named after Mr. Harman's famous Little Beaver. Each ship (eight in all) had an insigne of the Little Beaver on the sides. It was the most famous destroyer squadron in the Pacific, having been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation in 1945.

Martin Foley, Orangeburg, N. Y.

. . . I note that Mr. Poling declares that "Harman ran away to join up but at fifteen the best he could do was the National Guard . . . a few months spent guarding the Kansas City waterworks." It happens that eleven National Guard divisions were in combat as compared with only seven Regulars; that the Guard divisions took more prisoners, suffered more casualties and fatalities than did the Regulars. A National Guard division broke the Hindenburg line, and was awarded more decorations for bravery than was any other division.

Maj. Gen. James E. Edmonds,
N.G.U.S.—Inac., Milford, Ohio

Collier's has always saluted the National Guard. Mr. Poling merely implied that a lad of fifteen fitted best in that section of the Guard which did home duty.

M. A. IGNORAMUS

Dear Editor: I would appreciate an explanation of what seems to me to be an inconsistency in Alan Jenkins' short, short, The Emir's Fountain Pen (July 24th). Would Cambridge University actually honor an apparent illiterate, such as the Emir Mahmoud, with a master of arts degree?

Josephine Lowndes,
Long Island City, N. Y.

It seems that people who find themselves living on top of the world's richest oil fields have many elaborate honors conferred upon them.

HOPKINS

The Editor: I have been reading The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins. This story should be titled The Shameful Record of the Warmongers—or America's War Criminals Confess. This social worker (Hopkins) and Socialist party member was given important diplomatic duties involving the lives of millions, with absolutely no experience in diplomacy. He was a loyal New Deal dog; that was his sole qualification. It is amazing that our government survived the continuous onslaughts of these criminals.

Ben H. Thayer, Seligman, Mo.

. . . I feel that The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins are a significant source of material on World War II.

Dr. Herbert Millington,
Chairman, Social and Political Sciences,
New York, N. Y.

COLLIER'S CRUTCH TO THE LAME

Dear Sir: I cannot begin to tell you how much we enjoyed Traveling Companion, by Eleanor Harris (July 17th). In fact, we wondered *why* American Express was never written up before. Most Americans look upon it as a sort of fairy godmother when traveling abroad, as it certainly comes to one's aid in the weirdest cases.

I personally liked it so that I mailed away seventeen copies of the July 17th issue, mostly to Americans overseas.

M. M. Marshall, New York, N. Y.

NO HOPE FOR CROSBY

Dear Sir: Ted Shane's hilarity on the Crosby-Hope golfing (Road to the 19th Hole, Aug. 14th) reminds me of the time Hope and Crosby were playing a round at Lakeside. Hope made about nine wild swings, hitting the earth all around the golf ball. There were two ants there. One said, "Get up on the ball before this guy kills you!"

Another time Hope went to a golf match and explained Crosby couldn't be there because one of his horses was dying and Crosby finally wanted to see one of his horses finish.

In talking about Crosby's golf game, Hope said that "Bing is in the 70s" and shoots a fair score for a man of that age.

Hope told about the bad day Crosby had on the green. The caddie kept looking at his watch.

Bing said, "You got someplace to go? You keep looking at your watch."

The caddie replied, "This isn't my watch, it's a compass!"

Jay Scott, New York, N. Y.

HOW TO ADOPT A DP

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading your article Unwanted (July 17th), and am writing to make inquiry regarding the procedure to follow to contact the proper authority, with a view toward sponsoring a displaced family.

Further, is it possible for me as a responsible citizen, having available and suitable housing and the willingness to provide a guarantee of occupation, to obtain an immigration visa for one of these families?

W. H. Warmington, Minneapolis, Minn.

Write to the DP Commission, set up under the recent law, at Washington, D. C.

BELGIAN BONER

Dear Editor: Referring to the article Royalty Under Wraps (July 24th): The son of King Leopold and Princess de Rethy cannot claim the throne. Besides, his name is Alexandre and not Louis Napoleon. The author probably meant Prince Baudouin, the son of King Leopold and Queen Astrid.

The royal widower remarried six years or so after the queen's fatal accident, but his first son is the only heir of the throne.

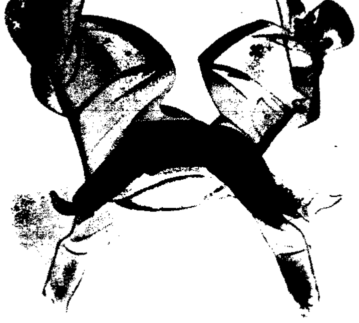
Lucien Delbrouck, Belgium

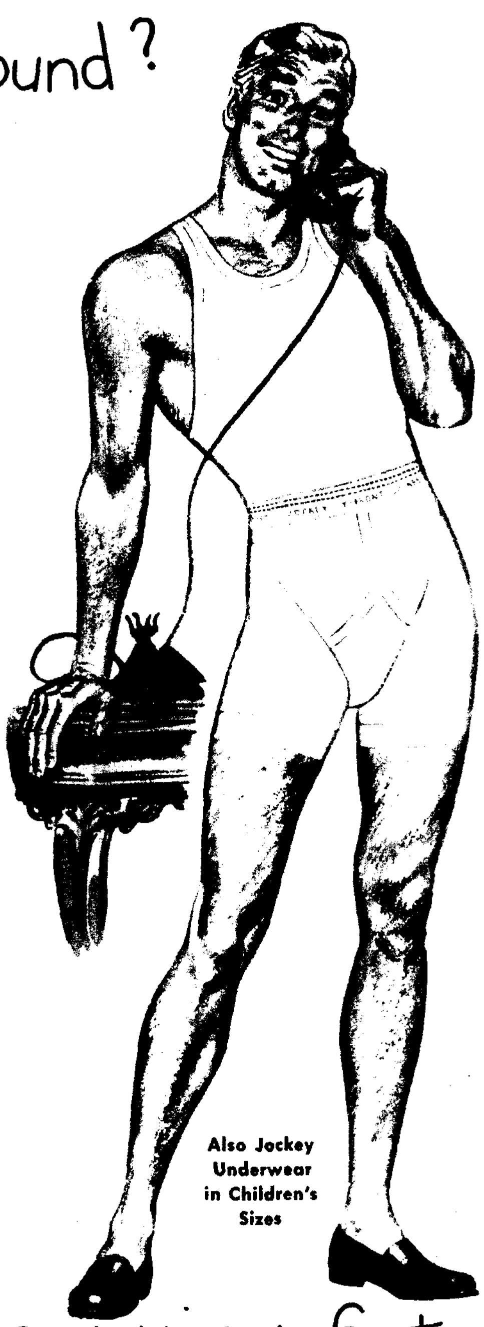
PROPHECY

Dear Sir: In your issue of July 9th, 1938, you published a cartoon and article that was prophetic. The cartoon was Hitler and Mussolini dancing, they formed the head of Stalin. Why don't you publish it and the article again?

Mrs. Besse Kriger, Saint Cloud, Fla.

Here's the cartoon. The article is too long for The Week's Mail.





Travel Bound?

Get the personalized comfort of Jockeys—

the only underwear "measured-to-your-build"

If every time you travel, your underwear goes traveling up your leg, hop off the train and run to a Jockey dealer. He'll fit you with Jockeys by the "Hip-Tape" method, developed and copyrighted by Coopers as an exclusive service for Jockey customers. You get perfect fit—not only at the waist—but at the hip and crotch, too. That's why Jockeys travel with you—not against you.

Also Jockey Underwear in Children's Sizes

Jockey gives you comfort so perfect it's patented!

When you have a complete Jockey Underwardrobe, you always have the right underwear for any occasion or season.

Every model has the famous patented comfort features of Jockey: the Y-Front construction, the no-gap opening, the protective cradled pouch for genuine masculine support, the smooth-seamed freedom from binding and chafing.

This all adds up to comfort you've never known before if you haven't tried Jockeys "measured-to-your-build." It's snug comfort, patented comfort. And the only sure way of getting it is to be sure you have Jockeys. And be sure to get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, too, short sleeves or sleeveless.

Jockey Shorts for active sports; Jockey Midway for everyday wear; Jockey Bellin for dress-up wear; Jockey Long for cold days; Jockey Over-Knee protects tender skin, trouser press.

Don't ask for "knit underwear" ask for

Jockey

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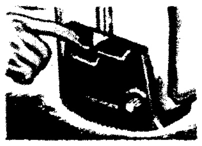
Fair Trade Price $21.50

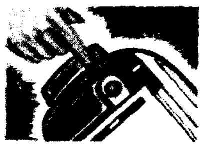
Look for the TOASTMASTER *name on your toaster... others will!*

Folks usually take a second look at the new "Toastmaster" Toaster. They admire its flawless beauty. They respect its quarter-century background of faithful performance. They recall seeing America's finest toaster in the homes of people who enjoy the best. Yes, those who own a "Toastmaster" Toaster take pride in it. Those who don't, keep hoping. So when you buy, whether for yourself or as a gift—look for the "Toastmaster"* name on your toaster . . . others will!

JUST PRESS THE KEY —and the Superflex toast timer automatically delivers perfect toast every time.



TOUCH THE BUTTON —and watch the crumb tray swing open instantly for quick, easy cleaning.



LIFT THE TOASTER —easily, safely, by finger-fitting handles that are always cool to your touch.

The New TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-Up Toaster*

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Confessions of a Railroad Cop

By LT. JAMES R. THOMPSON

The retired chief of New York's Pennsylvania Station police has a tale of cops and robbers to tell. It's a story hidden in the crowds of any big railroad depot. The game is serious and the stakes are high—your suitcase, your pocketbook, or even your life

HAVEN'T I seen you somewhere before? If your travels have ever brought you to New York's Pennsylvania Station, the chances are I saw you there. It was my job—I retired last month—to make sure you got safely in or out of the big city.

During my 38 years as private cop at the world's biggest and busiest railroad terminus, some two billion passengers—or about the number of people living on this planet—passed through the gates under the watchful eyes of the Station Police Force.

As chief, I've guarded most of the celebrities passing through, including all the Presidents since Taft. I've also kept close tab on two generations of pickpockets, con men and thugs, and dodged a bullet or a brass knuckle now and then. But most of my scares came from peaceful, law-abiding citizens like yourself.

Every weekday afternoon Penn Station teeters on the brink of riot. Between 5:00 P.M. and 7:00 P.M. a cloudburst of tired humanity twice the size of the population of Topeka, Kansas, swirls into an underground area at Penn Station no bigger than a baseball diamond, and spills through the floodgates of the Long Island Rail Road to be pumped out by train through tunnels far below the East River.

With the tunnels blocked for as little as 10 minutes and nothing to cut off the pressure of crowds pouring in through 28 station entrances, panic is never farther away than the first woman's scream.

That nightmare has never materialized simply because the New York City police and the railroad force under my command have acted promptly according to prearranged plan the five or six times such emergencies have arisen. The last time it happened was the Big Snow on December 26, 1947. The first rush-hour trains cleared the tunnel and stalled on the other side.

(Continued on page 70)

NO-TICKET ... PASSENGERS

Lt. James Thompson standing with a gateman in the Pennsylvania Station. Much of his time, over a 38-year period, was spent in similar spots guarding celebrities and looking for elusive crooks

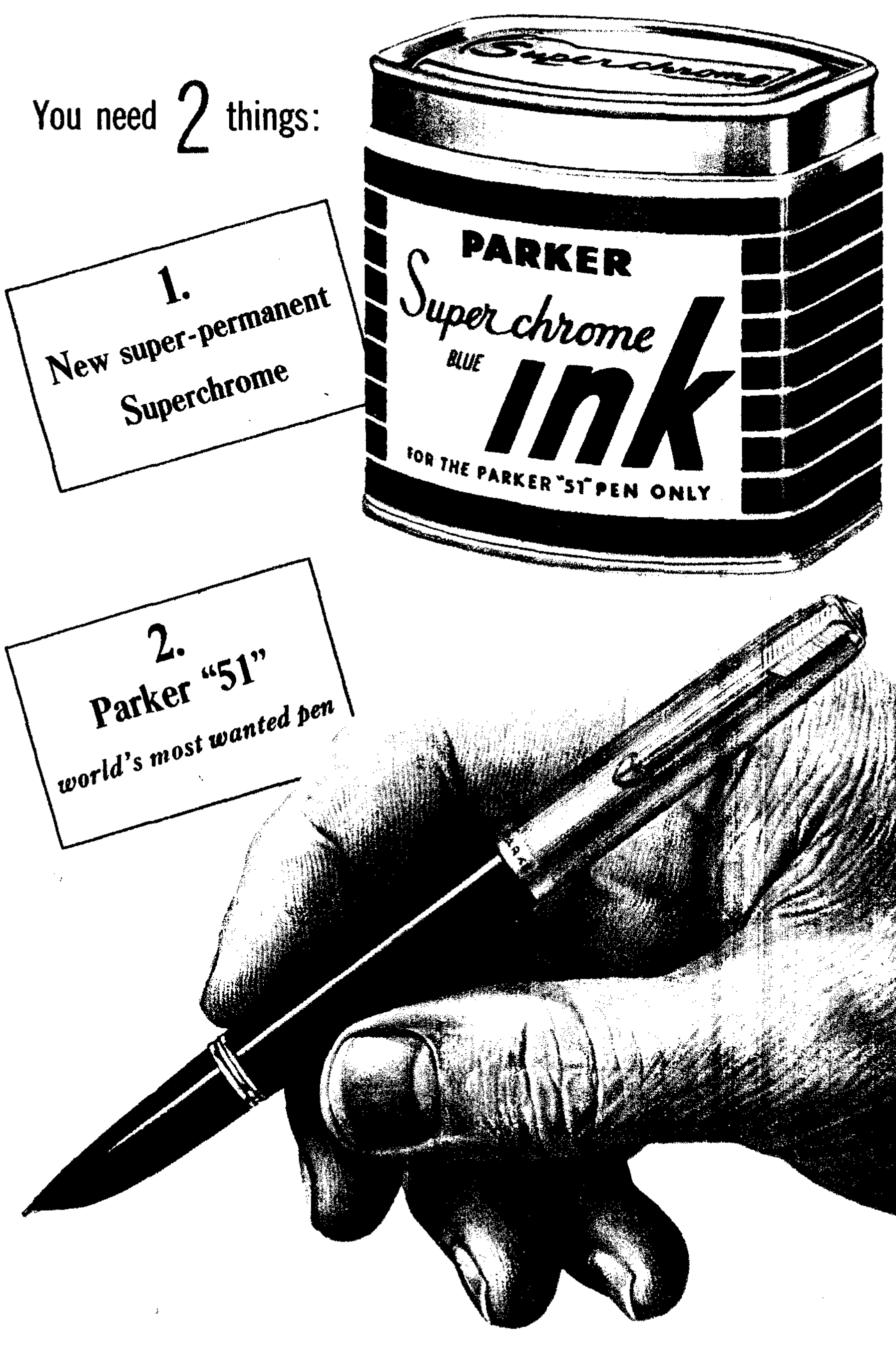
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN

THROW AWAY YOUR BLOTTER...

Write dry

WITH WET INK!

You need 2 things:


1. New super-permanent Superchrome
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PARKER
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JOIN THE MILLIONS who now enjoy the magical ease of *dry writing!* Win freedom from blotters forever.

Just fill the Parker "51" with new Superchrome . . . created, through 17 years' research, for this pen alone.

Then watch. In the flick of an eye, each sharp stroke is dry as desert sand. No smudge, no blur. This ink dries by *penetration* . . . not evaporation.

Superchrome's 5 colors are up to 60% more brilliant than ordinary inks. 11 times more resistant to fading, on the average, than Government standards require.

Test this dry-writing combination at your Parker dealer's today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.; Toronto, Canada.

David Dietz Says-

Noted science editor and lecturer. Author of "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era."

"Superchrome is an outstanding achievement in scientific research. A wholly new kind of writing fluid—it's a delight to the eye and a delight to use."

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OIL BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

Continued from page 26

When delegate Antonio Carillo Flores countered Marshall's proposal with the statement that "if foreigners don't wish to make investments in Mexico in conformity with our legal requirements, no one obliges them to invest," he was playing politics. He was talking back at Uncle Sam to satisfy nationalistic industrialists like José Domingo Lavin; to please Cárdenas, living godhead of the Mexican Revolution, irreverently known behind his bulky back as El Trompudo for his trumpet-shaped mouth; and to gain the support of labor leaders like Vicente Lombardo Toledano.

Tariff Protects Inferior Goods

The first group, the nationalistic war-made industrialists, are a new but powerful source of opposition to *"el imperialismo yanqui."* They blocked all efforts to negotiate a new Mexican-American trade treaty by demanding high tariffs on all U.S. products which also were made in Mexico. One of the leaders of the industrial cabal made steel furniture, inferior in quality to the American product and a lot more expensive. He wanted protection, and was willing to wreck the trade treaty to save his own industry. Others of his ilk looked for tariff protection of uneconomic chemical plants, paper mills and engine factories.

The second opposing force Alemán has to contend with is the vast, unseen power of Cárdenas. After Alemán, Cárdenas is undoubtedly the most powerful man in Mexico. He is a big restless Indian, who wanders from town to town within a radius of several hundred miles of his home in Jiquilpan, in the state of Michoacán. At fifty-three he looks forty and is as tough as burrohide.

Cárdenas' power derives from his unique place in Mexican revolutionary history. In 1914, when only 19, he joined Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata, echoing their cry of *tierra y libertad,* land and liberty. He was a general by 1924, and an honest one. While commanding troops policing Tampico, he refused $5,000, the customary *mordida,* or bite, of the local oil profits offered the protector of the petroleum plants.

"The oil," he told his would-be corrupter, "belongs to the people." This was to become, in 1938, the theme of his Expropriation Law.

Cárdenas had a Socialist plan for government ownership and control of natural resources, the breakup of large estates into communal farms known as *ejidos* and the organization of a strong labor movement. And when Cárdenas succeeded General Abelardo Rodriguez in 1934 he put his plan into operation.

Non-Communist himself, but decidedly left-wing, Cárdenas permitted every conceivable kind of political activity. He reorganized the old national revolutionary party into the PRM—Partido de la Revolución Mexicana. This was the party later headed by Avila Camacho and subsequently by Miguel Alemán, who changed its name to PRI, or Partido de la Revolución Institucional. The PRI is almost as much Cárdenas' party as it is the party of its titular chief, Alemán. To some 11,000,000 Indians—to whom Spanish is almost a foreign tongue to be learned only as a means of communication with the rest of Mexico's 12,000,000 mestizos and Europeans—Cárdenas is almost what Mahatma Ghandi was to India.

Alemán may change the law permitting American firms to help Mexico help itself to the wealth lying locked in its limestone and sand. But only when he is sure that Cárdenas will not lead or support another revolution.

The third powerful anti-American force is the labor leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano. A sworn enemy of Yankee imperialism, he seems to have no allergy to the Russian variety. As head of the CTAL, the Confederación de Trabajadores de America Latina, he walked the Kremlin's anti-American chalk line in Latin-American affairs.

Toledano has been busy organizing a Popular party, with his small Workers' and Peasants' Union as a nucleus. Until Alemán can assess the strength of the move, he must play his cards carefully. A showdown is coming, and Alemán has a trump card—industrialization.

For decades Mexican politicians and labor leaders, Toledano loudest of all, have pleaded for industrialization as the cure for their country's abysmal poverty. Mexico, they said, could not go on being an exporter of cheap raw materials, an importer of expensive manufactured goods, and a heavy borrower of the dollars to make up the difference.

Industrialization is one of the planks in Toledano's Popular party platform. Will Alemán be able to convince him that development of Mexico's oil resources would achieve the ends Toledano desires—more Diesel-drawn trains and trucks for the country's feeble transportation system, more oil-fired power plants to supplement its few hydroelectric ones, more factories and jobs?

Toledano is not the big shot he once was. Within a month after taking office Alemán broke an illegal strike by the petroleum workers' union against Petróleos Mexicanos, the government's oil monopoly. Confederación de Trabajadores Mexicanos, a Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O., founded and headed by Toledano, refused to join the petroleum workers in a general strike.

In the split which followed, Toledano's personal power was reduced to leadership of the Alianza de Obreros y Campesinos de Mexico, a union of some 5,000 to 10,000 left-wing workers and peasants. He allegedly has loyal followers among the country's 60,000 railroad workers, 80,000 mining and metallurgical workers and the 25,000 petroleum workers. But the Mexican worker is sick of labor bosses.

No Benefit from High Wages

The Mexican worker is North America's hungriest man. Wages have gone up 128 per cent since 1939. But the cost of living has gone up 213 per cent. He has a far tougher time buying enough corn meal and beans, his main items of diet, than he did 10 years ago. The benefits which were to have resulted from nationalization of petroleum and the railroads, and the creation of communal farms from the lands of the big estates have not materialized.

The idea behind expropriation of the oil companies was to keep the profits inside the country to build factories, schools and hospitals, and to make other much-needed improvements. But all the profits went into the pockets of some revolutionary generals who built mansions costing up to $150,000 on salaries of less than $2,500 a year, or into the hands of crooked politicians and of corrupt union leaders.

It has been a dismal decade. Pemex, the petroleum monopoly, employed 13,000 workers in 1937, one year before expropriation. The total pay roll was $11,500,000. Today, with production down to nearly a quarter of what it was, the company employs 24,500. The pay roll has swollen to $43,000,000.

The record of the railroads under nationalization is similar. With only 8,000 miles of track the Mexican government employs 55,000 workers and is annually obliged to meet (out of taxes) a deficit of approximately $24,000,000.

Usurers and racketeers of all kinds have moved in on the communal farmers. Once constantly in hock to their landowners, they are now no less oppressed by moneylenders who charge them as much as one per cent a day for loans. They pledge their crops as security and by harvest time often find themselves without crops and dead broke. They borrow $100 and pay back $220.

Mexico is in the grip of inflation. Alemán's government has tried to control it by imposing an embargo on American automobiles, radios, cigarettes, lingerie and clothing—in all, some 125 items. This is in order to preserve the country's relatively small ($260,000,000) supply of United States currency. The embargo, put into effect in July, 1947, has been violated by as corrupt and well-organized a clique of *grandes ladrones* (big robbers) in and out of government as Mexico "has ever had in its long history of corruption," to quote a highly placed and honest Mexican official.

Mexico City's streets are filled with 1948 and even 1949 model American cars, the shop windows glitter with the forbidden radios and refrigerators, and the fine ladies of the capital's society are decked out in smart models from Fifth Avenue. The "fee" for getting a black-market car is $400, a refrigerator $100, and a radio from $50 to $100.

Graft in a Sale of Prefabs

An American manufacturer of prefabricated houses sold 3,200 units to a Mexican firm. Before the deal was closed the American company's representative in Mexico City told me he was obliged to cut in a Mexican "intermediary" to the tune of $200 per unit.

Because a pledge to clean out corruption was one of his most appealing campaign promises, Alemán is on the spot. The names of the guilty ones are on everyone's lips.

"Only a thorough house cleaning," one honest Mexican official admitted, "can save the regime."

Alemán has remained personally popular. The animosity is directed principally at the *grandes ladrones,* only a few of whom hold government posts.

Alemán is aware that corruption is his —and America's—most immediately dangerous enemy in Mexico. On whether or not the youthful President (he is only 46) cures or at least arrests it, depends the safety of his administration and, ultimately, the security of the Western Hemisphere.

According to some observers, Alemán's most effective ally, if and when he moves to throw out the money grabbers, might turn out to be Toledano. Toledano told me in an interview that he is "neither a Marxist nor a Communist" but a democrat.

"The Popular party will insist the country be rid of corruption," he said. "It will name names and cite instances. It will be risky, but we are willing to risk our skins for our democratic objectives."

Perhaps Toledano—a handsome, voluble, dynamic man who has been a scholar, professor and social worker all his life—sees that the time has come to place the vital interests of Mexico above the exigencies of the Kremlin's objectives.

And certainly there is nothing of more vital interest to Mexico today than oil. Mexican oil production has decreased from the 200,000,000 barrel a year pre-expropriation high, to a bare 56,000,000 barrels in 1947, a total achieved only by forcing existing wells to their limits. Mexico's richest wells, those in the Poza Rica area, are beginning to yield salt water instead of oil. According to oilmen who ought to know, the Mexican petroleum industry faces disaster.

Mexico has only four oil fields. In addition to the Poza Rica wells, there are the North Fields just west of Tampico, the South Fields below them and above Túxpam, and the Isthmian wells below Poza Rica. All are in the last stages of depletion. Under government management the Mexican oil industry made feeble efforts to find new fields. In the twenties, American companies drilled 800 exploratory wells a year. In 1947 Pemex drilled 20, while in Texas in the same year 9,000 wells were drilled.

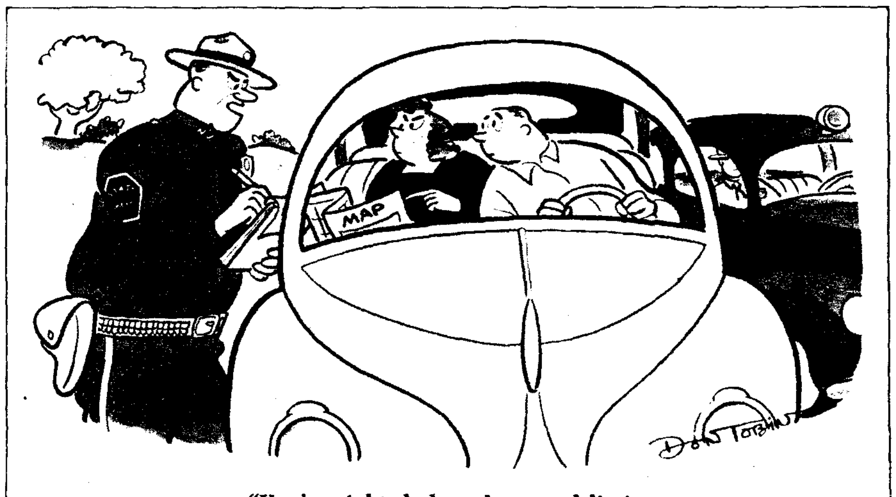
Mexico's inability to finance adequate exploration of her undeveloped oil areas may prove disastrous, experts say, in the very near future. If its present wells go to salt, as is indicated by the diminishing output in recent months, Mexico will be obliged to cut its railroad schedules in half, close hundreds of factories now dependent on oil for power, and store its automobiles and trucks. The shortage is already making itself felt.

Mexico still exports oil, a fact about which Senator Antonio Bermudez, the able director of Pemex, likes to brag. But it doesn't export much. Mexico produced, by straining the wells' capacity somewhat, 56,000,000 barrels in 1947, but it consumed 49,000,000. By 1950, oilmen estimate, Mexico will become a heavy importer of oil and thus put what may be the breaking strain on its already enfeebled economy.

Mexico is obliged to import $35,000,000 worth of food yearly from the U.S. This accounts for a large slice of its unfavorable trade balance of approximately $200,000,000 a year. If Mexico must add a multimillion-dollar oil bill to its already enormous food account, it could crack up economically as badly, some of our economists say, as China.

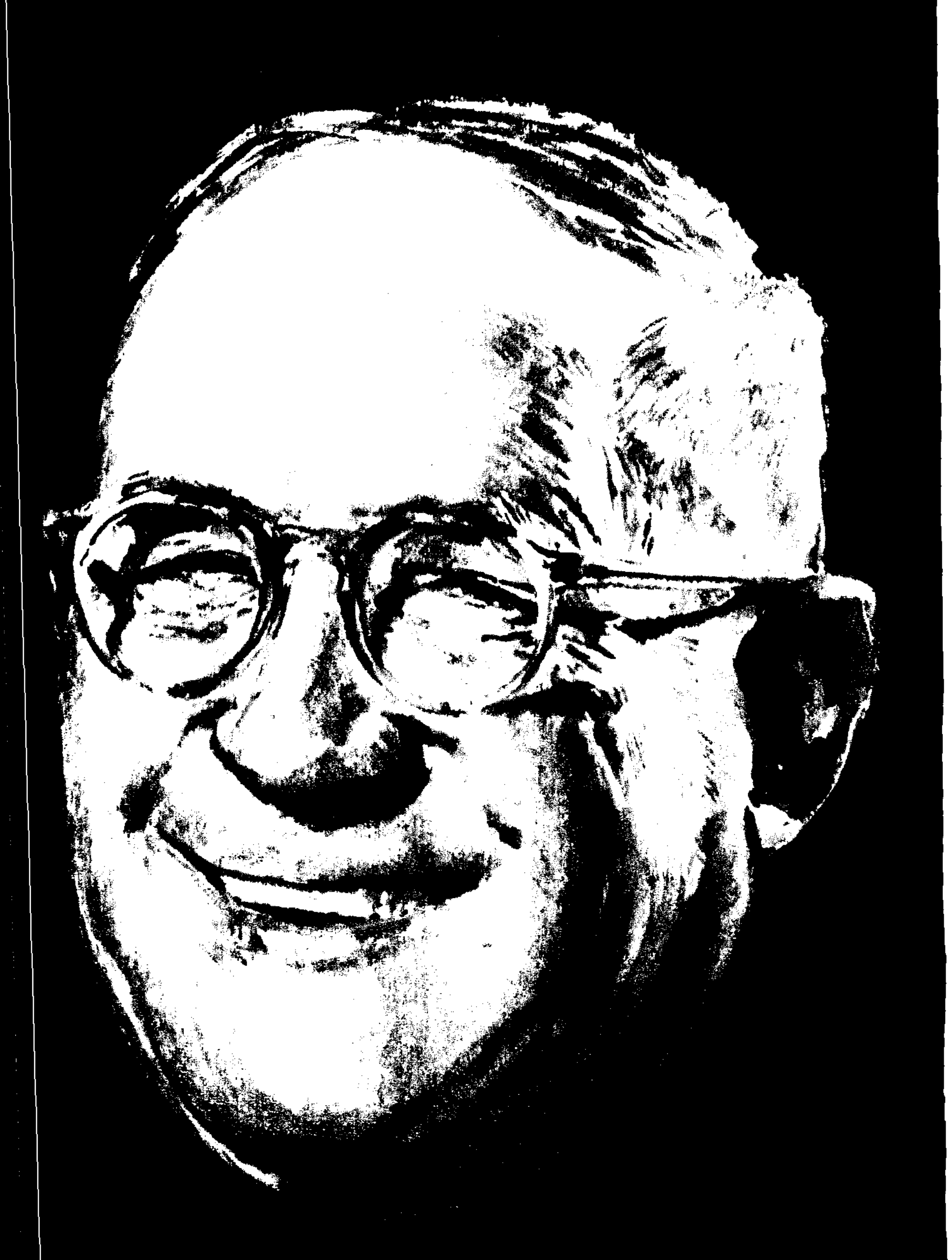
Making the Good Neighbor Policy a two-way street would be a small price for Mexico to pay, in the face of such an alternative.

THE END



"You're right, lady—the speed limit in New York is 50 m.p.h. Too bad you happen to be in New Jersey!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN


Carl A. Peterson

Cars are Mr. Peterson's business. He's serviced, overhauled, and rebuilt them for 23 years at his shop—65 Green St., Jamaica Plain P. O., Boston, Mass.

"Me?...
I use Macmillan Oil
in my own car...
Have been for over 10 years.
There's nothing like Macmillan Ring-Free Oil
for keeping motors clean and running smooth.
I'll say it pays to use Macmillan *regularly.*"

You're right, Mr. Peterson! There's no oil in America like Macmillan Ring-Free. The patented, exclusive Macmillan refining process guarantees fast lubrication, carbon removal, and cleaner motors.

Thousands of service station and garage men—experts—throughout the nation use Macmillan Ring-Free Oil in their own cars. They know what a difference it makes. Take their tip—use Macmillan *regularly.*

ASK FOR MACMILLAN OIL

ROBERT W. MARSHALL, Roslindale, Mass., switched to Calvert because it makes better mixed drinks.

"ANDY" ANDERSON, Dallas, Texas, switched to Calvert because he likes a milder drink.

RALPH T. HORGAN, New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it makes a mellower Manhattan.

RICHARD S. REED, Spokane, Wash., switched to Calvert because it's so much smoother.

HERMAN SPARBER, University City, Mo., switched to Calvert for better mixed drinks.

WALTER F. DOUGLAS, Centerdale, R. I., switched to Calvert because Calvert suits his moderate taste.

EMMETT R. KILCOYNE, New Orleans, La., switched to Calvert because it's smoother, better tasting.

Looks like *everybody's* Switching

WILLIAM ELEGY, Denver, Colo., switched to Calvert because his friends all preferred its flavor.

GENE C. COX, Mt. Vernon, Ill., switched to Calvert because he can trust Calvert's top quality.

ALBERT FARBER, Oakland, Calif., switched to Calvert because it's better blended.

ROBERT P. MURPHY, Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because its quality has never changed.

AL ABELL, Baltimore, Md., switched to Calvert because Calvert always tastes better.

ALBERT F. GALLANT, Jamaica Plain, Mass., has switched to Calvert because it's always smoother.

BEN CHUSTZ, Baton Rouge, La., switched to Calvert years ago, will never switch *again.*

EMERY S. GREEN, Cleveland, Ohio, switched to Calvert because it makes a smoother highball.

ARMAND M. FALLON, Cranston, R. I., switched to Calvert because it's milder *in* cocktails or "neat."

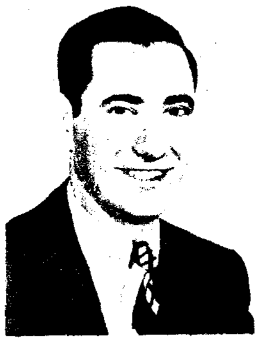
JAMES V. MARASCUILO, St. Paul, Minn., switched to Calvert because it *really does* taste better.

JOHNNIE BROCK, St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert because it makes a finer "dry" Manhattan.

CARLTON KINKEL, Milwaukee, Wisc., switched to Calvert because Calvert adds *quality* to a drink.

STANLEY J. SMITH, Reno, Nev., switched to Calvert because it *actually is* a smoother blend.

RUBIN BUITEKANT, Ridgefield, N. J., switched to Calvert because it makes a finer Old Fashioned.



EDGAR C. BROWN, Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because it's always the best whiskey buy.

JOHN F. GRAHAM, Montclair, N. J., switched to Calvert after comparing it with costlier brands.

WILLIAM C. KELLY, Baltimore, Md., switched to Calvert because he likes his whiskey light.

HUGH D. COLEMAN, San Diego, Calif., switched to Calvert because his guests prefer it, too.

JOHN F. ASZKLER, Lackawanna, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it tastes better.

EDWARD ELNISKY, Wilson, Conn., switched to Calvert because there's a value bonus in every bottle.

JOHN SCANLON, Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because it always pleases his guests.

to Calvert
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
The choicest you can Drink or Serve
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
BALTIMORE, MD. LOUISVILLE, KY.

ANTHONY M. VIGNALO,
St. Paul, Minn., switched to Calvert because it's a mellower blend.

LARRY VINCENT,
Covington, Ky., switched to Calvert because it really does taste better.

WILLIAM A. RUBEN,
Philadelphia, Penna., switched to Calvert because it tastes better.

WILLIAM J. TEHOY,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert knowing he can count on Calvert quality.

J. V. MARTIN,
Orlando, Fla., switched to Calvert when his friends recommended it.

TIMOTHY P. SEXTON,
Indianapolis, Ind., switched to Calvert because no other blend can match it.

AL T. HAMMEL,
Champaign, Ill., switched to Calvert because its taste is uniformly mellower.

WALTER C. GREBE,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert because no other ...uals it for flavor.

ROBERT ROBSON,
Dallas, Texas, switched to Calvert because it's today's best whiskey value.

DONALD B. SINAIKO,
Madison, Wisc., switched to Calvert because it *really is* a mellower blend.

JOE MAY,
New York, N. Y. did *not* switch—like thousands, he's bought Calvert for years!

JOHN MARTIN,
Hartford, Conn., switched to Calvert to please his friends—and himself.

KEMP READ,
New Bedford, Mass., switched to Calvert because it's mellower.

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F. DUNN,
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JOHN H. WRIGHT,
Ft. Worth, Texas, switched to Calvert because it makes a lighter highball.

CHARLES JAMES,
Drexel Hill, Penna., switched to Calvert because it makes a milder cocktail.

OWEN MARRON,
Jersey City, N. J., switched to Calvert because it's a better tasting drink.

RUSSELL WILLIS,
Nashville, Tenn., switched to Calvert because he prefers its richer flavor.

V. F. BROW
Denver, Colo., sw
Calvert because
its clean, fresh tas

JOE M
Spokane, Wa
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K,
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it's so
drink.

FRED E. GRUBER,
Teaneck, N. J., switched to Calvert because it makes *any* drink more palatable.

NOEL WESLEY,
New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because he's found it *really is* smoother.

EDWARD MANN,
W. Los Angeles, Calif., switched to Calvert because it's always uniform.

WILLIAM E. EMP
Miami Beach, Fla.,
ed to Calvert beca
the smoothest blen

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

BECAUSE IT'S

SMOOTHER, MELLOWER...TASTES BETTER

Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Patricia Wolcott's smile wins leading role in Little Theater play!

Patricia Wolcott, Young Matron, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y. recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago."

A newcomer to the amateur stage, Patricia stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine...scored an instant hit on opening night. But her favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," Patricia says. "Besides, I love its taste!"

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Pepsodent
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ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Patricia Wolcott knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 22

Richie hit safely in 23 consecutive games (breaking the National League rookie mark of 22 set by Johnny Mize in 1936) an outfield contemporary remarked: "Ashburn has a .400 average, but he doesn't bat .400. He runs .300 and bats .100. If I could beat out as many bunts and rollers as he does, I'd bat .600."

Richie is strictly an old-fashioned ballplayer. He chokes the bat and pokes and slices for singles instead of swinging for the fences. On the bases, he slides head first instead of feet first. "Feet first," he explains, "the infielder just puts his glove on the bag and lets you slide into the ball. Head first, he has to tag my hand and that's hard to do because I can hook from either side. Course, I don't go head first into home plate. Used to be a catcher myself and I know how hard those shin guards are."

Ashburn grew up in Tilden, Nebraska, and was the state's outstanding American Legion player in 1944. The Phils sent him to Utica, New York, in 1945. Manager Eddie Sawyer watched him beat out a bunt, then confiscated his catcher's mitt. Sawyer pointed to center field and said, "Scat!"

The Army drafted Ashburn for Alaska duty in '46, but Richie returned to Utica last year, batted .362 and led the league in stolen bases. Sawyer—the fellow who made Richie a center fielder—was rewarded for such managerial sagacity last July. The Phils signed Eddie as Chapman's replacement.

Sawyer was a stranger to the majors, but he knew everything about Ashburn. Eddie was talking to Bill Meyer, the Pittsburgh manager, the morning after Ashburn bunted the Pirates out of a tight game.

"There's one consolation," Meyer remarked. "He isn't twins."

"That's what you think," Sawyer replied. "He is, but her name is Dona."

RACE-TRACK MELODY

It was not a good violin and the man in the wrinkled suit played it very badly. Yet every morning at 11 o'clock when the man in the wrinkled suit fiddled in the courtyard of the large New York apartment building, windows opened and dollar bills fluttered to the pavement. The music-loving tenants wrapped their offerings in white paper and the man in the wrinkled suit had no trouble following the currency in its erratic descent.

Now there lived in the building an excellent violinist who collected only union scale and was envious of the daily good fortune enjoyed by the man in the wrinkled suit. At 10 o'clock one morning, the union-scale violinist stepped into the courtyard and played Carmen Fantasy. It was strictly Isaac Stern, but the windows remained shut. Financially, the performance was a flop.

Promptly at 11 o'clock, the man in the wrinkled suit appeared. He scraped half a dozen notes. Windows banged open. The downpour of dollar bills commenced. Piqued and curious, the union-scale violinist retrieved one of the offerings—a piece of notebook paper twisted around six dollar bills. There was a signature and the notation: "Bright Jewel across."

COMFORT ON THE FAIRWAY

Ellery Rausch and Clarence Gerberich were supposed to quit playing golf three years ago—doctors' orders. Instead, they bought a secondhand automobile seat, welded it onto the front of a motor scooter, and they've been playing ever since—on their golf scooter built for two.

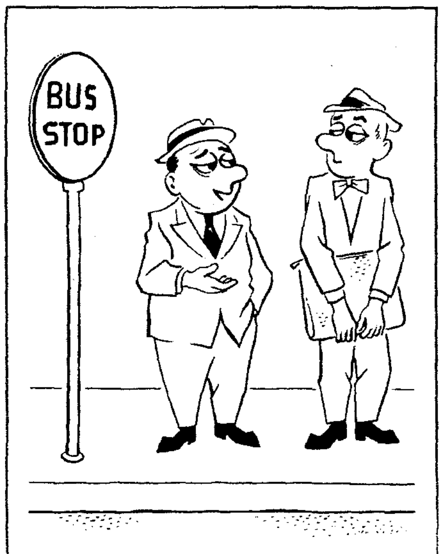
Ellery and Clarence loll comfortably up front, holding their clubs while a rear-drive caddie steers them down the fairway. "What you spend on gas, you save on shoes," Clarence points out.

The Rausch-Gerberich model stimulated golf-scooter production at Aurora, Illinois, country club. Eleven other members now own scooters. There is even a superscooter which accommodates a foursome and a refrigerator.

Recently, the super scooter tarried at a trap near the 16th green. Pedestrians on the 17th tee heard somebody say: "Hold my beer for me, will you, Harry?" There was a pause . . . the pitch onto the green . . . another pause . . . "Thanks, Harry."

Jack Murray, an air-line pilot, made a major contribution to the advancement of scooter golf when he attached a tea strainer to a sawed-off mop handle. Murray uses the handmade scooper-upper on the practice fairway. After smacking 50 balls, he hops on his scooter and retrieves on the run.

What with 11 scooters operative and numerous others in production, Aurora is scarcely the quiet, restful little course Dutch Harrison envisions as the perfect retreat for a tournament-weary pro. Dutch, an easygoing pro, likes those little towns down in Arkansas. Dutch talked Jimmy Demaret into a week's hibernation a while back, but the Arkansas solitude bothered Jimmy. Finally, on Saturday night, he said: "Isn't there someplace we can go for a little excitement, Dutch?"



"What a wonderful age this is. We could fly from New York to Chicago in the time we've been waiting for our bus!"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

"Why, sure," Harrison replied. "We can go down to the barbership and watch a few haircuts."

WHO'S QUITTING?

Despite Governor Dewey's popularity in the Presidential polls, Mr. Truman is somewhat encouraged by a report from his former campaign manager, Bob Hannegan. At the All Star Game in St. Louis, Hannegan (who resigned from Truman's Cabinet to become owner of the Cardinals) overheard two American League fans talking.

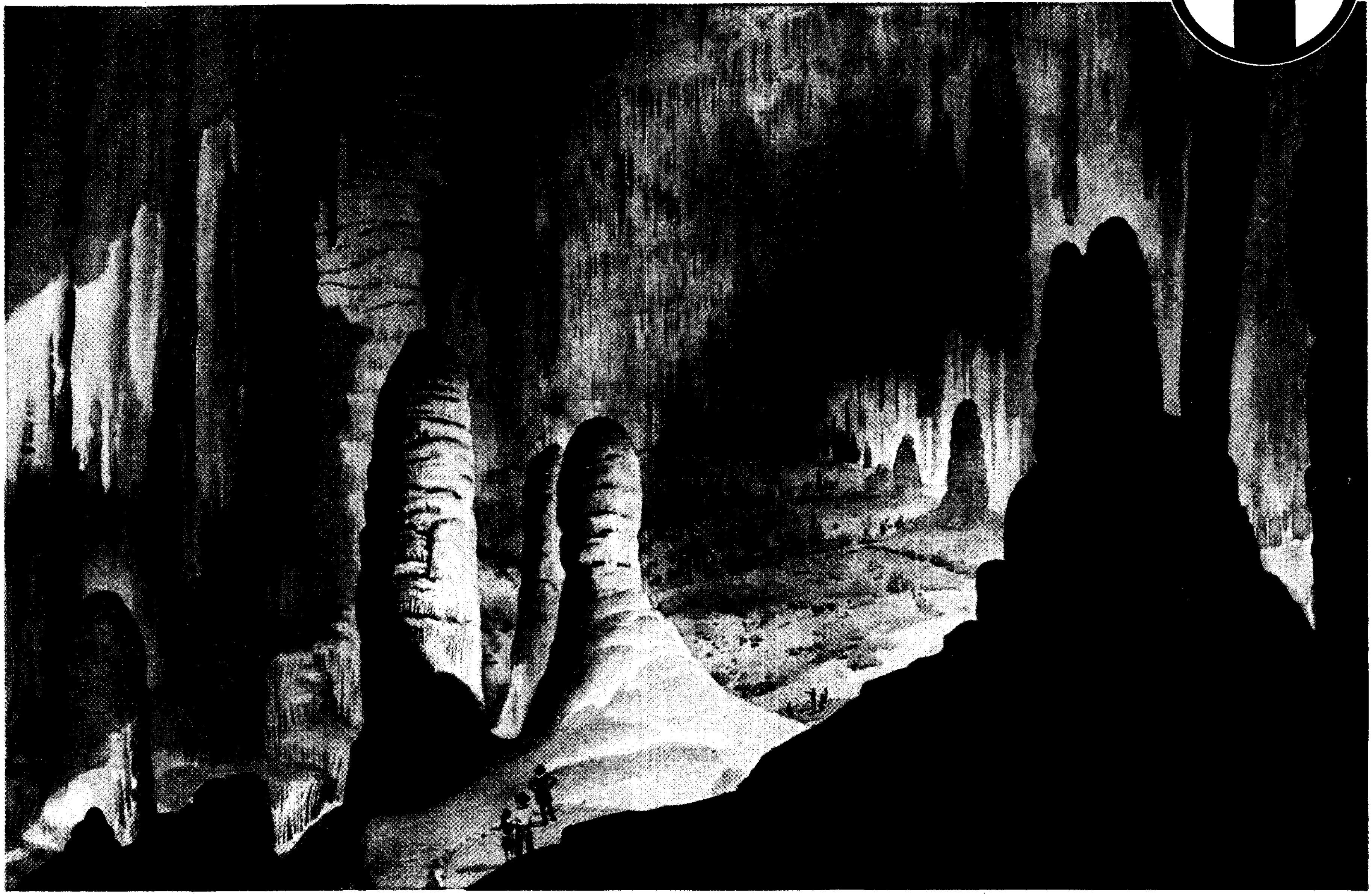
"Well," the first fan said, "we've won 10 outta 14 from the National League, but we're mighty weak this time. With Williams and Newhouser hurt, things don't look so good."

"Yeah," the second fan agreed. "Them National Leaguers are in a spot like the Republicans. If they don't win this year, they might as well quit."

The American League won, 5 to 2.

THE END

See the Underground Fairyland
Carlsbad Caverns *via* Santa Fe



Santa Fe is the only railroad to Carlsbad for Carlsbad Caverns National Park.

Daily Pullman service direct to Carlsbad, New Mexico, from Chicago and Los Angeles

Carlsbad Caverns, in the Guadalupe Mountains of southeastern New Mexico, rank with the Grand Canyon as one of the two or three great natural wonders of the world.

But like trying to describe the Grand Canyon, it is impossible to picture in words the silent grandeur of Carlsbad Caverns—where sunlight has never reached since the dawn of time.

Formations frozen in stone

Fantastic formations frozen in stone, such as Rock of Ages, Chinese Temple, and Lady at the Organ, meet the eye at every turn.

The ceiling has disappeared under millions of stalactite pendants. Grotesque stalagmites, weighing many tons each, rise from the floor. And the tremendous size of this underground fairyland (temperature, 56° the year 'round) is almost unbelievable.

For instance, the "Big Room" alone is 4,500 feet long, 625 feet wide, 300 feet from floor to ceiling. No photograph yet taken reveals more than an infinitesimal part of its glories.

The way to see it

Plan to visit Carlsbad Caverns via Santa Fe this fall or winter, so you can enjoy an unhurried exploration of *all* parts of the floodlighted Caverns open to the public. U. S. National Park Rangers will be your guides.

Santa Fe provides daily Pullman service from both Chicago and Los Angeles direct to Carlsbad, New Mexico, where motor coaches meet the train for the 27-mile ride to and from the entrance to the Caverns.

Let us send you an illustrated brochure that gives full details on how conveniently you can include this world-famous underground fairyland in your trip to or from California via Santa Fe. Just mail the coupon.

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TO GOOD TASTE
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When Ice went on Wheels Better Food went on Tables

In 1878, a new kind of train sped out of St. Louis. Its cars were loaded with barrels of Budweiser kept cold and fresh by ice-filled compartments. Thus, the brewing industry had its first refrigerator cars—and Budweiser had begun its journey toward 'round-the-world fame. Later, in the 80's, the refrigerator car made it possible for all parts of America to have fresh meat, fruits, vegetables and other good things of life.

Today, the delicious foods from far and near that make your table inviting need one thing to highlight their flavors. Golden, bubbling Budweiser brings out the fine flavor of food without losing its own distinctive taste. Every sip tells you why it is something more than beer—a tradition in hospitality.

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch
It lives with good taste
everywhere

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

SILENT WITNESS

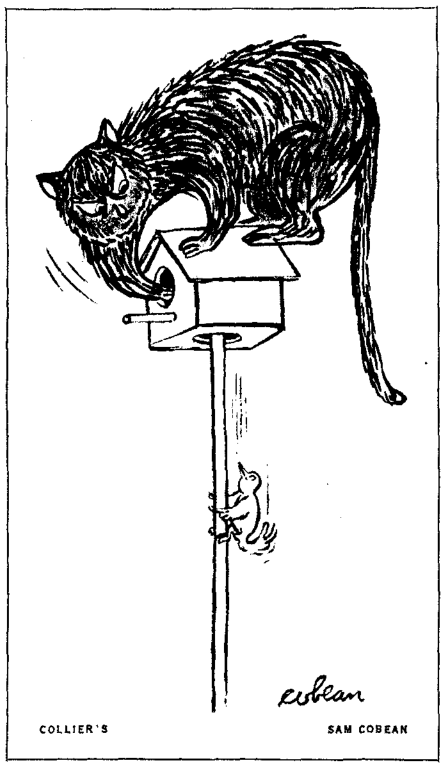
Continued from page 27

I almost had to grin at the situation. Al had practiced doing the hoarse whisper so that no one on earth could have told the difference. There wasn't much of a trick to it. And Helen was getting the number, so she'd swear it was I who answered the phone when she called me back.

I heard him say, "Okay, Dave. What did you want me to do?"

And Al would be croaking, "Look, I can't find my keys—the ones with the identification tag. I've looked all over. It's the bunch with my office key and the one for the vault and a duplicate ignition for the car. I may have left them in my office. Run in and take a look, will you? I'll hang on. Maybe the top drawer on the left . . ."

I was standing just behind the door as he entered. He heard the sound as I pushed it closed, and swung around toward me. That look on his face when he saw me, I'll never forget. It was almost comic, until it froze into something else. I'll never forget that either, along with a lot of other things that happened in the next few seconds. I had my hands on his windpipe, my knee in his stomach as he lay on the floor, his eyes bulging out and a bloody froth oozing out of the corners of his mouth. . . .



COLLIER'S SAM COBEAN

We stayed like that until the last convulsive tremor was out of him and my fingers were pressing into soft, inert, unresisting flesh. There hadn't been a sound and he hadn't been out of his office long enough to make Helen wonder. I got up, took the keys out of my pocket and put them in the desk drawer.

I was down the back stairs and into the car in a few seconds, driving out toward Brentwood Heights. I didn't use the main boulevard, so it was a lot longer going through the off streets. But there was no special hurry now. If a call came, Al would continue to use the voice, and I knew I had plenty of time to get home before the police would be giving me a little visit to find out what I knew and whether I heard anything funny over the telephone when I was supposed to be talking to him from five miles away.

I left the car out in front and let myself into the house. Al rose nervously as I came in but I told him to keep his shirt on. He certainly had nothing to be nervous about. Neither of us had. I asked him if there'd been any calls since that one, and he said no. He had called back after he'd hung on for a long while, just as I had told him to, but he kept getting a busy, which meant that the phone was still off the hook or that Helen was already in contact with the police. Everything was so perfectly logical, I almost believed it myself.

"All right," I said. "Beat it. They can be here any minute now. And don't telephone. I'll call you."

He got up, shuffling a little. "How—how did everything come off?"

"Fine, thanks," I said. "Make it fast."

I watched him through the window as he started his car and drove off. Then I went into the bedroom, got out of my clothes and into pajamas and bathrobe and crawled into bed with a book.

IT WAS a long wait. I figured they'd be around in about twenty minutes, but it must have been a good two hours. They got the full story from Helen, about the calls and the keys and everything—God bless her for listening in! She had waited about five minutes at the phone, then gone into Larry's office and through to mine. She didn't scream or faint or anything. Just called the police.

I could see them through the window as they came up the walk, three of them. One, a tall, gaunt fellow, paused a moment to put his hand on the hood of my car which was parked in the driveway. I had to smile. If I had used it, the radiator might still have been warm. That was another reason I'd taken Al's car. I got up and opened the door in answer to their ring.

"I'm Inspector Manning," the tall one said. "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Jarvis, when you're sick."

"Come in," I said. "Is anything wrong?"

I brought them into the bedroom, apologizing for its appearance and for my condition as I lay back on the bed and drew the robe over me.

"This is more or less routine," Manning said as he took in the room, "but there was a bit of an accident at your office this afternoon and we thought you might be able to help us a little."

"What kind of an accident?" I asked.

"That's a pretty bad throat you've got there," Manning said.

"It'll be all right," I said. "Maybe another few days—"

"That's what Dr. Winters told us."

I looked at him sharply. "Dr. Winters? I don't understand. Why did you—?"

"Another routine check," he said. "All in relation to the—accident."

"I wish you'd let me know what you're getting at," I said gravely.

"Blakelock was throttled by a homicidal maniac."

"Larry? Murdered?"

He nodded. "In your office. There was something about keys—"

"My God!" I said. "I told him to look—and then I waited and waited—"

"Tell it from the beginning," Manning said. "Your office girl might have missed something and we'd like to get started."

I sat down and gave myself a few seconds as if to get it all together. It was only natural with a shock like that. Then I gave him the whole story in sequence.

For a minute, I almost wished it didn't make such complete, impregnable sense. There wasn't a hole in it big enough for an electron. By the time I'd finished, my voice was really little more than a faint whisper.

Manning was looking at me. "By the way, Mr. Jarvis, I should have introduced you before." He indicated the other two men. "Sergeant Burke—and this is Dr. Braddock."

"Dr. Braddock?" I said slowly.

"Take a look at this throat, Doc,"

Why Katherine Keyes does her Wash with Ease

The HOTTER the Water...
...the WHITER the Wash

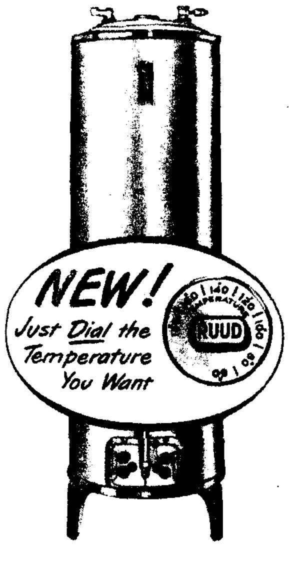
Straight from a laundry research laboratory comes this fact: *The hotter the water, the whiter the wash.*

And now you can *get* hotter water! Get it *faster, cleaner, cheaper,* too. Because *now you can get a Ruud,* the Gas water heater with the Monel* tank and the new Ruud Temperature Dial.

Designed to keep pace with today's automatic washers, Ruud water heaters bring you all the hot water you want, hot as you want it. Ask your Gas Company, Plumber or Dealer to show you Ruud-Monel. 99.1% of owners say they'd recommend it to friends. Write for free literature and special report on laundering temperatures.

1. Get HOTTER Water! With Ruud's new Temperature Dial, you just *dial* the temperature you need—down when you want it down—up when you want it up . . . all the way up to 180 degrees for whiter white washes on wash day!

2. Get it FASTER! Ruud heats with Gas—any type, including LP-gas. That means quick heating, no waiting!



3. Get it CLEANER! Ruud's tank is *solid Monel.* It can't rust, even at the highest temperatures . . . always sends you hot water that's *sparkling-clean!*

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ALL THE HOT WATER YOU CAN USE! Ample supplies for *every* household use, all around the clock, every day in the year. And you'll have it—*when you want it—with* RUUD-MONEL!

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Manning said. "Maybe there's something you can do."

So they weren't even trusting Winters! That was all right with me. Even better this way. But the thing I couldn't understand was why they were digging so deep. I knew they were coming out to ask questions. After all, I was the last one who spoke to him alive—or that's what they thought. Or didn't they? The way they were going at it looked like they were trying to crack an alibi, to find one thing, one little discrepancy. Why were they pushing *me?* Why were they on *my* tail?

THE doctor set the lamp to reflect the light into my throat from the circular mirror he had slipped over one eye. I gave him a nice big ahhh as he held my tongue down with a depressor. He looked a long time. Then, "It's a beauty, all right—membranes swollen and badly inflamed."

"I'm doing everything I can," I whispered. "It's lasting a long time."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Manning said. Then he got up suddenly. "By the way, could I use your bathroom a minute?"

"Second door on your left," I said, indicating the hall.

I knew he was going in there to look things over. For some reason, in spite of all the evidence, he still wasn't buying the laryngitis theme. Maybe because that's what cemented it all together so nicely. But again, I was safe. He'd find the empty bottles of gargle lined up on the glass shelf over the basin—even the big one they delivered this morning—I sat up sharply. That had gone down the drain, too! I had done it automatically. Maybe that was a mistake! The date—today's date—would be on the label. That was a lot of gargle to be used up in a few hours! But the chances were that he wouldn't notice.

I watched his face when he came back. I couldn't detect a thing. It seemed more blank than thoughtful.

"We won't keep you much longer," he said. "Just a couple more questions. Did you hear anything odd or suspicious when you talked to him on the phone the second time?"

"Not a thing," I said.

"Do you know anyone who might have had a reason for doing it?"

"No," I answered. "He was well liked by almost everybody. Oh, he'd have an argument with a customer occasionally."

"Business arguments?"

"Mostly," I said.

"Just what kind of a business are you in, Mr. Jarvis?" He threw it away as if it meant absolutely nothing and I didn't like that.

"We've got the Coast agency for a big house handling vitamin products."

There was a pause, a couple of beats too long. Then he said, "Just vitamins?"

"Just vitamins," I answered.

Manning said, "I see." He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. "Smoke bother you?" he asked.

No, the smoke didn't bother me, but something else did. Someone had talked. Larry. I was pretty sure of it. Probably while I was away sick. I didn't get to him in time. He must have given them the whole set-up, probably in an anonymous letter, and alibi or no alibi, they were following the green line. But I was in the clear on that part of it. Motive isn't enough when a guy's five miles away. And after all, maybe those beats were only in my mind. Maybe it was just an innocent question. . . .

"How did you two get on?" Manning was asking. "Any—unpleasantness?"

He knew about that anyway from Helen so I keyed it right. "We had battles I guess—but nothing serious."

"I see," Manning said again. He took a long draw on his cigarette. "That leaves us pretty much in the dark—for a few days."

I looked at him curiously. "For a few days?" I repeated.

He nodded. "Time is always of the utmost importance. Most criminals are apprehended within the first twenty-four hours. If you don't get them by then, they've got the statistics on their side." He shrugged. "In a few days—when we'll know definitely—"

"I don't think I understand," I said.

He smiled a little. "In every crime of this kind, there are two witnesses—the fellow who did it and the fellow who got it. The first one won't talk and the second one can't."

"I *still* don't see . . ." I started.

"That's what usually makes it so tough," he went on. "But in this case, you got kind of a break. Only thing is, we've got to wait until he's conscious. Might take another day or two." He turned to Sergeant Burke. "Call St. Luke's," he said.

Burke went to the phone on the night table and gave a number to the operator. The sweat lay across my stomach like a wet sheet and I could feel the drops starting to gather on my forehead and trickle down in front of my ears. But Manning wasn't looking at me.

"You said—you said he was dead." My voice was almost inaudible, but he heard it.

"No," he said, rubbing his chin. "He was attacked and throttled. Awfully close, I grant you, but we got a Pulmotor fast from the fire department and then rushed him to the hospital."

Yes, it could have been fast, all right. The firehouse was right next door.

The man at the phone was talking: "St. Luke's? Room 702, please. I want to talk to Sergeant Denby."

"Sorry I misled you," Manning was saying. He smiled apologetically. "We do it that way sometimes to watch the reactions."

The man at the phone said, "Hello, Denby? This is Burke. How is it?" There was a little pause. Then, "Good . . . I'll tell Manning. He's with me now. . . . Well, sure, but he'll be able to write, won't he?" He hung up and turned to Manning. "Still unconscious—maybe for another day or so—but out of danger."

"Fine," Manning said.

"He won't be able to talk for a while," Burke went on. "The vocal cords are badly lacerated. But the moment he snaps out of it, they'll give him a pencil and paper."

Manning turned to me. "Funny, isn't it? Both of you having voice trouble at the same time." Then he got up, crushed the cigarette into an ash tray and stood facing me.

"Well, do you want to wait until he writes it or will you talk now? Might help you a lot in a case like this. And we've got a whiz at dictation in the Central Office."

He helped me into my clothes.

I LOOKED at the typewritten sheets the police secretary handed me and turned through them rapidly.

"Seems to be all there," I said. "What do I do now? Just sign it?"

"Sign it is all," Manning said.

I took up the pen and signed *David Jarvis* along the bottom of the last sheet.

Inspector Manning picked up the papers and read the first few lines aloud: "I thought I'd better make the call from the office of the telephone company. I had called exactly at three and there were a lot of booths there. . . ."

He folded the sheets carefully and put them in his inside pocket. Then, he looked down at me. "It was very neat, all right. Very neat."

I looked up at him. "It would have been the perfect crime if I'd only killed him."

Inspector Manning paused for the fraction of an instant.

"It was the perfect crime, all right," he said. "You did kill him."

THE END

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PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE

Continued from page 28

husband and wife who speak perfectly good English actually do not speak the same language. For this reason *semantics*, the science of meaning, plays a prominent role in the new course. What do words really mean? If a man says, "Let's be fair about this thing," just what does he mean? Is his notion of fairness the same as yours?

"If we are going to get along with nations like Russia, we must understand her and not be annoyed by words used," Donham told one of his classes. "We should realize that other nations are equally irritated by words used by us."

Diplomat Balks at a Definition

Shortly before George C. Marshall became Secretary of State, Professor Donham met with a State Department official and asked him, "Why do you use the word *democracy* so much?"

"Oh, that's a very important word," the diplomat replied.

"The Russians use it quite a bit, too," Donham pointed out.

"Yes, indeed. A very important word," the diplomat affirmed.

"But do you think *democracy* means the same thing to Stalin that it does to us?" Donham asked.

"Well—" the diplomat demurred. He didn't answer the question. He simply repeated: "We've got to use *democracy*. It's a very important word."

Donham reminded the uneasy statesman that so long as democracy meant one thing to our State Department and something entirely different to Stalin, its use "simply concealed disagreement behind a surface façade of agreement."

Donham was glad to see that when Secretary Marshall stepped in, one of the first things he did was to define democracy so that no one in the world could have any doubt about just what it meant to the U.S.A.

Another leaf we might pluck from the Harvard book is the "concept of the total situation." Many a human has turned a simple problem into a towering difficulty by working on part of the situation instead of all of it.

Donham tells of a man who was terribly injured in a plane crash and found himself in a hospital with seven specialists going to work on different parts of his body. They strapped him and drained him and braced him and injected him and drugged him, until the poor man was more miserable than when he had been dragged from the wreckage.

He called in all his specialists at once and said, "Each one of you is a great doctor. But each of you is working on the part of me he knows about, without considering *all of me*. Not one of you is really interested in *me*."

He then hired a general practitioner who was able to keep the specialists working in relation to the *total situation*.

Trouble lies in ambush ready to pounce on any of us who plays only part of a situation when he should play all of it. Mr. A, for example, refused to allow his wife's sister to come to their house. Strictly speaking, he was right. She was a shrew. But—the rest of the situation was this: Mr. A's wife was very fond of her sister. She got terribly upset over the conflict, and her relationship with her husband became dull and spiritless. The whole marriage was soured.

Mr. A, of course, was the loser. Far better to have surveyed the *total situation* and tried to improve his relationship with his wife's sister, or simply steeled himself to the fact that shrews exist, and thank goodness his wife wasn't like her sister.

But conversely, the Harvard savants tell us, problem situations can be turned to our own advantage if we keep an eye peeled for the extra bits and pieces that make up the total situation. Professor Donham tells his classes this story:

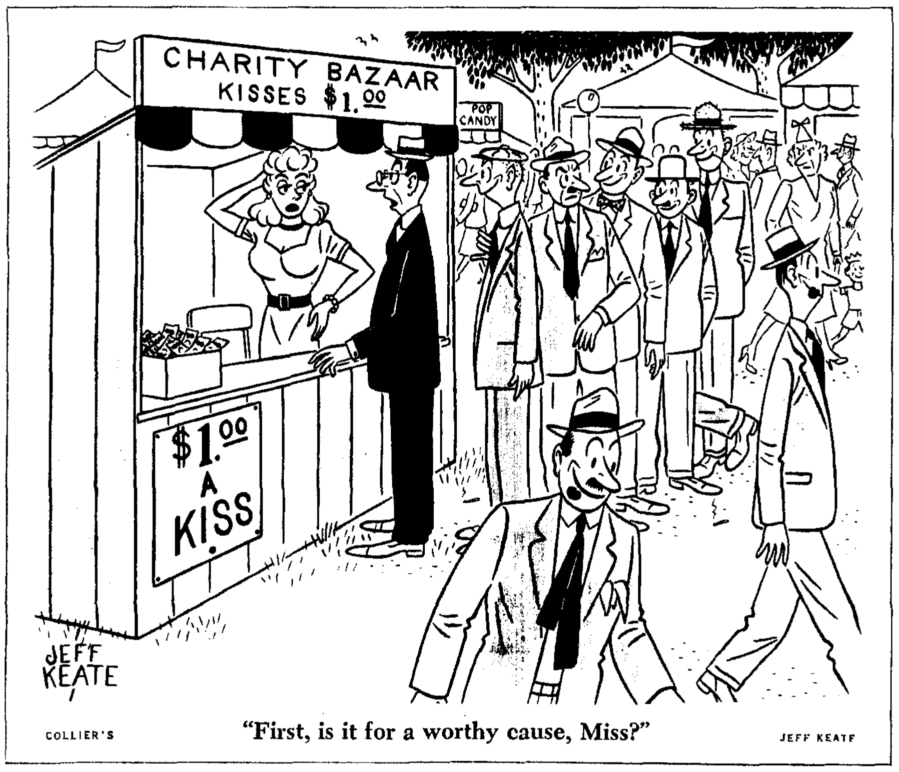
"In a poker game two players early showed their playing to be superior to that of the others present. As the game progressed, one began to win more consistently than the other. Afterward, when the winner was asked how he accounted for his success, he replied, 'Simple. Every time my opponent had a good hand, his Adam's apple moved up and down rapidly.' "

He was simply playing the total situation! In the bedrock business of solving a problem, Harvard has a good deal more than theory to offer. Just what should we do when trouble comes our way?

There are two steps to take, Harvard tells us. Take them, one at a time.

The first step is *diagnosis*. "We must start clinically, as a doctor does," Donham advises. "Our job is to gather all the facts on the threatening situation. We must do a lot of 'creative listening.'

"We have found, experimentally," Donham reports, "that if you can get a



COLLIER'S "First, is it for a worthy cause, Miss?" JEFF KEATE

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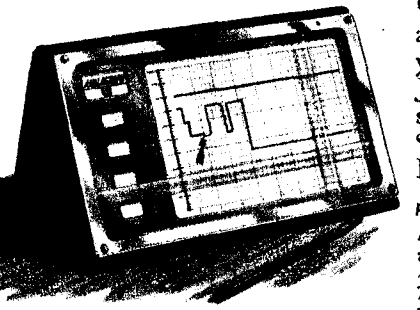

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man talking freely, getting things off his chest, it helps him in all sorts of ways—it relieves tensions, brings them out in the open. You discover that something has been bottled up, and unless you get it out in the open it continues to bother."

We must avoid moral judgments. Just size up the situation as it *is*. Never mind the *rights* and *wrongs*, because until the diagnosis is complete we haven't the slightest scientific basis for calling anything *right* or *wrong*.

The second step is *action*. Human Relations does not sit back on its professorial posterior and simply reflect. It acts firmly and decisively.

Professor Donham and his group never allow students to go into the action phase until they have spent a solid first semester on diagnosis. The professors want to "destroy the habit of looking for simple, predetermined answers to complex human problems." They deplore our all-too-native habit of "acting without thought."

Donham thinks it would be a good idea if we went around business offices and took down all those stern little signs which say, "Do it now!" He vastly prefers the signs which the International Business Machines Corporation has sprinkled through its buildings. They simply say, "Think."

Another pitfall of the action stage is sweeping generalizations, threats, ukases and the like. Donham tells his students, "Try not to stick your neck out by saying that the next time something happens, such and such a penalty will be imposed. It is an awfully hard thing to live down. Keep some loopholes for yourself and you will save yourself a lot of trouble."

Time is the vital factor in the action stage. Use all the time available, Donham counsels. When a lawyer has a problem he may have a month, or even a year, before any action is necessary. He would be foolish to cast the die in 24 hours and waste all the rest of this time.

A Lesson in Creative Loafing

Professor Donham, in his vastly productive seventy-one years, has avoided a good deal of trouble by what he calls "creative loafing." He likes to put his problems in the back of his mind and go off to his cliff-top home on Cape Cod and forget about them. Weeks later, after letting his eyes rove over the sand dunes of Bassing Harbor and drinking in the tart air of Pleasant Bay, he returns to work.

"The problems I put in the hopper when I went away are sifted and clear when I get back," says he.

Donham attributes the phenomenon to the two kinds of thinking human beings do. One is *concentrated*. When we're on top of a problem we concentrate on it, and the more we do that the more we see the problem and the less we see of the world around it. The second kind of thinking is *syncretistic*, to use George Elton Mayo's term. Here we relate the problem to everything around it. We begin to see the forest as well as the trees.

Action often comes as the self-propelled result of accurate diagnosis. The Harvard researchers warn us not to keep saying to ourselves, "What shall I do?" Rather they would have us say, "What is the problem? What are the facts?"

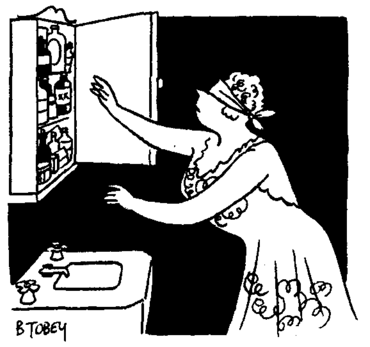
As Donham tells his students, "Keep your minds elastic. Facts develop in ways that should make you want to change your techniques and change your action ... Life is like that."

Harvard got into the Human Relations business by having just that kind of elastic mind. The plunge was made by George Elton Mayo, who recently retired from his professorship at the Harvard Business School. Mayo went to the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, in Chicago, in the late 1920s to conduct research on the productivity of workers. He was struck by the inescapable fact that productivity had little to do with lighting, air, lavatories, lunch rooms, etc., but a whale of a lot to do with workers' *attitudes*.

So in 1928 and 1929 Mayo plunged into what he called "the twilight zone where things are never quite what they seem." He and his team interviewed 21,000 workers, spending half an hour or more with each. Surface appearances were shucked off like husks of corn. One worker admitted she disliked a supervisor because he reminded her of a stepfather she despised. Another said his speed of work had nothing to do with the management; it was governed solely by his co-workers. "I don't want them to call me a rate-buster if I work too fast, or a chiseler if I work too slow," he declared.

The Harvard Business School, under Dean Donham, became extremely human-relations conscious after Mayo's discoveries. Donham put a good deal of the theory into a book, Education for Responsible Living, in 1944, and found that one of his most avid readers was Harvard's President James Bryant Conant. Conant challenged him to put the theory into practice by starting a Human Relations course at Harvard, and Donham launched the three-year-old experiment at the college in 1945, integrating it with the long-run research at the Business School.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



BARNEY TOBEY

**SHE DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS LOADED**

**Reluctant to put on the light,
She blundered blindly
through the night
To find a brace of aspirins for
Her throbbing head. . . . Oh,
what a bore,
So loaded was the bathroom
shelf
That, fumbling through to
dose herself,
She took some pellets by
mistake
And got a fatal stomach-ache.
It's true her head no longer
throbbed,
But how her grieved survivors sobbed!**

—Margaret Fishback

Harvard considers it a roaring success and hopes to continue the course on a widening scale. Donham himself goes to Colgate University this fall to aid in a similar Human Relations program there.

After thousands of years of loving and hating one another, of building great works in peace and pulverizing them in war, the human race is finally getting down to fundamentals. *How to get along with people. How to keep out of trouble.* These, many wise men believe, are the keys to tomorrow.

THE END

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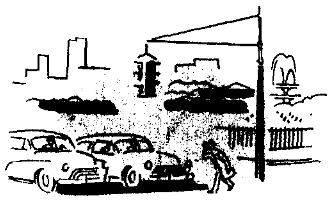

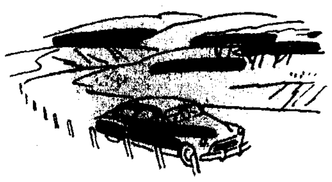

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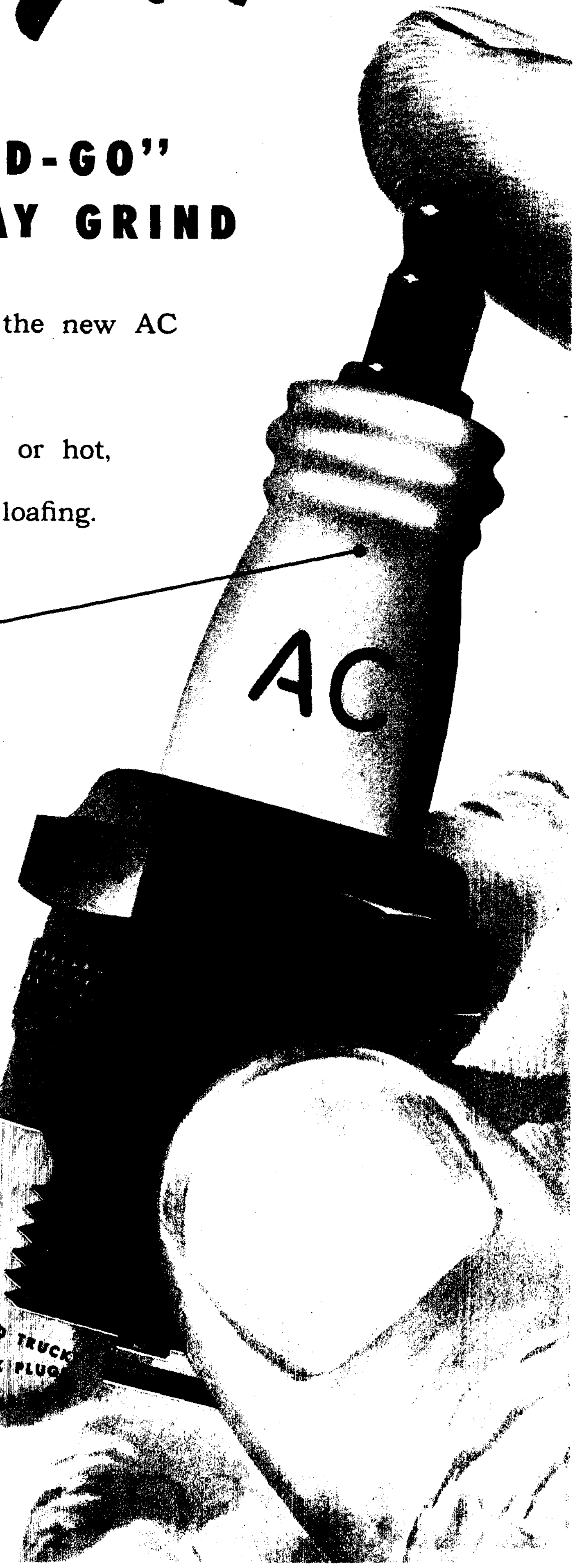

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Look Who's Talking!

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

YOU'LL pardon me if I seem to go around talking to myself, enunciating words as though addressing a backward child, making Donald Duck noises and nursing a split lip. Most of my friends understand this because they know I recently bought a wire recorder and began to invent new uses for the gadget.

1

Just to fill you in, a wire recorder is about the size of a table radio and has a small hand microphone through which sound is magnetically recorded on very fine wire. These sounds, unfortunately, may be kept indefinitely or played back any number of times; or, happily, they may be erased and the wire used again.

One of the first things I did with this arresting device was hide it in the bookcase and secretly record a cocktail party conversation. This experiment showed (1) there is nothing scintillating about small talk, (2) guests won't believe they said what they said, (3) no conversational gem is ever heard by anyone until it has been repeated six times (after which nobody cares) and (4) this type of recording, played back twelve hours after the last guest has extricated his car from your hedge, is the best deterrent for over-indulgence since the invention of gin and orange juice.

3

This test also proved that playing back cocktail talk without editing it can be hazardous. A lady guest confidentially told my hidden microphone her husband was a hopeless jerk while the hopeless jerk was out in the pantry getting her another lemon phosphate. I unwittingly played back the remark and the husband showed such signs of irritation that his wife's eyes wouldn't focus for some hours afterward. Later I found out how to erase certain words and phrases from recordings, a procedure which has since averted seven other divorces and at least twenty-two fist fights.

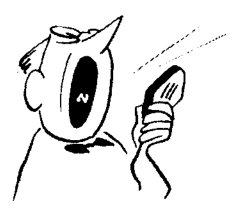
5

Interviewing guests in the manner of an inquiring radio reporter keeps you on safer ground but takes some ingenuity. Handed a microphone and asked to say something, the average citizen blurts:

"What shall I say? Ha, ha, ha. Uhhh—are you recording this, yak, yak. Well, I don't know *what* to talk about, ha, ha. Oh, shut it off and let me hear what it sounds like! Duh!"

To avoid this—as well as the danger of the glib type who would rather drool into the mike for twenty-five minutes than leave glass rings on the piano—you should be prepared with stock questions such as: "What is your name, won't you speak a little louder and why don't you go home?" That's how I got the cut lip.

But probably the most insidious of all possibilities for the recorder is the so-called Wire Network by which I keep in touch with friends and fellow wire enthusiasts from coast to coast. Since becoming entangled in this web I have given up music, photography, playing ball with my young son and keeping the house in repair.


2

Spools of wire come by mail from all directions—and go in all directions. Dinner is ready, the dog has to be let out, I haven't written a check for the groceries, the boiler has burst. No matter. I've got to finish this half-hour program for Harry, 500 miles away, who has virtually wrecked his own family life trying to entertain me with personal insults, trick sound effects and his favorite records (all of which I have in my own collection). Incidentally, this hobby settles once and for all the question of who talks the most, male or female. I have yet to hear a spool of recording wire on which more than 10% of the recording has been made by a female.

4

Having recorded speeches, sermons, symphonies, the cockpit noises of a DC-6, weddings and the screeches of birds at 4:00 A.M., I wish I could quit, but it's got me. My wife says if she rushed into one of my talking sessions with the news that the attic was afire, I'd undoubtedly drag the recorder out to the front porch and capture the thunderous arrival of the firemen. I probably would. Mrs. W. ought to be able to get the small fry and the insurance papers out of the house without *my* help. ★★★

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a-sleep
in wolf's
clothing

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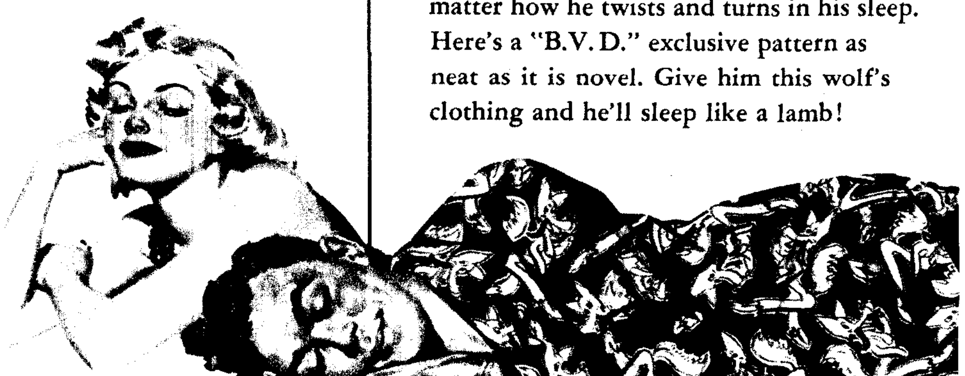

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IT HAPPENED TO A DOG

Continued from page 17

came out an inch. "Why do you think I bought him?"

Dave fidgeted. "He's a lot of dog for a girl . . ."

"Don't you think," Nancy suggested, "that might depend on the girl?"

Dave nudged me with his toe. I urged that we get some food while it was hot. On the way to a table I whispered to Dave, "I can't tell whether she's giving you the business or not."

"Guess not," Dave said. "Damned if I don't think she likes that crazy dog." He looked at me forlornly. "I've got to buy him back."

THAT'S what Dave thought. But Nancy wouldn't be budged. First, Dave said he'd made a mistake, he really needed Buster to run in the quail dog stakes. He didn't have any other dog with enough go. Nancy said she was planning on running Buster in those stakes herself.

Then Dave said the dog needed bigger country to run in. He would take him to Canada with the rest of his string next week. Nancy asked how about that setter that won at Grand Junction a couple of years ago. He was trained and conditioned in the South, wasn't he? Then, gradually, Dave began to reveal Buster's history, and his reason for selling him to Nancy. He offered to take a loss if she would sell Buster back to him. Nancy smiled and shook her head. She knew she had Dave over a barrel, and she was enjoying it.

"Are you afraid I'll make a winner of one you spoiled?" she teased. She winked at me. "Buster is just a big sissy. All he needs is intelligent handling."

Dave was caught in his own bear trap. All he could do was squirm. And from the way he looked at Nancy I guessed he would do most anything to get on the right side of her. I didn't blame him; if I had been twenty years younger I'd have done handsprings myself to catch her attention.

All the rest of that week, while he got ready to leave for the Canadian prairies with his bunch of field trial prospects, Dave tried to get Buster away from Nancy. But Nancy said she was counting on Buster to keep her company through the summer when all the interesting people would be away. Dave blushed like a little boy. He asked me, confidentially, to keep an eye on Buster and try to keep Nancy from taking chances with him.

Nancy drove into my yard a couple of evenings later. Dave was there; he had come to say goodby before he left for the prairies. Buster was on the front seat of the car beside Nancy, looking as guileless as an old redbone hound. Nancy got him out and posed him; she didn't even have a lead on him. She spoke affectionately to him, gently pushed his head around straight when he turned it, stood behind him with just the tips of her fingers under his tail. She put on an act of showing the dog off to me, but it was obviously Dave she wanted to be impressed by Buster's new tractability. I asked to see him move. Nancy placed a slip lead on his neck and clucked to him. He took two steps toward the shrubbery and froze in a high-headed, dramatic point.

"What's in there?" Nancy whispered.

There was no need to answer. From the blueberry hedge a mother guinea hen, followed by a dozen quarter-grown chicks, scurried across the driveway. Buster jumped. Nancy held tight to the lead, but it might have been a thread for all the effect it had. The guineas took to the air like partridges with Buster grabbing for their tail feathers. Nancy's calls only spurred him on. The guineas cleared the fence beside the barn; Buster drove straight into it. It would have broken the neck of any ordinary dog, but it just added to Buster's determination to eliminate that family of guineas. He shook himself, and started past the barn at a purposeful gallop. I saw tears in Nancy's eyes.

"He won't get away," I assured her. "There's fence all around the yard."

"You don't know Buster," Nancy said. "He can climb out of a well. He'll kill every head of stock on the place before you can say, 'Great Day in the Morning.' "

We all ran after him. At the end of the barn there was a gate with bars spaced just far enough apart for a small dog to squeeze between. Buster was squeezing when we got there, struggling to spread the bars. He got through just as I dived for him. Luckily, the slip lead was still on him; it caught on a bolt in the gate and tightened. Immediately, he calmed down. You would have thought he had no other interest but Nancy and me. He wagged his tail and grinned at us. I knew then what Dave meant when he said Buster was too smart to train.

Dave did a good job of restraining himself; there wasn't a trace of a grin showing on his face. He just looked at his watch and said, "Time for me to be on my way. See you in a couple of months."

Nancy scowled as she watched his car go down the driveway. She looked long at Buster. "This boy's education will really start tomorrow," she stated. She spoke softly and deliberately, through clenched teeth. I was glad I wasn't Buster. But I was glad too that I wasn't the one who had tackled the job of making a biddable bird dog of that grinning, too wise renegade.

I FOUND out that summer how cunning and patient a determined woman can be. It looked like a one-sided contest. Each move Nancy made was solved by Buster in one lesson. He would co-operate so well Nancy was sure he was bending her way. Then, as soon as she relaxed, he would give her the slip and go off on a killing spree. She admitted she would have to start further back in his education.

She combed the county for the biggest, ugliest billy goat she could find, and put him in a dog-tight yard. She anchored some barrels on their sides in the yard so a dog could take refuge in them. Then she put Buster in with the big goat. He took one look, and headed across the yard toward the advancing billy, evidently aiming to meet him head on. Just before they met, Buster crouched low, jumped, and hit the goat on the shoulder. His teeth flashed, he shook his head once, there was a snap, and the goat turned over. Buster grinned at us as if to say, "Got any more goats? This is fun."

"I had a letter from Dave Storrie today," I said casually. "He'll be back in a few months." Nancy was stubbornly silent; the muscles at the corner of her jaw tightened. I went home to do my chores.

The first break came by accident, and I was there when it happened. Nancy had tied a gauze muzzle around Buster's mouth so she could treat him for threatening ear canker. She left him chained at the corner of the house while she went in for the medicine. A game hen with a clutch of tiny chicks ran past, and Buster lunged at them, pinning one chick under a front paw. The old hen went into action. She flew in Buster's face, she spurred him, rode him and beat him with her wings. For the first time in his

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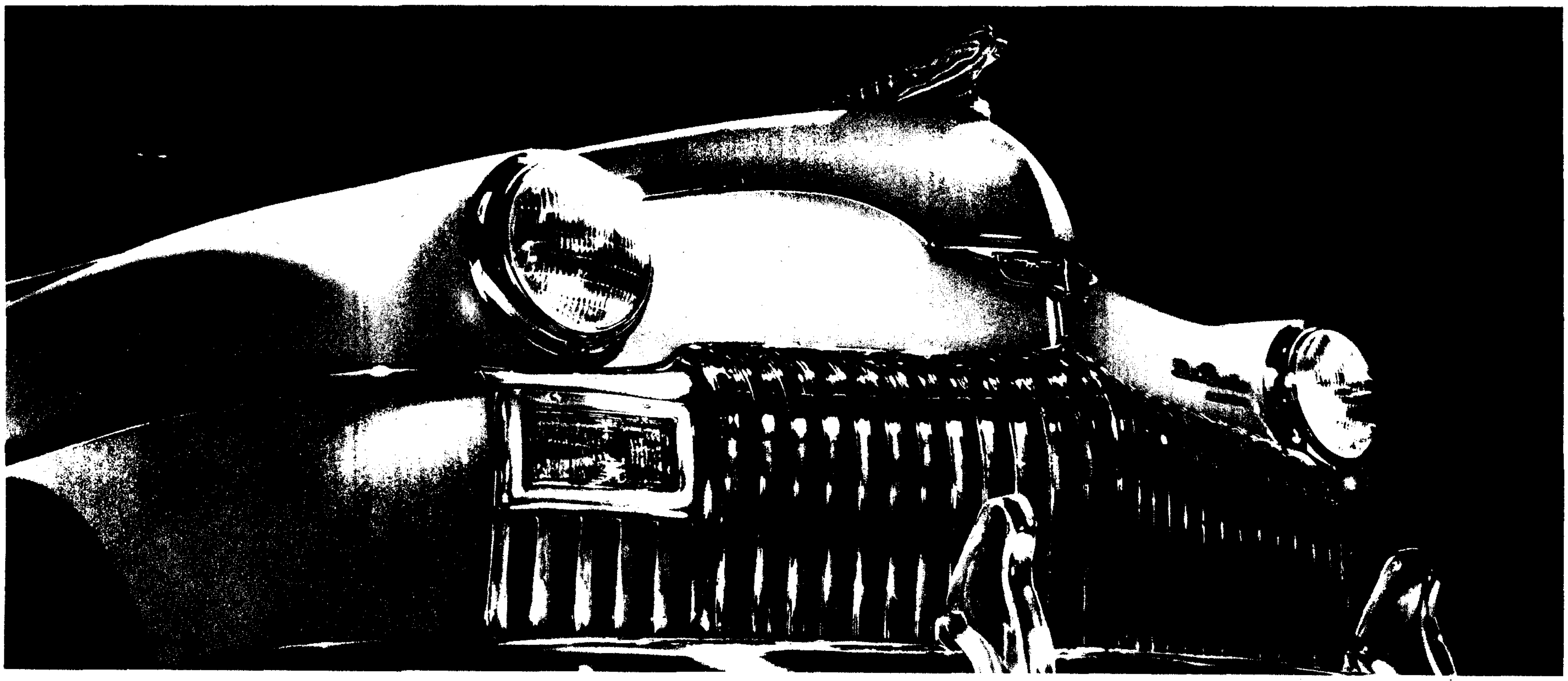

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life Buster's all-conquering teeth and jaws were useless to him. He gave in and hung his head to take his punishment. Nancy nodded, her eyes narrowed.

The late goat pen became the home grounds of a succession of fighting hens with their chicks. Buster, wearing a stout muzzle, shared the pen with them. He learned respect and tolerance. Resignedly he would hie to a barrel and stay, his head inside and only his tail and rear legs sticking out. The chicks loved him. They pecked at him, hopped on his back, finished feed he left in his dish. Soon he could be left with them without his muzzle.

Next, a new goat came to try where the first had failed. This time Buster had his muzzle on. When the goat advanced challengingly Buster showed discretion: He ran to the nearest barrel and crouched inside it while the goat beat a shattering tattoo on it with his sledgehammer head. Nancy beamed. I wondered. He might forget these lessons when he was rambling free over ten thousand acres of open country.

Nancy had thought of that, too. I met her one day driving to the abandoned Phillips plantation. There was a half-mile-square deer pen on the plantation, fenced with eight-foot link wire. She figured it would be Buster-proof, and there were some quail in the enclosure.

When she turned Buster loose in the pen he took a half-dozen jumps, stopped, and looked unbelievingly at Nancy. It had been so long since he had run without having to drag a heavy plowline it took him a minute to get used to freedom. Nancy hit the whistle twice; Buster came to life. I saw then what Nancy had been daydreaming about: the big dog floated through the broomstraw with the high-headed style of a spirited range stallion. He had class, the kind of class that makes a dog man hold his breath.

He raced straightaway down the edge of the lot. While he was still ten rods from the end Nancy called and blew a long trill on the whistle to turn him. Buster started to turn automatically, then straightened and deliberately raced away. He didn't see the fence, camouflaged by bindweed and trumpet vine; he hit it with the full force of his seventy pounds. He looked around guiltily when he reappeared, but went on hunting full tilt. Halfway across the lot he jammed into a beautiful point.

I held her horse while Nancy walked up to try to get her hands on him. There was no hurry; he was frozen and had no intention of breaking. Nancy stroked him, and pushed against his rear to help make him stanch. After she had snapped a rope on his collar she tossed her whip into the bushes ahead of him, at the same time sputtering through her pouted lips to imitate the whir of quail wings. It worked. A covey of twenty-odd birds flipped over the fence to a tangle of bamboo briar and myrtle.

"A hundred more lessons like that," Nancy said, "and maybe he'll be a bird dog."

"They don't hold field trials in pens," I objected.

Nancy smiled. She said that if she wasn't smarter than Buster she deserved to lose. But she had a scheme, she said, that she thought might make Buster forget all about his killing tours. I said I'd have to be shown; bolting and killing were well-developed passions in Buster.

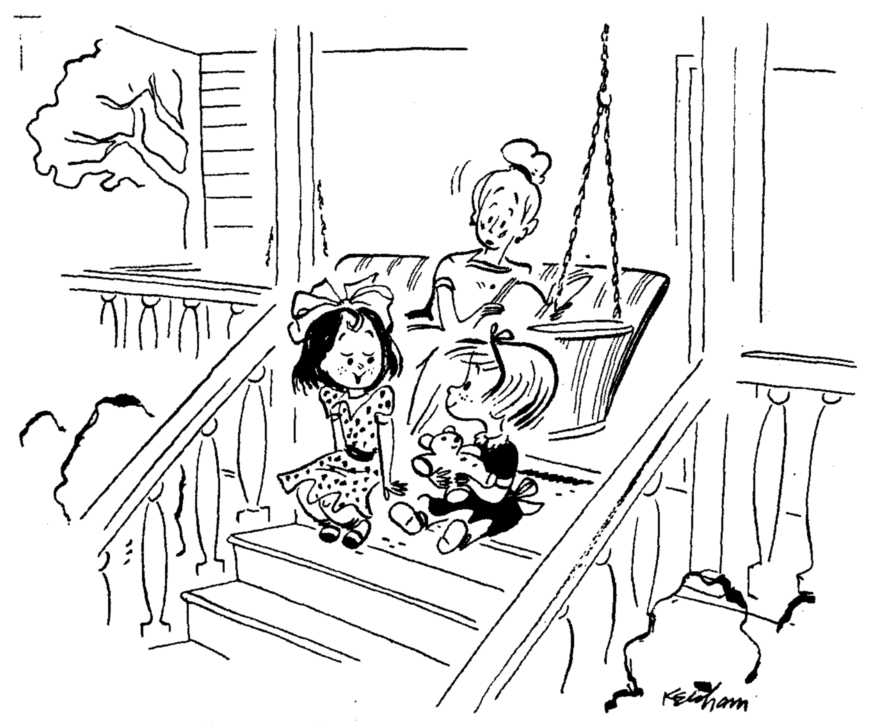
As SOON as Buster would hold the deer-pen birds for a quarter-hour, Nancy tried a trick with him that was new to me. She let him go in the pen and purposely stayed back. When she felt sure he had birds she talked in a loud voice to let him know she was near, but she didn't go to him for several minutes. Then, without saying a word to him, she snapped a lead on his collar and pulled him off his point. She took him back the way he had come for about a hundred yards, turned him loose and urged him to go back to his birds. Buster acted as if he didn't understand such doings, but he did stand the covey again half-heartedly. On his next covey find Nancy repeated the performance. This time Buster raced back to his birds and pointed stylishly. Nancy was jubilant.

"You've trained him to report the birds?" I said.

"Sort of," Nancy replied, "and the main hope is that he'll learn to like going back to his birds more than going off on a tour of sin. I have a hunch he learned his bad habits as the result of being lost on point."

The trick took hold. Within two weeks Buster would leave a point to find Nancy and lead her to the birds. Actually, he seemed to be more excited about going back to birds than he did about finding them in the first place. Nancy decided it was time to try him out in open country.

We cast him off in the pine woods; if he bolted there we would have a fair chance of running him down. We held the horses back, letting Buster get way ahead. Then we stopped and waited. Fifteen minutes went by, then half an hour. No Buster. Nancy looked worried. We had a smoke and moved ahead a little. I guessed it was about time to



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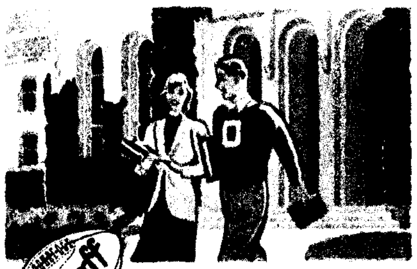

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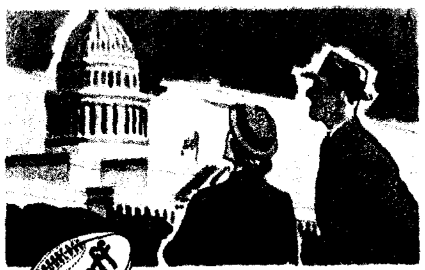

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GREYHOUND

start a dog hunt, and I was just beginning to say so when we saw him coming. Nancy was positive he was reporting. I wish I had a picture of her face right then. Buster waited for us, then turned and dashed to a lespedeza patch at the far end of the woods. He had birds, all right. Nancy stroked him some before she flushed the covey. Buster never moved. Nancy went back to him, got down on one knee and talked to him and hugged him. And I heard her mention Dave's name.

NANCY kept working Buster all that summer, and her hopes were high the day we drove to the Rocky Point members' trials. I noticed she had on new whipcord breeches and a well-tailored jacket that looked as if it had been designed more for smooth looks than for rough wear. Buster was big time, she knew; she'd spent nearly six months working him to a fine edge. If he didn't blow up and revert to his old ways there wasn't likely to be another dog there to top him.

The first person we saw as we arrived at the trial grounds was Dave Storrie. Nancy did a quick retouching job on her hair and face while he was walking over to our car.

"Hello, Miss Nancy," he said. "I hope your health is as good as your looks are. I've been needing to see you." I had never seen Dave so happy.

"Good morning, Mr. Storrie," Nancy replied. "I'm well, thank you."

This polite reserve didn't fit in with the anxious care she had just taken to have every hair in place.

"I expect I'd better see about getting my dog entered," she said to me, and got out of the car.

Dave was eager. "I was hoping to have a chance for a good long talk," he urged.

Nancy looked at her watch. "First brace is scheduled for eight," she said.

"Would you be free to have dinner with me at the inn tonight, Miss Nancy?" Dave asked.

"We have such a busy day ahead of us . . ." Nancy explained. "But thank you just the same."

Dave watched her walk to the field stewards' tent. There was new confidence and pride in her bearing. "Miss Nancy doesn't forgive easily," Dave said. Then he noticed Buster in the back of the car.

"Great gosh," he gasped, "is she running that animal today?"

"That's why we're here," I said. It was Nancy's party; I felt it would be more fun to hear Dave find out details from her. "How's your Scooter dog shaping up?" I asked.

It was the right question. Dave was so enthused about Scooter and how he had developed, how he ranged and looked on point and how well he handled, that he didn't notice Nancy come back. She stood, listening, until Dave stopped for air.

"It sounds as if a beginner wouldn't have a chance," she said. "Especially with a dog that couldn't be trained."

"I remember you said it depended on the girl," Dave admitted.

Nancy went to the car, opened the door and came back to us. Quietly she said, "All right." Buster jumped down and came to her and sat. He turned his head once to sniff Dave and then acted as if he had never seen him before.

"A steady dog," Dave said. "But will he stand birds?"

"It took quite a while to get him to like hunting again," Nancy goaded. "Somebody must have tried to train him not to hunt."

"Okay," Dave grinned. "Give me both barrels. I know I asked for it. But I'm still willing to buy him back and give you a profit."

"Money couldn't buy him," Nancy said simply. . . .

The stewards got the drawings of the braces done quickly, and called for the first pair. Dave was lucky; Scooter was in the first brace. He would have all the advantage of the early morning cool and damp, and he would be well rested if he were called back to run in Second Series. In our members' trials we try to have the winning dog actually run against the dog that's placed below him. It seems fairer, if the decision is close, and it avoids a lot of squawks.

I had rented a horse so I watched that first brace. Dave hadn't exaggerated; Scooter was on fire. He wasn't as big as Buster, and he didn't have the same magnificence when he was pointing. But he judged his cover well, handled birds confidently, and had wings on his heels. When the judges ordered the brace up Scooter looked as if he could have run at the same crazy pace all day.

Buster didn't go until midafternoon. It was too hot for running dogs, but Buster never paid any attention to weather when he was down with another dog. I heard Dave whistle appreciatively as he watched Buster break away, and he called, "Good luck," to Nancy. It was a good race; Nancy's dog found four coveys to his bracemate's two, and outclassed him completely in handling singles.

The judges asked to see Buster and Scooter run together. They had scored them all-even; they would let the dogs settle it themselves. "You can uncross your fingers, Nancy," I said. "It is working out the way you wanted."

The judges were ready; we headed the dogs and let them go. They started out like whippets. The way they raced each other for a couple of hundred yards I wondered if brotherly jealousy had raised its ugly head; they would race right out from under judgment if they didn't start hunting soon. Then they reached birdy cover, split and hunted independently. I saw Buster slow just a speck at the edge of a gum thicket, and his tail circled faster. Nancy called, "Point!" almost before he stopped skidding when he put on the brakes.

She dismounted and walked ahead of the dog as the judges came over the rise. She flailed the bushes, and fired a blank from her revolver when the birds burst out. Buster was steady to shot and wing. As she waved him on I heard Dave's voice from down the hill: "POINT!"

The country got rougher as we proceeded; the cover was so heavy handlers and scouts spent most of the time looking for the dogs. Each dog had five productive finds, and if there was any difference in their scores I couldn't tell it. But time was running out. One more covey find by either dog would certainly decide it. And that was when it happened.

BOTH Buster and Scooter had been out of sight for several minutes; they were getting dangerously close to being called lost. Dave started up one ridge, Nancy and I scoured the opposite hillside. With only a few minutes to go, we heard Buster crashing through the canes in a branch bottom below us. When he came in sight he seemed to be running aimlessly.

"He's looking for us," Nancy yelled frantically. "He has birds somewhere."

We ran our horses toward him; he spun and raced back through the swale and up the ridge Dave was on. Once he looked back to make sure we followed. We were still following when we heard Dave shout, "Point!"

Nancy and I got there at the same time the judges did. Scooter had birds locked up tight in a picture-book point. "Well," Nancy said to me, "that's that." She was fighting hard to hold back the tears.

Dave had ridden close to the judges. I heard him say, "Miss Nancy's dog had these birds . . ."

Nancy and I moved nearer.

". . . my dog located them after Buster backed off and went looking for her," Dave was saying.

I looked at Nancy. The tears were past controlling now, but there was a big smile on her face, too. I turned away. For the first time I noticed Buster. He stood down the hill a few rods, backing Scooter as stanchly as if he hadn't known before that birds were there. Giving credit when competition is keen isn't easy—even for an honest bird dog. What I was witnessing, I knew, was out of the ordinary. My voice sounded louder than I meant it to when I turned and said, "There's a gentleman." Nancy nodded in agreement. But she wasn't looking at Buster; she was looking straight at Dave.

When I saw Dave after he got home from the Southern circuit I kidded him about having to marry Nancy to get Buster back. Dave grinned. "Best deal I ever made," he said proudly.

THE END

Is Your Child Safe at School?

Collier's spotlight reveals that half of our schools, including quite a few of the newest, are firetraps. Read Amy Porter's grim report, Death in the Classroom, one of next week's many informing articles

Guide to Happy Hunting!

All who find zest in the outdoors will enjoy this same issue's double-spread hunting map, in color. Another of many lively features designed for your reading pleasure. Don't miss them

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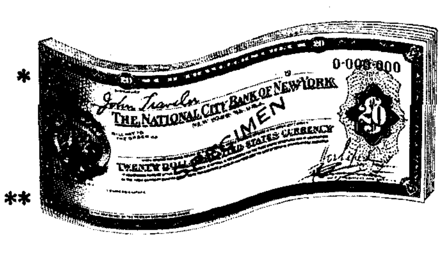
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CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD COP

Continued from page 49

"This is it," I phoned police headquarters. Within three minutes a police superintendent and I had set up emergency headquarters in the station's Long Island Plaza and posted men to barricade all entrances.

Reinforcements fought their way in as pressure of the crowds increased, and 500 of New York's finest soon had the throng under control. The crisis then shifted to the subway platforms, where every train left people nearer to the platform edge. I saw several fall between cars or pitch onto the track within inches of the third rail before our frantic calls got through and trains ceased stopping at Penn Station. But no one was killed and few were seriously injured. Most of our casualties in the Big Snow came, ironically, from heat exhaustion.

Dinner with President Taft

People, singly or in crowds, have been my lifework. Looking back over the great and near great I've met, it's the homely human traits that stick in my mind. President Taft once invited me to dine with him on the Presidential car. The thing I remember most vividly about this kindly man was the speed with which he devoured the most enormous steak I ever saw.

After Harding died, I rode on the train that took Calvin Coolidge to Washington. It was a solemn occasion, and for the first hour of the trip the new President was silent. Finally I heard him announce to no one in particular but in a voice that could be heard throughout the car: "Don't feed any of those railroad people if I have to pay for it."

My favorite of them all was Franklin D. Roosevelt. One night, to win over a die-hard Republican friend of mine, I took him down on the platform where the Presidential car stood waiting for an engine change. We could see the President playing solitaire, alone except for Fala, his devoted Scotch terrier. We watched the pleasant scene while F.D.R. made a couple of quick moves and paused. Then the President took a quick peep at the top card of the deck.

"I told you," hissed my Republican friend. "He even cheats on Fala."

It was no use pointing out that my friend and I were peeking too.

No matter how dignified or aloof they are, most people will unbend with a friendly cop. The austere Princess Martha of Norway once sent me a new hat (mine is usually pretty battered) and invited me to Norway. "You'll own the place in a month, Jim," she said.

But Penn Station kept me too busy and too interested for me to want to leave it. As lieutenant, I was head of a private police force organized in three 12-man shifts.

The huge arcaded city-within-a-city I patrolled covers 28 acres of mid-Manhattan. Half a million people go through it every day. It's connected with the outside world by tunnels—four under the East River, two under the Hudson. Part of my job during the war was guarding the floodgates installed against the threat of air raids or sabotage. The tunnel entrances are all below sea level and, without the gates, a break in any of them would send river waters crashing through the station and most of Manhattan's subways, conduits and subbasements.

A red light flashing just over the main information booth means trouble somewhere in the station. Whenever I was on the prowl, it meant getting in touch with my office fast. I still find myself reaching for a phone whenever I see a light blink.

"Jim, an accident on track 17 . . ." It might be a drunk—or a perfect lady who tripped in her high-heeled shoes. We have them every day, and there's a hospital and staff doctors and nurses to take care of them.

"Number 8 reports a death, Jim . . ." The station has its own morgue, too, and since most state laws require stopping the train for an inquest, porters generally "discover" deaths after the train has reached New York, where station police are permitted to remove the bodies. There was generally some evidence of a pitiful solitary struggle against death in the night.

In one berth I examined, a woman had used lipstick to scrawl a quick farewell on the window. The single word she wrote was "Love."

"Two men and a couple of dogs to see you, Jim," my sergeant said over the phone one day. It wasn't a gag. It was the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, acting on a tip that dope was coming in on the Mexico City through car. I joined them.

As the passengers filed out, there was a low growl, followed by cries for help. The dogs were snarling over a man they'd downed just as he was about to go up the escalator. We removed $300,000 of narcotics from the bags he carried.

These dogs—"dope hounds"—are used regularly. I have never known them to make a mistake. To test them, one of our men sealed marijuana in Cellophane, hid it in his wallet and walked by the dogs. He was promptly mauled.

Railroads are plagued by every known variety of theft. At various times I've tracked down everything from an engagement ring to a tank car full of bonded whisky which mysteriously had turned to water somewhere en route between Peoria and New York. The problem was to find out where the switch took place.

One swallow was answer enough. Nobody who has ever tasted Schuylkill River water could mistake that savor of hydrogen, chlorine and old sandals that gushes from every tap in Philadelphia.

Then there's the man who boards the swankier expresses with an empty suitcase, and stuffs it full of fur coats just before a stop. It's the passenger's responsibility, not the railroad's, which stands ready to check your valuables en route at no extra charge. But, movies to the contrary, there is surprisingly little crime aboard either day coach or Pullman. It's the station itself you have to watch.

You may not be aware of it but you can't spend much time in Penn Station without being watched. We suspect you, not of being a thief, but a sucker. As soon as you catch your train we lose interest—provided you haven't left your baggage or your babies. We collect an average of 700 lost items a day, and you'd be surprised at what we find—artificial limbs, for instance. It's hard to imagine how the owner could forget them. But we pick up an arm or a leg from Pullman berths every week or so.

How do we spot the crooks in a crowded station? A man's face will tell you something. The crooks' voices and smiles, the way they walk, are ever so slightly false. If their gaze isn't shifty, it's likely to be too hard, too steady. A crook who's served time is easiest to spot; even six months of prison mark a man for life, just as a beating makes a cur of a dog. The way people react to arrest tells something, too. The innocent man usually loses his head. The professional thief whines, "Aw, gimme a break."

Unattended luggage draws thieves as honey draws grizzly bears. We try to keep an eye on it for half an hour, then check it in the parcel room. When the breathless passenger rushes in the story is always the same: "I just stepped away for a minute and it was gone."

Those metal baggage lockers you find in every station have been a godsend to the bag thief. Placing his loot in the nearest locker, he strolls to the station bar, orders a drink and summons a redcap. He hands the key with a dollar bill to the porter and directs him to carry the luggage to a cabstand, where he will be waiting for an easy getaway.

The lockers are opened every 24 hours and the contents removed to the parcel room. Every collection yields its pile of stolen goods, knives, guns and narcotics, a running diary of city crime.

The only locker crook you passengers have to look out for is the fellow who hangs around ready to give you change when you don't happen to have a dime. Always helpful, he inserts the dime himself, palms the key and hands you a phony. The moment you're gone he removes your bags and ducks into the nearest subway—unless we nab him first.

The vulture among thieves is the confidence man. "Helpful Harry" was typical: He always picked frail old ladies.

"Did you drop this?" he'd ask a victim he'd followed to a quiet corner.

As she would open her bag to make sure, this guy would grab it, knock her unconscious and saunter away. We got our first clear description of Harry last year from Mrs. Minnie Mills, eighty-seven, of Los Angeles, after finding her unconscious under a stairway in Penn Station. Later she died, but not before identifying her assailant. We spotted him ducking into the subway and immediately phoned Inspector Peter Hogan, my opposite number at Grand Central Terminal. Within the hour, Helpful Harry was on his way to jail and today he's serving a 20-year homicide charge.

Crook's Ignorance Betrays Him

Once in a while, a cop is lucky enough to catch a con man in the act—like the time I noticed a man bending over an elderly invalid in a wheel chair. He was taking the old man's pulse—with his thumb! Anyone who's had experience with doctors knows they take the pulse with the index and middle fingers. I caught this impostor with the goods, some $500 removed from the invalid's wallet while "checking" his ticker in the guise of a railroad physician.

I think pickpockets take their graduate courses around the Penn Station ticket windows.

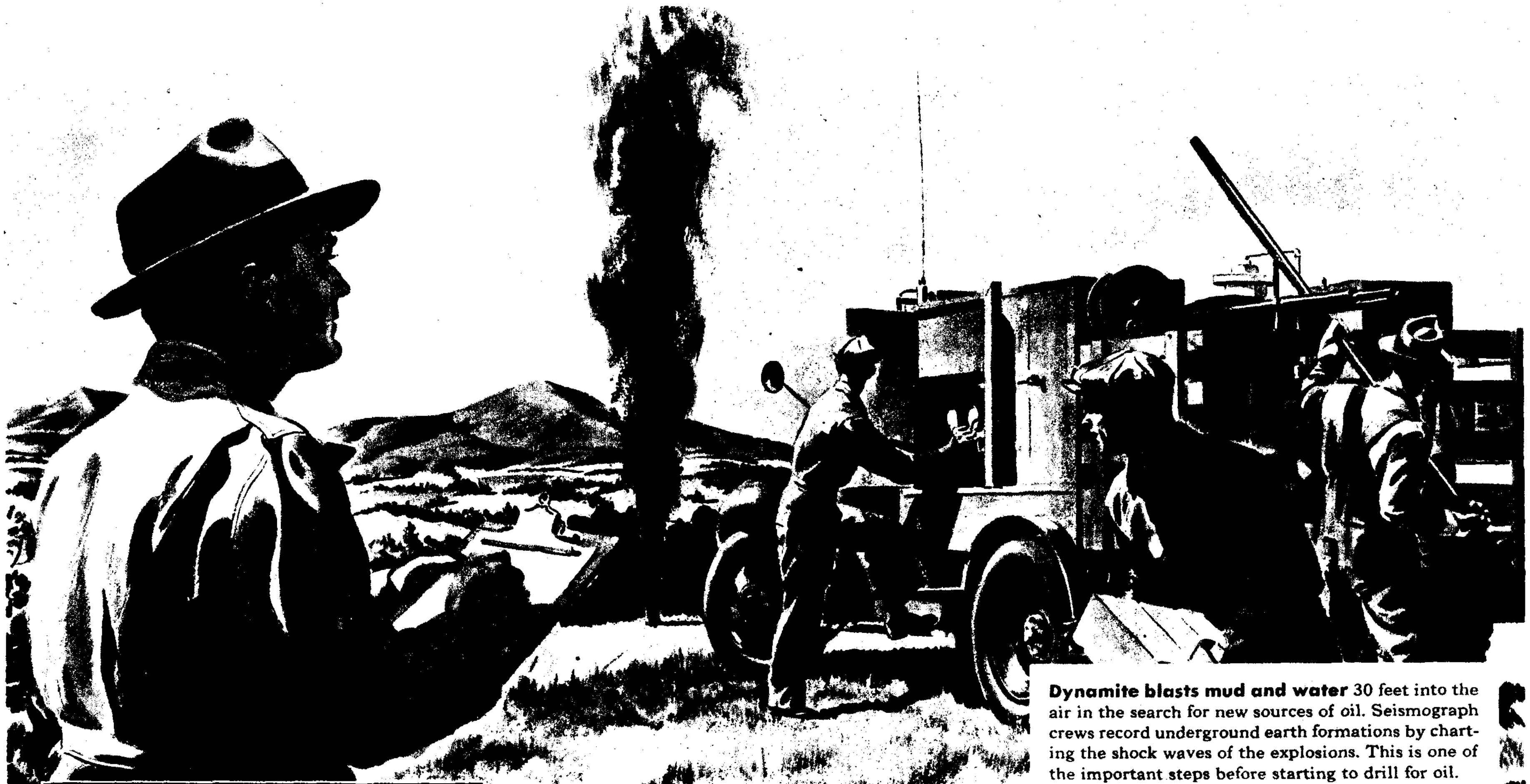
The "dips," as we call them, generally work in threes. "A" lifts your wallet, often after slitting your coat with a razor to make it easier. The wallet passes quickly to "B," who hands it to "C," who gets lost fast. "A," the virtuoso of the team, is the one you grab in the unlikely event you feel his touch. His "Go ahead and search me" is a masterpiece of outraged but patient dignity.

As a cop I've spent most of my life looking for trouble. So if I've painted a lurid picture of travel pitfalls, please remember I've dug up more skulduggery in an average day's work than you're likely to experience in a lifetime of travel. The railroads are freer of crime today than ever before. But for all that, here are a few pointers for your next trip:

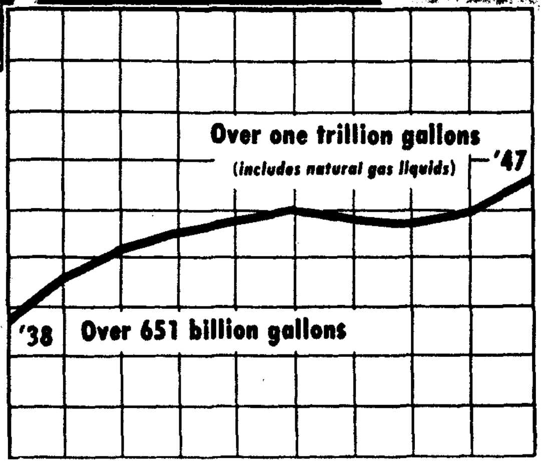
1. Remove your ticket money from your wallet before entering the station. Don't keep your ticket with your money.
2. Rely only on redcaps to carry your bags. They're all investigated, and I've never known a wrong one. Many are doctors, ministers and students.
3. Carry a minimum of cash. Use travelers checks instead.
4. Ship your valuables in baggage checked through on your ticket.
5. Avoid "Helpful Harrys." Mother's rule about never speaking to strange men goes double in stations.

THE END

HOW 34,000 OIL COMPANIES SERVE THE NATION AS...



Dynamite blasts mud and water 30 feet into the air in the search for new sources of oil. Seismograph crews record underground earth formations by charting the shock waves of the explosions. This is one of the important steps before starting to drill for oil.



THE SEARCH FOR MORE OIL gives America greatest reserves in history, as over 13,000 producing companies uncover new sources of oil. Oil reserves are produced as rapidly as possible without causing waste of our future oil supply.

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AMERICA is now using *more* oil products than ever before—yet our *underground* proved reserves are at the highest point in history! Yes, the oil industry has been doing a two-fold job—keeping you supplied with ever-increasing quantities of petroleum products, and at the same time working night and day to see that important reserves are maintained for your future use.

Aided by the latest scientific instruments, exploration crews search swamp and mountain, desert and ocean, seeking underground formations that indicate where oil might be hidden thousands of feet beneath the surface of the earth. Last year, their search for *more oil* led to the completion of approximately 18,000 new producing wells . . . helped make 1947 a record year for oil production. Over 77 billion gallons of oil were produced in all — *and at the same time a trillion gallon underground reserve was maintained!*

Every branch of the industry is working round-the-clock to see that you get gasoline for your cars and planes . . . lubricants for industrial uses . . . fuel for farm tractors and trains. As more petroleum products are delivered to you this year, be sure to use them *efficiently.* Oil is energy for America. Oil means more comfort, better living, greater convenience . . . for *you.*

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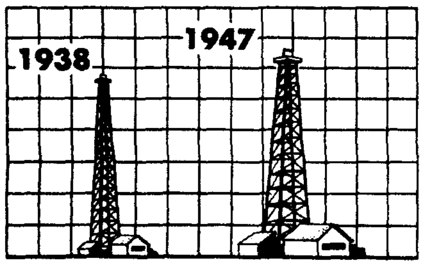
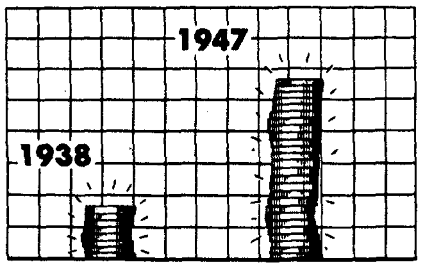
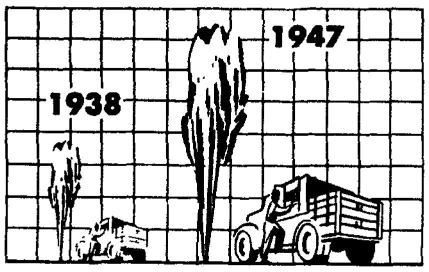


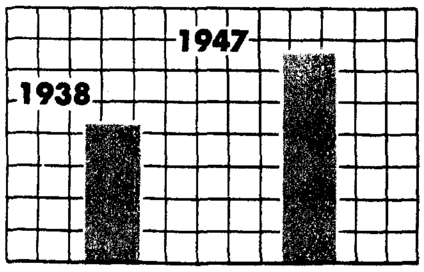
In the never-ending search for petroleum, new wells are being drilled every day. There are now more than 430,000 producing wells in the United States, compared to 369,640 in 1938.



Drilling an oil well is expensive business! The average cost of drilling a well today—*triple* what it cost in 1938—is estimated at $70,000 . . . but some wells cost more than a million dollars.



Exploration crews pioneer the search for oil . . . use latest scientific equipment to locate oil and guide drilling operation. Since 1938, number of exploration crews has more than doubled.



America's total petroleum output goes higher each year . . . is now at the highest point in history. Over 77 billion gallons of oil products were produced last year . . . a 53% increase over 1938.

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

BILLIE BURKE—HER STORY

Continued from page 18

baby." One of my earliest memories is of Mr. Bailey's catching me up in his arms, tickling my nose with his great red beard, and calling me "Little Billie."

Billy and Blanche Burke would have done well to accept Mr. Bailey's offer. A few years later Billy tried touring the country with his own circus, a small affair, but the crowds stayed away and the enterprise folded. I remember vaguely that we had frugal days in New York, that my father worked small-time engagements, but then, with incorrigible optimism, he organized a new troupe and headed for London. I was eight years old.

Billy's entertainment was called "Billy Burke's Barnum & Great London Circus Songsters." It was billed as "Containing a Collection of the Latest and Best Songs of the Day as Sung by America's Greatest Clown with a Vast Collection Set to Music Expressly for This Work." But that too was not successful. Billy was soon playing the music halls, singing his songs. I think he did pretty well, but he was never a star.

A Question of Christening

It was during this period, when we had diggings on Kennington Road in one of those dreary London flats in which the landlady fetches your mutton on a tray and your bath in a bucket, that I met with the Reverend Mr. Kishborn at St. Margaret's. What with traipsing around the United States and moving to London, my religious education had been neglected. I had not been baptized or even officially named. I told the handsome curate that I wanted to be named "Billie," for my famous father.

There are so many things I like about the British. Most of all, I think, I love their sense of humor. A Britisher will underplay you always, deadpan as a stage butler, but laughing inside all the time. The Reverend Mr. Kishborn who must indeed have been astonished already by the improbable child that I was surely, with gilt-red hair swirling around my shoulders and my little piping voice, accepted me and my request blandly. I explained that I was afraid of going through life as "Ethelbert," or "Bertha," or "Thelbert," all of which I thought were absurd names for a redheaded child, and couldn't I please be called "Billie" after my father?

The Reverend Mr. Kishborn put his tongue in his cheek and asked me for all the names in my family. I told him. Then he said, "But won't you be named 'Mary,' just for me?" Why, I was delighted, of course. I would have been named Gorgonzola, just for him. And that is how the name of Mary William Ethelbert Appleton Burke is registered at St. Margaret's, solemnly attested by the Bishop of London. I wish John Drew had known all that.

London was cold and harsh in winter. Trying to make your way through the fog was like pawing through hanging damp blankets. But, ah! when June came, when the hedgerows were green in the suburbs, when boys and girls punted on the Thames, when Piccadilly and Kensington Gardens blossomed with flowers and nursemaids, and those pink-cheeked, clear-eyed British girls! There's something about fetching up a girl in a fog, scrubbing her in a tin tub and feeding her on mutton. It makes her beautiful.

We walked in Chelsea sometimes on Sundays, looking at the great houses. I remember that Billy Burke said this was the section of London where everybody lived and nobody was ever born. He said even the dogs barked with a British accent.

I snubbed my nose on the windows of the smart shops in Mayfair, followed the lamplighters around as London's dusk fell, listened nightly for the crashing peal of the great bells of St. Paul's where I was later confirmed. There were no planes overhead in those days to frighten a London child, not even an automobile to run her down.

In the evenings sometimes, or on holidays, Billy Burke would take me in his great swivel chair and we would gyrate wildly around, singing "Paddy Duffy's Cart" at the top of our voices. He told me endless stories, made little jokes, and mimicked all the great figures of the day. I know now that I owe him a great deal. It was all fun and clowning, but unconsciously I was learning how to make people laugh.

I went to Mrs. Bailie's school (where I was called "Ethelbert") and sometimes went backstage on Friday nights to see Father work with a comedy mule. It seems very curious to me now, but I was never stage-struck. I was not even interested as a child in going to the theater. I was a shy, wistful sort of moppet who never in this world would have got ahead if it had not been for my mother.

She decided that I was going to be an actress. Now, Mother had no theatrical background whatsoever. She paid little attention to the circus or to the stage. I showed absolutely no precocity or talent—except, perhaps for a trick of mimicry which I inherited from my father. But this determined woman decided that I was going to be a great actress. Or a great opera star. Or a famous dancer.

It distressed Billy Burke. I remember that I huddled on the sofa, frightened and whimpering while they quarreled about whether I should become a celebrated actress or not.

"She doesn't want to, she hates it, she is shy and retiring, you will ruin her," Billy Burke argued.

But my mother stuck out her firm, small chin and announced that I was going to become a star. She wasn't sure what kind. Apparently, it made small difference to her.

As for my father's objections, she treated him precisely as she always treated me—as a child.

Trying to inspire me, Mother dragged me to see Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving in a great production of "Robespierre." I was as apathetic as a cabbage. I dreaded the notion of getting up on a stage and speaking a piece.

Oh, some fantastic things have happened to me, some amusing things, glamorous things, happy things—mostly happy things—and some sad and tragic things, very tragic things—but I might as well face it. Even today I am the clinging-vine type. I'm not an enterprising woman. I *enjoy* clinging.

Operatic Career Is Abandoned

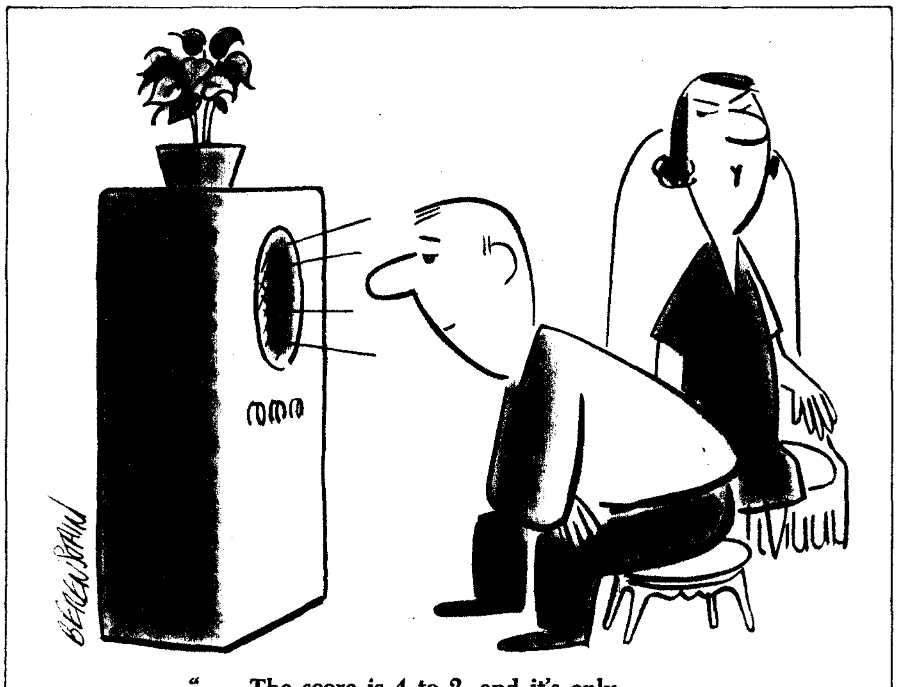
But to school I went, to learn how to act. I had a divine singing teacher, Madame Louise Dauste de Fortis, who called me "an enchanting little person" and offered to finance half the expense if Mother would send me to Italy to study for opera. But by this time Mother wanted quicker action, so my grand-opera career was tossed overboard. Possibly Mother had a definite goal. If she did, she never divulged it. I studied elocution from Rosina Phillippi, ballet dancing from Professor D'Aubin, who finally discarded me because I never could get up on my toes. He was very sweet and never made love to me.

Yes, I began to experience that kind of thing early. I suppose that is what my mother saw—that most men are impelled to reach for a redheaded girl if she is reasonably pretty, and shy, to boot. At my age now, I have no false modesty; a good many men have reached for me from time to time. Some didn't when I hoped they would.

At any rate, I crossed London by bus in those days to take my lessons, with wet straw up to my knees in the horse-drawn vehicles, bumping along sadly to learn how to be an actress. Sometimes I went by cab, when we were flush. The hansom cabs were wonderful, their drivers the comedians of the world. They had their lap robes, flowers in their buttonholes, and held their whips like scepters, condescending to the multitudes. I recall one old fellow who often drove me. One day he yelled an especially gay greeting to a confrere, looping his long whip into a noose and waving it at him.

"Do it to cheer 'im up," he chortled, leering at me. "You see th' noose? 'Is brother was 'anged the other dye. Cheers 'im up, y'know." And he would grin at his friend and waggle the noose.

My first opportunity to be an actress on the stage came when Mother wangled me a chance to sing some little songs—



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"coon songs," they were called then—at Berkhansted, across the river from London. I was fourteen. I did a few poor little imitations, sang my ditties in a dejected chirp, and tottered to the wings. My first audience hooted at me. It was so awful and scary.

I didn't cry. I was simply frightened and glad to get out of it. But my indomitable mother took me in hand, taught me the next afternoon to put my songs over with full voice (my voice was always small) and made me go on again.

I wish I could report that my first real taste of theatrical success, a full burst of applause, inspired me to reach for the heights. It didn't. I was merely a willing little girl, not so badly scared now, doing what her mother told her. I did *not* want to be an actress, even when the audiences applauded and called me back for bows and encores.

My next engagement was up in Sheffield at some forgotten theater where all I had to do was lie on a rock with my red hair carefully arranged to look careless. The act was billed as "The Sleeping Beauty and the Yellow Dwarf," and I was no contribution to the drama.

Then I worked at the London Pavillion for 10 pounds a week. I cannot imagine at what cost of beseeching, promising or threatening my astute mother got me this engagement, but this time I sang my small songs with confidence and had enough sense to smile at the audience. Indeed, I was getting a little saucy and mischievous, learning to flirt with the people, now that my terrors were gone. It was a lucky thing.

Five-Pound Role in a Musical

Leslie Stuart, who had done Floradora, was writing a new show, The School Girl, and he sent word that he had a small part for me. My mother accepted before he could catch his breath, although the salary this time was only five pounds. Stuart took me to see George Edwardes, the producer, and immediately these two began to mutter and to build up a mystery. It was something about a song I was to sing, called Mamie, I Have a Little Canoe.

Charles Frohman, the great American producer, had one of his most famous actresses in this show, the celebrated beauty Edna May. There was also Marie Studholme. The game was not to let either of these two jealous beauties hear my song, which was suppressed all during rehearsal.

I was not allowed to sing the canoe song until the dress rehearsal. It was a simple but catchy tune, done with pantomime, as if four of us younger girls were paddling a canoe. Inexperienced show girl that I was, I hadn't the slightest notion how it would affect the Misses May and Studholme.

These sophisticated ones instantly knew the song for what it was—the hit tune of the production. Both threatened to resign immediately, sulking in their dressing rooms like offended queens. What conniving went on backstage at the Prince of Wales Theater, what cables popped across the Atlantic between Frohman and his beloved star I never knew, but there was a bitter controversy. Still, Edwardes and Stuart won out and the show opened the next night.

Do not tell me that the English are cold, impassive people. They roared their applause, stamped, yelled, and whistled for the canoe song. It was like a tidal shock smashing across the footlights after my rather quiet number. I fled, forgetting to curtsy, bumping into guy ropes, and fell gasping into the arms of our stage manager, Mike Malone.

"They hate me!" I sobbed. "It's awful! What are they doing?"

Mike grabbed me by the wrists and jerked me to my feet like a doll.

"Get on stage. Sing it again," he ordered. I gasped that I couldn't.

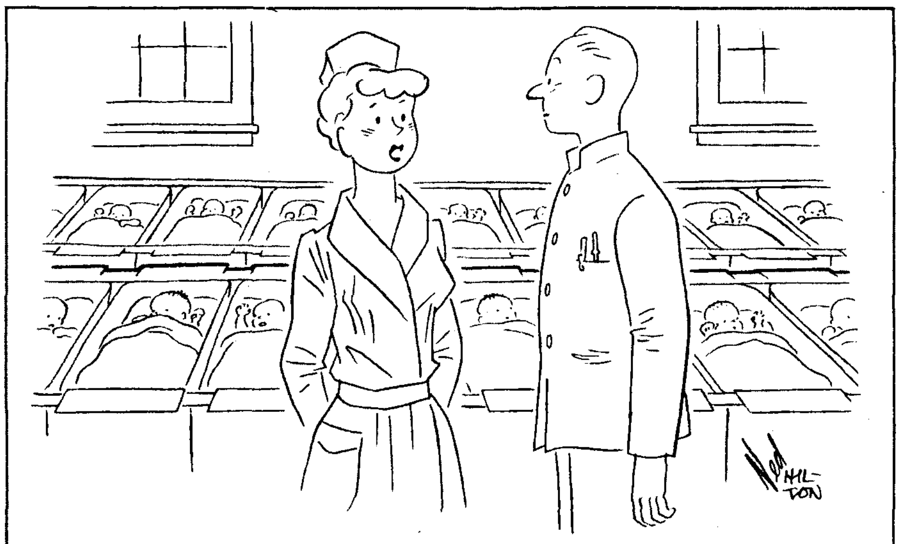
"Stop it, you silly little redhead," Mike said. "Get out there before I slap you." He raised his big hand and was about to do it, too, when I ran back on stage. We discommoded that whole opening night with bows and encores.

The School Girl ran for more than two years and I was a celebrity. I remember my excitement when I discovered that Ellis & Walery's, the most fashionable photographers of the West End, had their windows full of my pictures—and that they were selling right along with those of Lady Randolph Churchill, Queen Alexandra, and the beautiful actress Gertrude Millar. I was eighteen years old, and the year was 1903.

Instead of being called "Copper knob," I was now dubbed "The American Flapper." I have not consulted Mr. H. L. Mencken, but I think this is the origin of the term "flapper." Certainly, my red hair flapped, not by theatrical design, but because I was too lazy to fasten it up. I rather liked it that way, too.

London was enchantment then, and I was deliciously aware too that it was full of interesting sin. This was not for me, for I was a pious child whose mother waited in the wings and escorted her home after every performance, but my little friends Polly and Percival, who sang the canoe song with me, used to whisper to me of some of the fancy goings-on I couldn't help but see.

All the beauties of the day were in The School Girl. I remember Clarita Vidal, famous and smick-smack, who posed as if she were made of wax, with just one expression of sheer beauty. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar came nightly in an elegant coach with his great white turban dripping with jewels and his hands full of gems to pay court to Edna May. The toffs of London stood at our stage door and escorted my friends to the Savoy, to Romano's, or to the Café Royale for a cold bird and a bottle and who knows what sophisticated revelry. But I never saw it. I went home with Mother, wondering.



"I'd love to go to the movies with you, Gerald, but I can't get a baby sitter"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

By this time I was becoming aware of some of my possibilities and some of my limitations. I knew that I would never be an opera star, or even a musical-comedy star. My voice was too small. Leslie Stuart encouraged me, but he had no new play in which I might have a chance.

Meantime, while I fretted, my best friend, Polly, and I were enormously wicked in The School Girl. We used to take orange peels, slice them to represent teeth, and when our chance came to turn our backs to the audience, stick them in our mouths and grin at Edna May while she sang her song. Also, for sheer cussedness, we would step out of our shoes during a number and leave them on stage for other players to trip over. Miss May complained sweetly but ineffectively. Mike Malone would grin and threaten to suspend us. But we were the hit of the show and we knew it and we continued to make orange-peel faces at poor Edna, who endured us somehow and had long since generously forgiven me for the canoe song.

I dreamed then of fashionable gentlemen drinking champagne from my slippers, but if this tribute was actually ever paid to an actress I never saw it. In only a few years, however, my red slippers were being stolen. I was closer to stardom than I knew.

A Contact with Charles Frohman

I had a queer little meeting with Charles Frohman, who was to mean so much to me later in New York. He was going to take The School Girl to America, and I wanted to go with it.

One day I was lunching with a beau at the Carleton Grill. He was my first real beau, an Irish boy, with a commission in the British navy, a resounding title and a castle in Devonshire, and I loved him desperately, of course. We talked of getting married, but I put him off, with an eye to becoming a star, and we were arguing fondly about that when Mr. Frohman came in with a friend. So, without stopping to think, I popped up in my big hat, trotted over to his table and stood humbly by until he noticed me. I guess I quavered.

Frohman had the greatest stars of the day under contract—Maude Adams, John Drew, E. H. Sothern, and James Hackett, great names like that. He was a small, round little man with a strong, protruding lower lip and compelling eyes. He had virtually no system of communication. He spoke in unpunctuated telegrams. Yet Somerset Maugham, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Sir James M. Barrie adored him and wrote their best plays for him. It took me years to understand why.

Mr. Frohman told me coldly that I could go to New York with the company. "But Edna sings the canoe song," he added.

I went trembling away, for The School Girl without my song was no show at all for me.

I suppose I owe everything to Frohman. I even owe him that chilly rejection, for I stayed in London and worked with the great star and producer Sir Charles Hawtrey. Hawtrey put me in a comedy called Mr. George, which turned out to be a wretched play for him but a delight for me. I had dreamy, expensive clothes, the designing of which Hawtrey himself supervised: organdies with lace set in; pastel-blue taffeta around my shoulders, and a parasol, with a big, dashing hat.

Hawtrey mounted his productions with enormous distinction, selecting every

Joe Vaughn "knows his onions"!

1. Joe Vaughn and his brother run a food store in High Point, North Carolina. Maybe not the *biggest* market in town—but you'd find it one of the best! Joe's plenty shrewd, but never "sharp." He takes pride in giving his customers the most he can for their money. "But," says Joe, "I wonder if a lot of business firms, today, aren't making too much profit."

2. That same thought is often expressed by thousands of other Americans. Perhaps you yourself have thought that manufacturers' profits are too high. In a recent nationwide poll, a great many folks guessed that industry's profits take a pretty big chunk of the sales dollar. Then they were asked what they thought would be a *fair* profit for industry to make. Most of these same people said *from 10 to 15 cents* out of each dollar of sales.

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piece of china, every piece of furniture himself. But he himself looked pretty awful, poor fellow. He was a large man, with big beautiful brown eyes. He was a rascal, very cavalier with the girls, attractive as a man could be. But his period costume didn't happen to be flattering to him.

Sir Charles frightened me, in a not unpleasant way. There was a big scene, which fetched down the curtain, in which he unwound my wide Greek scarf, leaving me in nothing but my chemise, backstage in darkness.

My maid was always stationed in the wings to rush to me with a dressing gown, which she did with a desperate lunge every night. I would stand there, shivering and curious, blushing all over, wondering what would happen if Sir Charles got there first. He never did. But I think he tried.

I owe him so much. He coached me (properly attired) for hours. He patiently taught me every nuance, how to walk and how to sit, and how to act as if I had not come from musical comedy, and the play was a hit. When Charles Frohman sent for me in 1907, to be John Drew's leading lady in My Wife, I had already arrived on the London stage and I came to America with Hawtrey's blessing, promising to return the next season. Billy Burke, my father, had died in 1906. He used to say, "I'll see my baby's name in lights on Broadway yet."

Definitely a Grand Entry

I arrived in New York rather grandly with a beautiful new Italian car, a Scotch maid, and an English chauffeur. I had begun to appreciate the glitter of show business, to take attentions for granted, as the young always do. It was some time before I knew frustration and sadness and what it was to be perishingly in love with a man who could have any beauty in New York for the beckoning.

I was surprised by the way an American play was put together. At the first rehearsal, I turned to Mr. Drew and asked him:

"Mr. Drew, is this the way you want me to enter? Where would you like me to cross?"

Mr. Drew was astonished. "Dear child, do it any way you like," he replied.

To my amazement, a small man named William Seymour, who seemed to know all about the theater, was actually telling the great John Drew how to speak and where to stand. In London, the great actor-managers like Hawtrey or Wyndham always supervised every meticulous detail, placed the cast, changed their lines, and supervised the sets. It seemed odd that a great artist like Mr. Drew should take direction from anybody, but I soon learned American ways.

This was the play that made me a star overnight, but to tell the truth I didn't know what had happened. The opening was no trial. Mother had coached me so thoroughly in my lines, as she always did, that I knew them upside down and sideways. Mr. Drew was as casual about a New York opening as if he were merely stepping over to the Players to shoot a game of pool. All through the play he murmured extraordinary asides to me, tomfoolery and ribaldry, and we waltzed gaily through our three acts, almost laughing.

There were twenty curtain calls—or thirty. We bowed and scraped and simpered at the audience. Mr. Drew was in a hurry to get off because the lovely Margaret Illington was waiting for him, that tall, dark, Indian-esque beauty who was married to Dan Frohman and then to Major Bowes. No one blamed her for loving John Drew. Everyone did.

And so, with all this nonsense, I honestly did not realize the big applause was for me and that I had been born in New York that night—a new star.

We went on tour with My Wife, and it was a series of parties from Chicago to San Francisco. In San Francisco, we entertained what seemed to be all the officers of the Pacific Fleet, which was anchored in the Bay during the trip around the world ordered by Teddy Roosevelt. Daily we went aboard ship for luncheon, and daily Uncle John became seasick.

The next year, Frohman took me away from Uncle John. I missed him. He was gallant and funny. (Although I had begun to have callouses in my cheeks from my biting to keep back laughs on stage.) Still, it was pretty wonderful to be starred in my own play, Love Watches.

Suppose I spare you a recital of all the plays. Still, for reminiscence's sake, there was W. Somerset Maugham's Mrs. Dot, Suzanne, The Runaway, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's The Mind the Paint Girl, Pinero's The Amazons, Maugham's The Land of Promise, and Caesar's Wife, and Jerry. Remember? Jerry was the one I wore the pajamas in. Mrs. Dot was the one I lost the slippers in.

I wonder still what became of all those slippers. I kicked one off every night, coast-to-coast, and they were collected in fierce scrambles by college boys. I wonder if some middle-aging family man remembers today what he ever did with Billie Burke's red slipper.

I was earning more than $50,000 a season, a fine fortune in those days, had an estate at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, a Rolls Royce, a nice Packard for my mummy, and went to Europe every summer for my clothes. I would take Mother to a spa, and visit Paris and London to select my clothes for the coming season.

Often on summer evenings I would meet Frohman and James M. Barrie in the *Bois* where we would dine, and then sit sipping ices at a little table, looking at the ladies' legs. It was a game this amazing pair would play, with me as referee.

They would pull their shabby black hats low over their eyes, these two short dry little men, and stare at the curbstone where the girls alighted from the *fiacres*. They could see only their ankles, and the object was to guess by the ankles only whether the girl was a lady, a cocotte, a blonde, a brunette, a show girl, or what. Charles Frohman seldom missed. Poor Barrie. He purred and mumbled and guessed, but when it came to judging women by their ankles, he never got things right.

There was a strange affinity between these paradoxical men. Frohman was not a formally educated person, and he had so little to say. He talked like this: "Barrie—write play—me—Maude Adams." It was the same with Pinero and with Maugham and Haddon Chambers and all the others. They did their best work for Frohman, though how they understood what he wanted is a mystery. It is an odd thing to say, but there was in the hard-crusted Frohman a kind of Peter Pan quality, a pixyish sort of thing, and sublime artistic integrity, which appealed to these literary geniuses. Barrie, I know, lost nearly a million dollars backing Frohman ventures in London.

But when David Belasco was putting on sensational productions merely to make money, Frohman was starring Maude Adams and E. H. Sothern, Pauline Frederick, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, and presenting plays of great distinction, like Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. Frohman was a strange genius, of whom I shall have more to say.

A Touch of Barrie Whimsey

James Barrie was a Scot, but I recall no Scottish accent at all, only a little purr, and his shy sweetness. One afternoon he brought me home from a walk and as I took off a wrap there was Barrie suddenly behind me, very close.

"May I kiss you?" he whispered.

"Why, yes, of course," I said. I was amazed. I had never been asked before.

So Barrie kissed me, gently and quickly, about an inch from my left ear, a meager little Scotch kiss, then fled in terror. We were always good friends, but he never asked me again.

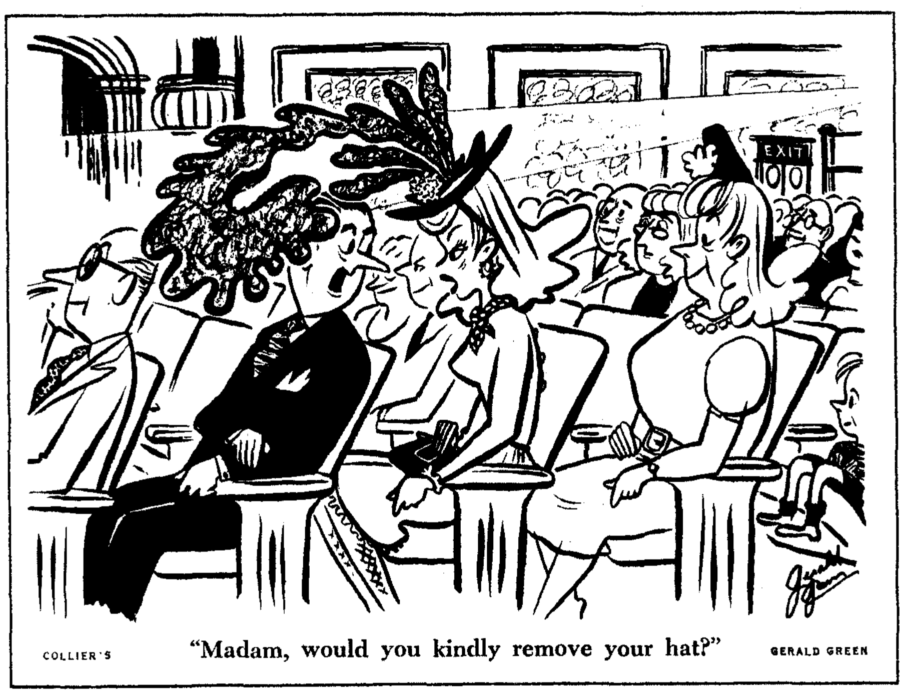
New York shocked me, after London. I did not know that women actually drank whisky, and often too much of it. Besides, I preferred champagne or absinthe frappés. But Frohman was the inventor of the star system. He permitted me to be seen in public very little and wouldn't even let me go to other plays when I was not working for him. Still, you meet some very interesting people in the theater. One was a grand old gentleman—Dr. Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain.

Mark Twain would come to my dressing room often when he was depressed and rub his great shaggy white mane against my red hair. "We redheads have to stick together, Billie," he would say. Another Twain line was, "Truth is the most valuable thing we have, Billie—let us economize it." I always expected him to say something funny, but he never did. He was sad in those years, after "Livvy" and his beloved daughter died, after his financial collapse, and after his great artistic powers had gone.

It seems the Frohmans used to play billiards with him at the Players. One evening I overheard them talking about Mark Twain.

"He doesn't win enough, he's unhappy," said Dan Frohman.

"Let's let him take every third game," C. F. suggested. And they did, in spite



COLLIER'S "Madam, would you kindly remove your hat?" GERALD GREEN

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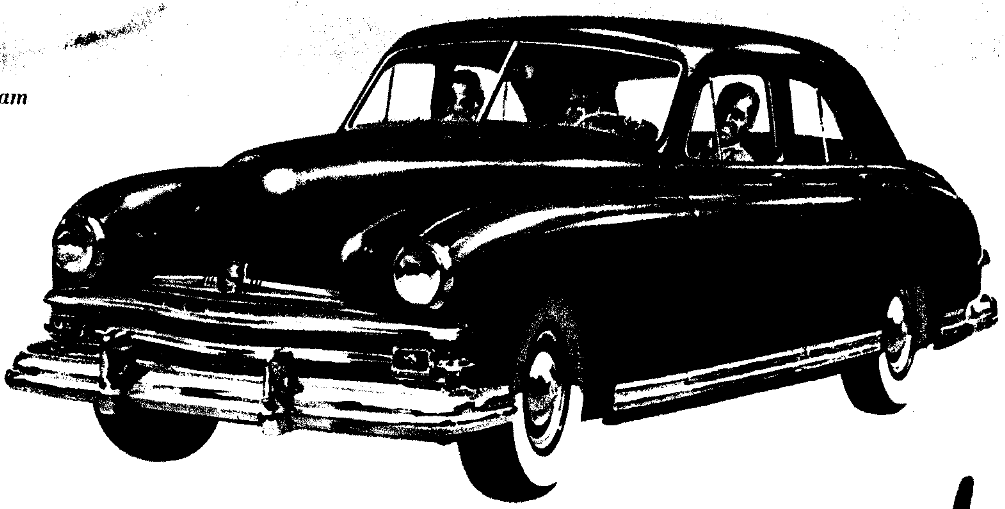

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KAISER DE LUXE

Why don't *you* drive a 1949 Kaiser and find out?

of the fact that Mark Twain was meeting them every day in court in a bitterly contested lawsuit.

My contract with Charles Frohman was verbal, never a scrap of paper. I had agreed to work for $500 a week and not to marry for five years. I was perfectly happy about this, though I was not forgetful of my Irish naval officer, and was tempted—a little—by Enrico Caruso. But one day Maxine Elliott came up to Hastings to see me.

Of all the beauties who were important in my life, including Marilyn Miller, Olive Thomas, Lilian Lorraine and all the Ziegfeld Follies choruses—and I mean all of them—Maxine was the loveliest. And she was the only one who did not threaten me. Indeed, she did me a financial favor. She asked me how about my contract with Frohman.

"Why," I said, embarrassed, "there isn't any contract. Frohman doesn't have a contract with Maude Adams, either, or with any of his stars. But he never misses paying me my five hundred a week," I added crisply, very business-like.

"My dear," said Maxine. "You know I work for Lee Shubert. Now, Shubert would be very happy, I know, to pay you fifteen hundred dollars a week, under a long-term contract."

There was a thundering scene when I reported that to C. F. "Spy," he spat out. "Trying to steal you. All right. Fifteen hundred. Plus 10 per cent of gross. Only five hundred cash. Rest in bonds. Investment for you."

Delightful Enrico Caruso

When we took Pinero's The Mind the Paint Girl to Boston I met an extraordinary person named Enrico Caruso. The great tenor was at the top of his form then, both vocally and romantically. He came to the theater every evening he was not singing, and every night there would come hurtling down from his box an enormous bouquet of American Beauty roses, vastly to the amusement of the audience. I finally met him at luncheon.

Immediately after that, he began to come to my suite at the Touraine to fall on his knees and beg me to marry him.

"Leesten, my leetle red mouse," he would plead, "I seeng you the most lovely aria in all music," and he would fill his great lungs and pour forth golden notes in such crescendo that the whole apartment trembled.

We walked often around the bay, where his first concern was to see if his "Mi-mi" was well. He would open his great throat and let the notes soar, then announce smugly, "Ah, my Mi-mi, she is well."

I am afraid I mistreated this wonderful man. I thought he was a great mischievous baby, to be teased. Usually when I had dates with him I brought along a half dozen Harvard boys who took turns being my fiancé. They ate all of Caruso's spaghetti and inhibited his rather overpowering brand of Latin lovemaking, though their presence hardly ever stopped him from proposing several times an evening. Who knows how it might have turned out!

It was that delightfully written play, Mrs. Dot, which introduced me to Somerset Maugham. Years later, I visited his handsome home in London. Over his mantelpiece was a small picture of me in a beautiful frame.

"Do you know that interesting young woman?" he asked. "I will tell you who she is. That is the woman who gave me this house. We really made quite an extraordinary pile of money out of that play, you know."

Somerset Maugham was a handsome man in 1910, as he is today, for that matter. He is known as an English novelist, but to me he was French, because he was born in Paris, and because of his elegance. He wore swallow tails and striped trousers, piping on his coat, smart gloves, a stick, and a gray top hat. And he had great, beautiful brown eyes. Ah, yes, Mr. Maugham, so you did, and I was a little in love with you, to, sir.

But I owe Somerset Maugham a great deal more than many delightful evenings and three good plays. Somerset Maugham took me to a New Year's party in New York in 1914 that touched off the most extraordinary series of events in my life. I should say, perhaps, that my life started from that evening.

I had given a rather lavish New Year's party for the Forbes-Robertsons, who were sailing for England, and when it was over, Maugham suggested that we look in at the Sixty Club costume ball at the Astor. We enjoyed dancing and it seemed like an idea full of fun.

The Man in Evening Clothes

We made quite an entrance. I came down a grand staircase at just the right moment. Anna Held, strange and dark, foreign-looking and utterly beautiful, turned and stared at me. She had just split with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. The eyes of the men in the party even turned away from Gertrude Elliott, who was the prettiest woman there. And at the foot of the steps, not in costume, but slim and tall in fresh evening clothes, stood a man.

He had a Mephistophelean look. His eyebrows curved up in the middle, whimsically. He was very dark and satyrical and proud-looking. Maugham and I swept by and began to dance.

I remember the orchestra. Freddie Zimmerman, a society figure, was marshaling the Paul Joneses. The dark man took me in his arms and began to dance, expertly, smoothly, while I chattered. Perhaps I should have put this in before. I always chatter. He never said a word, but he touched me with his knee, a little signal to turn. I thought this was a wicked thing to do, but I rather liked it.

There was another Paul Jones very soon, and there was my dark man again. And another Paul Jones, and my man again. Without a word.

Someone spoke to him. "Hello, Flo," a girl said. "I thought you went home."

You must believe me. I had never been to the Follies, though by this time Florenz Ziegfeld had such stars as Nora Bayes, Sophie Tucker, Mae Murray, Leon Errol, Ann Pennington, Fannie Brice, Bert Williams and George White all working for him.

I knew about Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., though. His reputation was most dangerous where women were concerned. I saw Anna Held's great puzzled eyes watching us as we danced. I knew, too, about the affair with Lilian Lorraine, whom Ziegfeld always loved.

Flo Ziegfeld was, shall I put it, *careless* about women. He was as famous for this in New York, I suppose, as he was for his Follies. I had never met him on Broadway, chiefly because Charles Frohman kept me away from him: Frohman despised Ziegfeld as much as Ziegfeld despised Frohman.

As Mark Twain advised me, I shall economize with the truth. I was confused. I was, and I knew it, desperately and foolishly falling in love with this strange man, with whom I felt a sudden strange oneness. It seemed that he had danced me into a new, glimmering world of swirling emotion. Yes, I knew Flo Ziegfeld was dangerous to women, but even if I had known precisely what tortures and frustrations this man would bring me in the next eighteen years—this man with eyes that alternately smoldered or turned to swords' points—I should still have gone right on falling in love.

If by now you've fallen in love with Billie Burke as we have, rejoice with us that the second installment, equally enchanting, follows next week.

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fi

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit!

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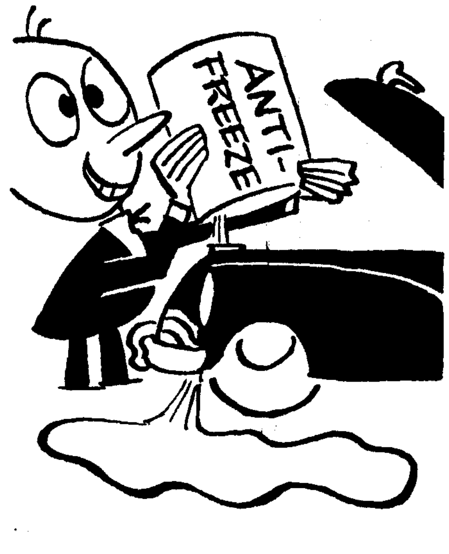

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THE TREE OF HEAVEN

Continued from page 21

but Hugh seemed to understand; he looked at her deeply and shook his head once, as though he could not find words for answering. He did not believe much in words anyway, knowing other ways to convince, and now his arms came round her.

Barbara thought of her friends in Davenport with proud contempt. She had gone far beyond their stingy maxims: Keep a man guessing, never put all your eggs in one basket, never let a man be sure. It was as though—and perhaps they had their reasons—they considered men adversaries to be outwitted, wielding doubt as a weapon against superior strength, turning it like a mirror in the sun to daze and puzzle the opponents.

"God, I love you." He almost groaned the words against her ear and she, opening his jacket to put her arms around his waist, held him close and repeated his words to him. They made this declaration to each other often, always with a mingling of pride, helplessness and wonder at having discovered the power that lived within the hackneyed phrase.

How terrible, how parsimonious and pathetic *not* to put all your eggs in one basket, *not* to let a man be sure, Barbara thought. Instead of guarding equilibrium she had contributed everything she had to achieve this state of marvelous imbalance. She had often heard that no relationship can continue at such a blissful angle of distortion: It must adjust itself or be destroyed. Naturally it would never be destroyed, but Barbara found it equally difficult to believe that it would ever descend to the passive and habitual.

Sometime during this delirious period the tree beyond the window began to obey the season. It burst out suddenly in small stiff cockades at its twig ends which gave it a cramped festival look. Each warm day these cockades grew larger, becoming brushes, plumes, and finally big flat parasols of leaves. They were tender as cambric and when the wind blew, it was like many draperies rustling, as though some large and gentle deity were strolling past the window.

ALL through the summer when Barbara returned from the office and the hell-baked streets, the tree gave an illusion of latitude, of country, of release, all its fronded parasols turning in the hot evening breeze as she and Hugh sat in the window watching it.

"In China, where it comes from, they call that the tree of heaven," Barbara said. "You might guess that it would come from a land where life is poverty-stricken and tenacious."

"And from a philosophical land," Hugh agreed. "Where they know how to make marvels out of next to nothing."

"It doesn't take so much to make a marvel. Two people together, that's all it takes," said Barbara, who did not mind being sentimental.

All through that summer they went to the country on Sundays. They lay on many beaches and walked through many fields and woods, often turning to each other suddenly, kissing, pressed together, murmuring, all alive to each other, every sheltered or secluded spot that they came upon rousing in them simultaneously the need to demonstrate their love. Barbara would always remember everything about that summer of intense heat and intense love, with its shifting backgrounds of sea and meadows and shaded rooms and the green tree in the window.

In the autumn she went home for a week, begrudging every moment and resenting her parents' lien upon her time. She viewed them and her friends from a great distance, seeing them smaller than life-size and trivial in their interests and romances. She was vague yet haughty with them, engrossed in love, and often they found her irritating. It was a relief to everyone when she returned to the city.

In the autumn one remembered that the city was an island. The wind that crossed it smelled often of docks and rank water, the air seemed vigorous, still salted and stirred by its recent contact with the sea, and overhead, sometimes, one saw gulls flying. The season which in the country was a stately and elaborate withdrawal into silence and sleep was, in the city, a time of gathering excitement; a new page was turning, and promises, or at least hints, were in the air for everyone. Barbara and Hugh came into each other's arms as though they had been separated by years and by continents.

THE second winter was different from the first. Barbara got a promotion and had to work harder. Hugh, too, seemed to be busier than before. Sometimes two or three days went by without their seeing each other, but they talked often on the telephone and sometimes wrote notes. Yes, it was different—Christmas passed, the heart of winter was upon them again and spring far off. What had happened to all the hints and promises of fall?

Barbara hurried to work each morning as she had a year ago, and if she leaped the curbs less often, still she was happy. She supposed that her relationship was "settling" at last; and now it was possible to understand and even to accept the term— She knew him better now, far better than she had. She had learned the things that it was well to know about a future husband: that he was sometimes rather stuffy about being teased, that it pained him to lose an argument, that it was wiser not to call him too often at the office, and better when he called her not to let him know how anxious she had been to hear from him.

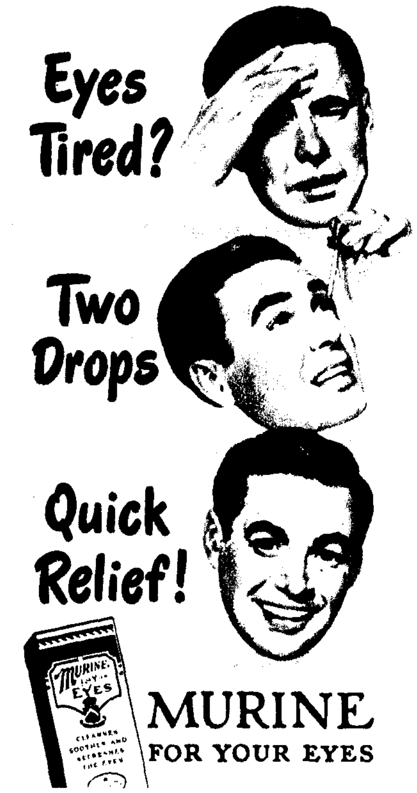
These characteristics, since they were Hugh's, seemed to her more endearing than not and she learned how to deal with them skillfully, and with tenderness. Little stratagems, like little strands of smoke, crept over a condition which had seemed, at least, to be clear of any reservation. What she did not realize, or would not admit, was that where strategy exists there must, somewhere, be fear—

That was a long harsh winter. February seemed as long as seven Februaries. The sky was dense and swollen, and great bitter winds poured through the streets. The ailanthus tree quaked and rattled beyond the window. Barbara could hear it out there at night when she was alone, working or trying to read. She was alone rather often, and when Hugh was with her he seemed—only now and then—remote, a little different in some subtle way. She struggled silently against asking the important question, and eventually asked it.

"You seem changed. Is anything the matter?"

He looked at her rather coldly for a moment. Then he laughed. "Nothing's the matter, silly girl. I'm tired, I guess. I've got a ton of work on my neck." He stroked her forehead with the warm palm of his hand, but she was only partly reassured. What had been an unconscious fear had now crept out of its hiding place to become a conscious nagging little doubt.

March carried not one hint of spring and April was mean. Oh, if the summer would come, Barbara used to think; oh, if the days would only be warm and soft again, all the hard knots of anxiety, the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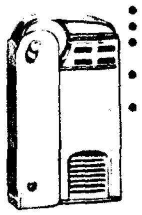

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cold prodding knuckles, would be melted away— Certain years, certain periods of our lives that were intensely felt, are preserved, after a passage of time, as distilled essences in the memory. From the great amorphous litter of remembered words, visions and sensations, the pure essence of our responses is extracted and the flavor retained forever. By these flavors we know now that such a time was more bitter than we thought, and that another one was sweet or strange that seemed prosaic in the living.

Barbara thought of the summer that had ended months ago and found that it had been distilled: It emerged in her recollection glamorous, glittering, tender and exciting; sweeter, painfully the sweetest, of all things she remembered— Oh, let the summer come, she thought, let the warm days begin! It must, it must be lived again.

But when May came at last, mild and beautiful, she was unable to take pleasure in it. During a period of weeks the little doubt had grown immense, a bottle-genie shadowing the world, and she could not escape this shadow anywhere except in Hugh's presence, and often not there.

She was fatigued by the debate, the argument, that was taking place inside her all day long. She was herself the argument, being alternately now the negative and now the affirmative answer to the same unvarying question. When she was able to exist as the affirmative answer she was wild, reckless, feverish with joy; and when she became the negative answer she was a stooped and haunted creature: she could not stand up straight and her breastbone hurt her. What would happen to all this love of hers? she wondered. There was love in all her veins; she was full of the wine of love. If it could not be poured, if he no longer wanted it, it must ferment inside of her, it must spoil, turning to vinegar, until she was corroded and destroyed by its imprisoned action.

In the most utter submission of her life she turned her head and spoke against his cheek. "I love you. I would die without you."

He, after an instant, a tiny pause, pressed her shoulder and said, "Do you think I don't love you?"

That satisfied her for the moment, yet later when she considered it, she knew that a year ago, even three months ago, he never would have answered such a statement with a question. The genie's shadow fell across the day, and the painful tedious argument began again.

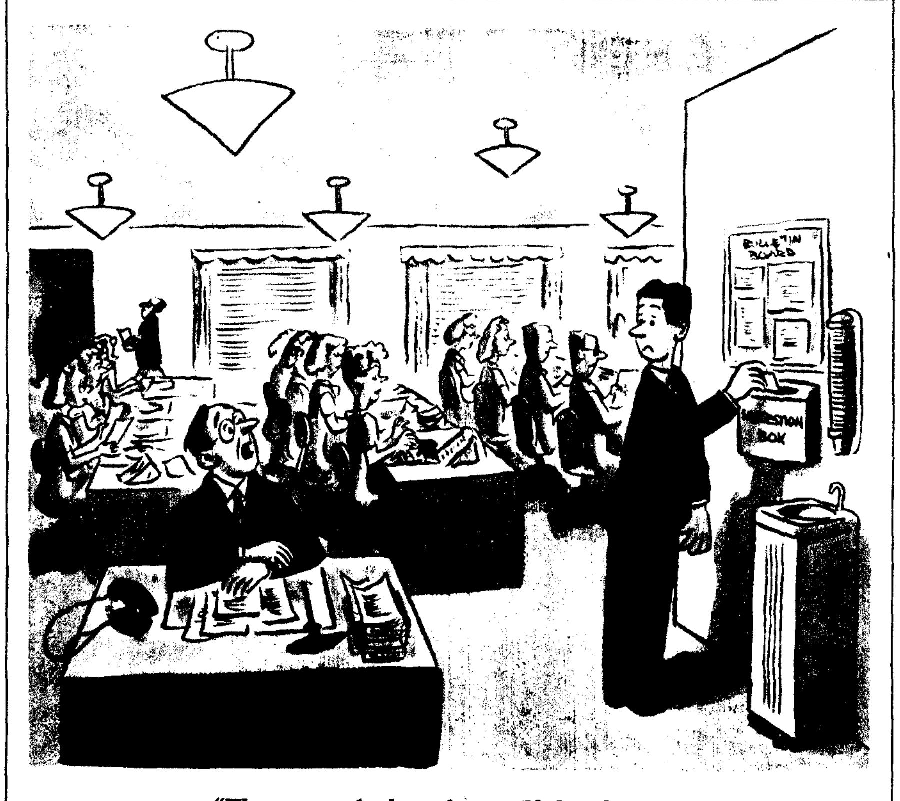
But it had never really been an argument after all: From the very first whisper of doubt the outcome had been assured. The incorruptible appraisal system at the heart of her perceptions—which was so often ignored—had pointed to this for many weeks. Yet still, though knowing, she could not accept it as the truth. Until he said the words, actually told her that he was finished, through with loving her, she must be harnessed to a persistent and ungainly hope that sprang up clumsily at the wrong moments, destroying things, irritating him and driving him into further silence.

The tree was now in full leaf. She noticed it one evening when she came home from work, leaning her forehead against the glass which was not as cool as she had expected. The new leaves brushed and rustled softly in the air. How dirty they were already! On their green surfaces there was a dust of glinting particles and she saw for the first time that on one branch, enclosing the terminal twigs, there was something that looked like a veil of soiled tulle. Inside of it, among the damaged leaves, a languid populace was moving.

Barbara drew back from the window half repelled, half gratified. Where formerly she had found rewards she now found maledictions, and these seemed to her to be well-earned and justified. If she was incapable of holding love, then it was right that ugliness should be ignited wherever her eye fell, breaking forth from all things with the sly vivacity of fire—

THE next time she looked at the tree, days later, its corruption was far advanced. The skeleton leaves were draped in musty shrouds, and new shrouds were in the weaving. Large and lusty, the ugly hairy denizens strolled and devoured. She was shocked into momentary action: it seemed outrageous to let the damage go on. But the landlady was away on a visit, the Park Department would not attend to a tree on private property, the florist had no one to send, and her zeal went down in apathy.

She had not heard from Hugh in two weeks. Each evening she and her telephone were involved in a silent battle of wills. Twice she lost, but when she dialed his number there was no answer— She hated the indomitable jetty instru-



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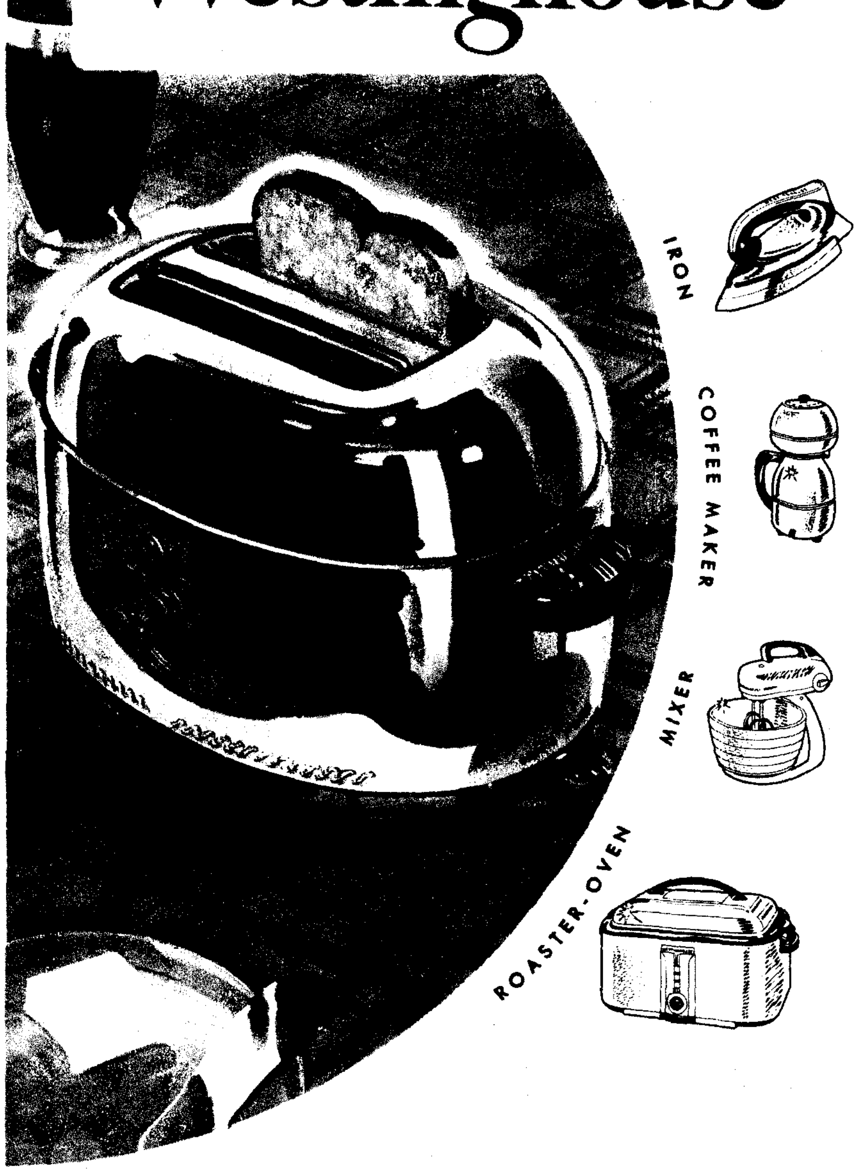

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ment, and when she sprang to answer its ringing and heard only the voices of her friends she hated them as well. She had many enemies besides the telephone: all couples holding hands, all people kissing in the warm evenings, the postman who brought only the wrong letters, her own reflection in any mirror, and every caterpillar in the ailanthus tree.

Only of Hugh she could not make an enemy. In spite of his unexplained neglect and change of heart, in spite of the craven withdrawal into silence where there should have been explanation or honest admission, in spite of all this which she recognized perfectly well, she was unable to think of him as an enemy. Convinced that the failure was more than half her own, she did not think: What did I do that was wrong? She thought: What am I that is wrong? She was torn, committed, humbled past repair; her emotions were a howling wilderness of longing and self-reproach.

The third time she succumbed to the telephone's domination she found him at home.

"Why, hello, Barbara," he said. He sounded surprised. Why?

"I'd like to see you, Hugh."

"Why, sure. Of course. Tomorrow sometime?" How false and uncomfortable he sounded.

"All right, tomorrow. About five fifteen? Here?"

"Perfect. I'll be there."

"Goodby, Hugh."

"Goodby, darling."

SHE was trembling when she put down the receiver. Ah, what an arid little interchange, and yet in spite of everything the large awkward hope lumbered to its feet like a herd of cattle, trampling and lowing. It forced her off her course to such an extent that she bought a new dress for the occasion, bought roses for the apartment and tilted the blinds to hide from view the tattered tree beyond the window.

And all of it, of course, was done in vain. Their encounter was more miserable than she could have foreseen. Hugh was gay, bright, full of chat: Keep the whole thing light was his idea. Yet he looked troubled, almost scared, glanced often at his watch and seldom at her and there was nothing light about him. He was no one she had seen before. Barbara's voice sounded strained to her own ears. Now that he was here, acting like this, she could not speak to him as she had wished; she fell in with his idea, making conversation without value, and they were like two people in a play, amateurs, poorly organized and cruelly self-conscious.

"I've got to go, I'm sorry, Barbara. I have an appointment in twenty minutes at Ninety-second Street."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"I forgot all about it when I talked to you—"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right." Her mouth felt like cardboard as she smiled. This was how things ended; even for her.

From habit she walked down the stairs with him and out to the front steps. Now that he was all but free, he could afford to linger for a moment. He looked up at the tree.

"My God! What's happened to it?"

"Webworms. They started days ago, weeks ago. Horrible, isn't it?"

"But can't something be done?"

"The landlady's still away. I tried everyone, everything—" His concern, his participation in her mood led her to an impulse. She put her arms around him, close, in the bright outdoor daylight. "I tried everything. Oh, Hugh. Hugh—"

Within her arms he stood motionless, polite, but with his own arms at his sides. In his stillness she could sense the urgency of flight, and his heartbeat was like the walking of a stranger, someone she could never know; who, if she confronted him, would fail even to see her. She dropped her arms.

"All right, you're released," she said bitterly. "You can go now. But why couldn't you say the words? You used to love me and now you don't. Why couldn't you say it? It would have been better."

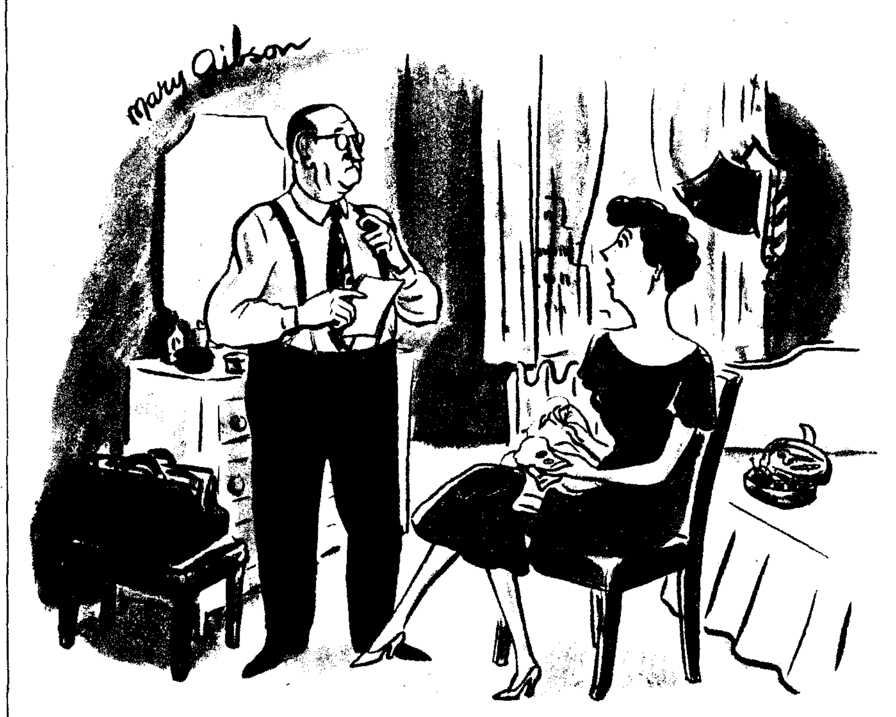
A sudden compunction came over him: it was obvious that he wished to be remembered in the light of grace.

"Barbara, Barbara, I'm so sorry. Don't be hurt. Let me try to tell you—it's not in any way your fault, it's mine entirely; it's just that I—that things don't seem to be—" But it was no use. He would not bear the truth. His glance fell from her face. "What are we making a scene about? I'll be calling you when things loosen up, Barbara. It will be all right then, really it will."

"Never mind," said Barbara, and went into the house.

She turned once, looking back through the grillwork of the front door. If he should still be there, watching her—But he was not there. Of course not. By now he would be halfway up the street—sweating, no doubt, mopping his brow, but free again, free as air.

She went back into the dusky living



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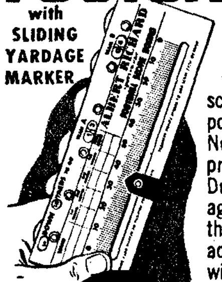

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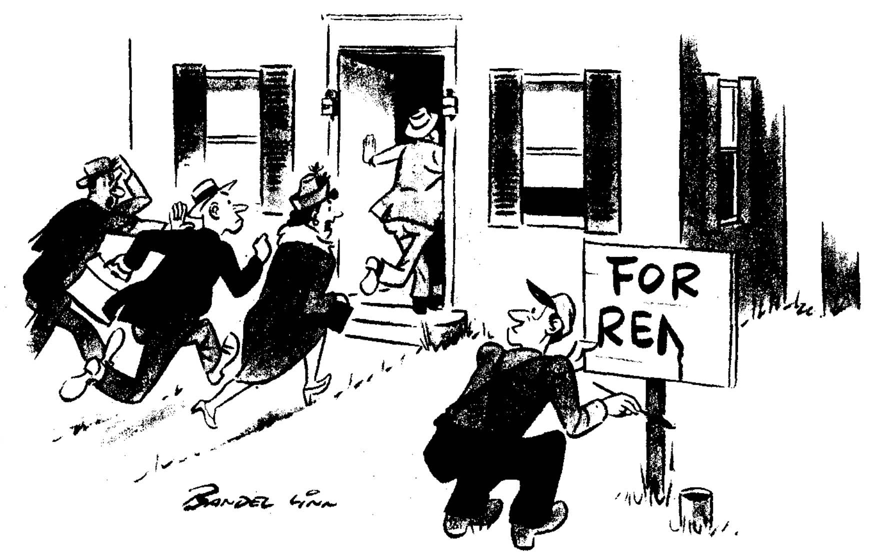

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

room, seeing his glass and hers, the untouched dish of *canapés*, the unbearable roses in the vases.

When she went to open the blinds to the hot late-afternoon sunshine something tickled her neck. Abstractly she put her hand up, touching something tiny, furred, *alive!* Frantic, panic-stricken, she plucked it off and flung it to the floor. The caterpillar lay there writhing, adjusted itself, searching out directions with its weaving head, and started to riffle away along the floor.

"No, you will not," said Barbara, and with one fierce stamp of her foot all the components of a striving, demanding, goal-ridden life were crushed to a slimy stain of green, and she burst into tears.

SHE now found out what it was like to live from hour to hour. Carefully, with concentration and caution, she built each hour upon the one before it, like somebody constructing an edifice of matchsticks; but if she made a hasty move, looked away, even sighed, down would come the whole thing, and she would have to start all over again. At first it collapsed several times each day, and at night it was all over the place—she did not see how she would ever get it together again—and in the morning she was filled with pain and boredom at the task ahead of her. But as time went on it stayed together pretty well, though she did not dare subject it to the mildest test.

The summer was burning hot. She worked harder and longer than she had ever done before, staving off the bad time when she would have to go back to the apartment. As she came down her street those bright, brassy evenings, she could see the tree in front of her house leaning out over the iron fence, wrecked and corrupted. Hung with tattered snares, nearly destitute of leaves, it crackled, it stirred visibly with the movements of its despoilers.

At night when she lay in the living room—her bedroom was stifling—she could actually hear them feeding out there, a tiny crepitating sound of industrious and ceaseless greed. In the morning the pavement beneath the tree was filmed with pellets of greenish-black excrement— But when they had fed for several weeks the first caterpillars began to depart from the tree; small rippling dabs of fur that escaped death under heel or wheel climbed the stone walls, even invaded the houses. Barbara plucked them from the picture frames, from the curtains, and one hot night she found one strolling across her pillow— If I get through this summer I can get through anything, she thought.

Love died like the nerve of a tooth, outraged and haranguing in its prison. It did not wish to die but clung tenaciously to its life for a long time, and the pain was so intense that one felt that if one could get to the heart of it, concentrate on it, examine it unsparingly in the instant of its happening, one might possibly be able to understand it, and then it would change from pain to something else.

She was awakened one morning by a sound: curious, rural, staccato. A sound of finality, therefore melancholy. What does it remind me of? Barbara wondered, lying in her bed— ("Oh, my orchard!—my sweet, beautiful orchard!" Lyubov says. And then in a few moments, the stage is deserted and there is the dull sound of an ax)— Remembering, Barbara sprang from her bed and ran to the window.

The landlady in a long faded house coat was standing on the front stoop calling commands to a colored man. "Look out, don't let it fall this way!" she cried. "Don't let it break the windows. Now wait! You better wait a minute till that lady gets past."

"Oh, what are you doing?" cried Barbara, leaning out of the window. It was easy enough to see. Already there was a deep blanched bite in the tree trunk.

The landlady turned her pale-gray face up to Barbara. "Look at the thing! Just filthy. That's the first thing I said when I got home last night: I'm not going to put up with these *worms* ever again, I said. Go on, Harold, get it done and out of the way before people start going to work."

Clop. Clop. Clop. The tree trembled mortally and the caterpillars flew from it like heavy drops. Then it broke, hesitated in space, and fell with great despair and grace across the iron fence and pavement beyond.

"Chop it up now, Harold, chop it up," neighed the landlady eagerly. "If we store it in the cellar it'll dry out; make good firewood next winter. Hurry up, Harold, get it out of the way."

Barbara drew her head in.

Oh, how different her room was now! How queerly light! It showed up the soot that had clouded the ceiling corners, and altered the color of the walls. It looked so strange, not like the same place at all.

I'll have to get it painted, Barbara thought. I'll make it another color, yellow maybe, or maybe white. I'll change the furniture around too, and put up other pictures.

"It will be a different place," she said aloud. "All different, all new, completely changed."

She caught sight of her face in the mirror and it was the same tiresome melancholy face that it had been for months; nevertheless as she looked at it she repeated her words: "All different, all new, all changed."

Perhaps after a while there would be some truth in them. For the first time she was willing to believe so.

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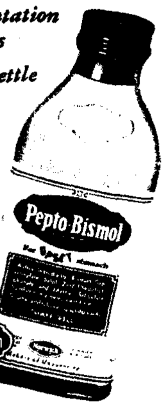

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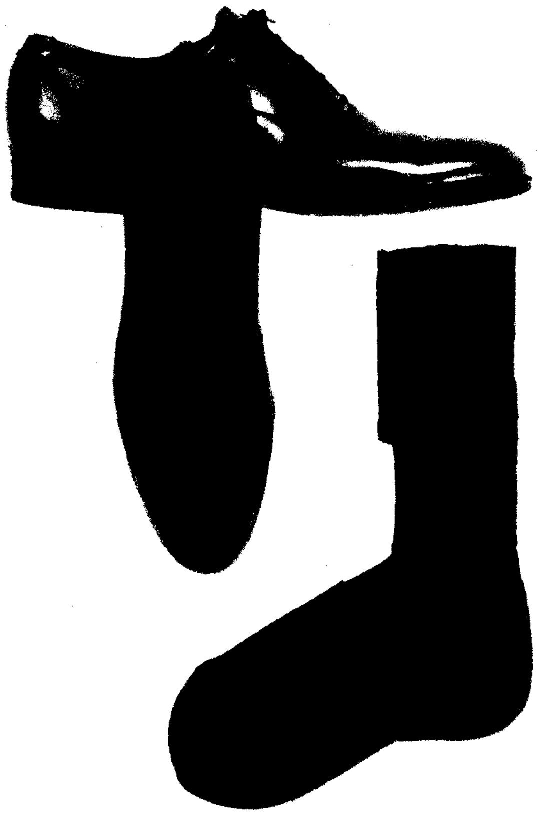

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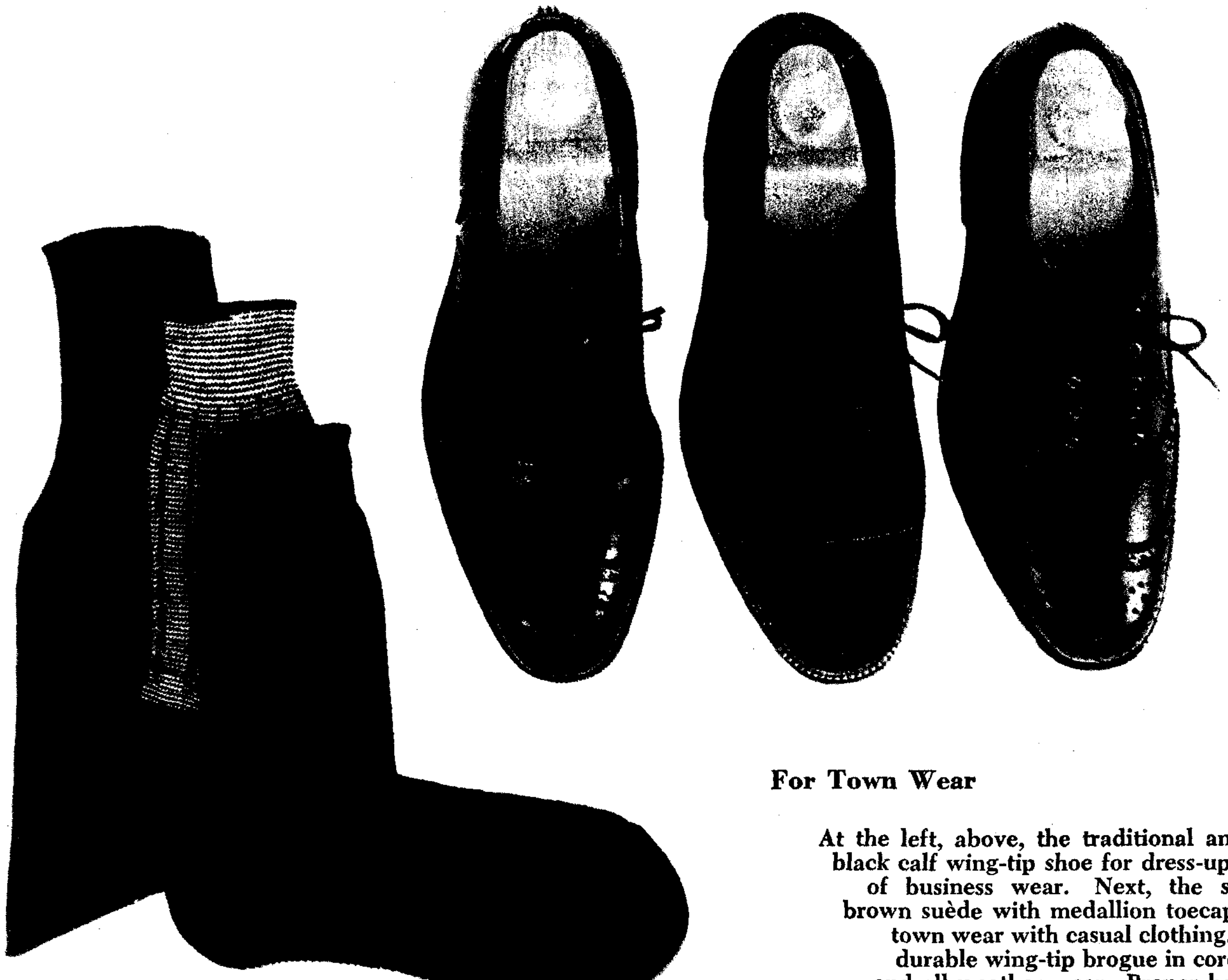
For Evening Wear

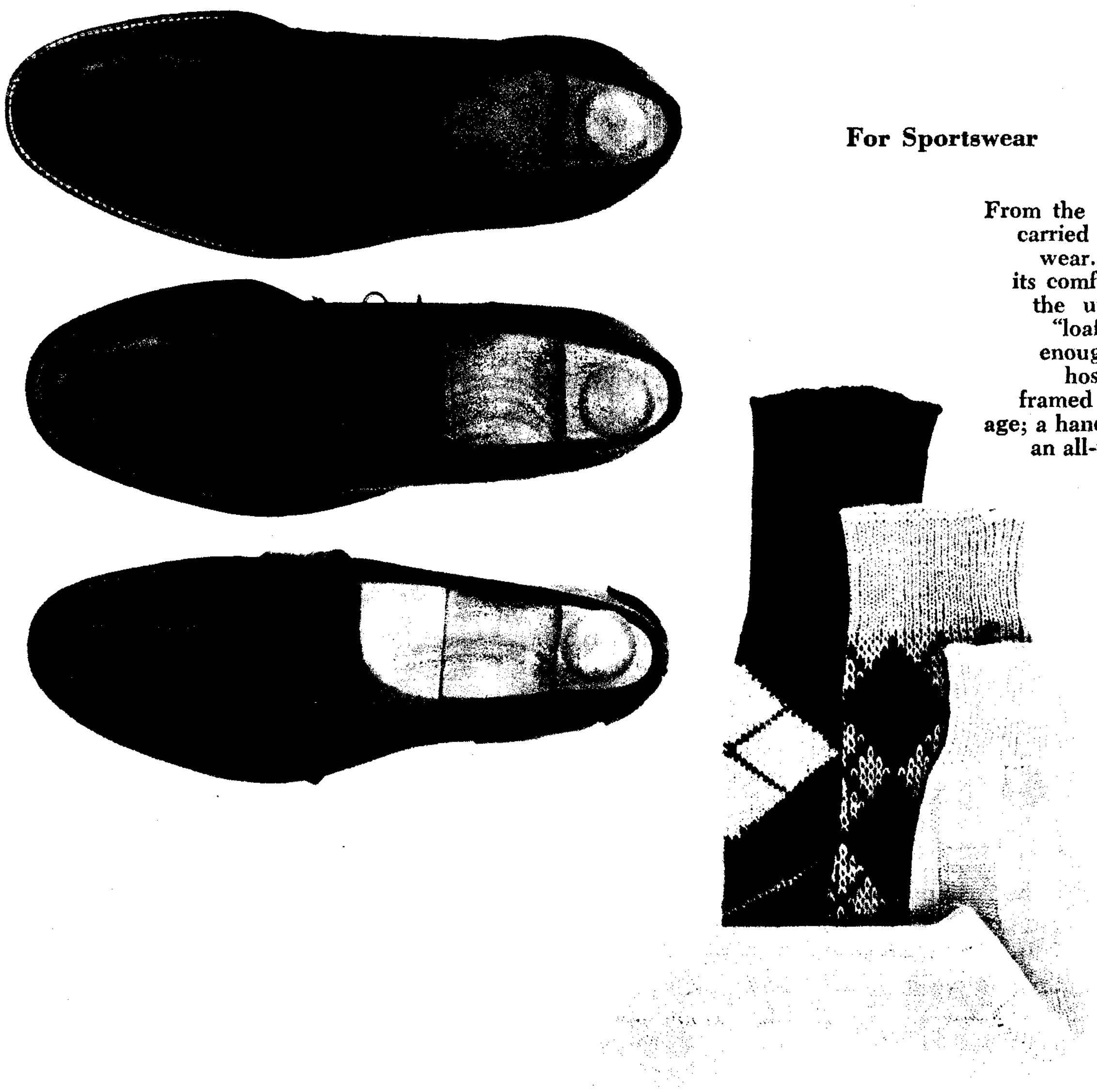
Patent leather is the proper favorite for all occasions when evening clothes are worn. The dress Oxford (shown horizontally) is equally suitable with dinner jackets or tailcoats. There has been a slight but noticeable return to the patent-leather pump (shown vertically) and more than a few men prefer the subdued black kid, which blends well with the grosgrain lapels of many dinner coats. The correct and luxurious hose, for all types of evening wear, are the plain black all-nylon fine rib as illustrated



For Town Wear

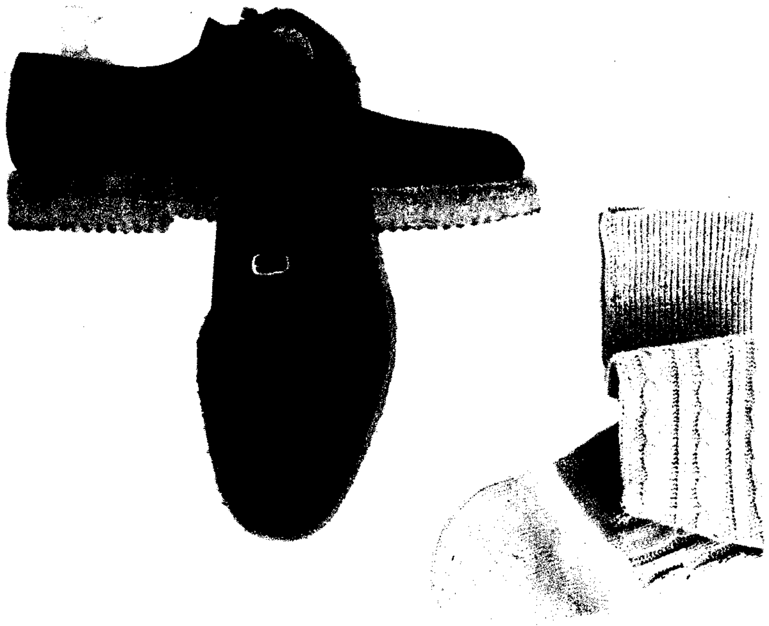
At the left, above, the traditional and conventional black calf wing-tip shoe for dress-up or formal types of business wear. Next, the smart, leather-soled brown suède with medallion toecap, appropriate for town wear with casual clothing. And at the right, the durable wing-tip brogue in cordo-calf for all-occasion and all-weather wear. Proper hose for this group of shoes include, in the same order—nylon-ribbed half hose with embroidered clock; a genuine 6-by-3 ribbed anklet, of wool and cotton; and a links-and-links English-style ribbed anklet, of wool and cotton

DRAWINGS BY ALVIN PIMSLER



For Sportswear

From the top down, the monk-front shoe which carried over its popularity from military to civilian wear. Next, a plain-toe blucher, liked equally for its comfort and neat appearance. At the bottom, the universally favored moccasin, or so-called "loafer." The one shown, with a strap, is dressy enough for town wear with informal clothes. The hose, left to right, include the all-wool, hand-framed Canadian Argyle, treated to resist shrinkage; a hand-knitted pure wool Argyle design; and an all-wool links-and-links bold basket effect, with nylon-reinforced toe and heel



For Country Wear

There is almost no limit to the wide variety of shoes now available for country or leisure wear. They provide the utmost in comfort and the ultimate in styles. They range all the way from the most casual zephyr weights, which have come out of California, to the sturdy knockabout brogues which will withstand the roughest treatment. One example is the crepe-soled brown reverse calf, with three-eyelet strap and buckle. It's smart, stalwart and comfortable as an old glove even on the first wearing. A fine choice of hose, for this type of shoe, is the all-wool, hand-framed, full-fashioned cable-stitch sock as shown. It is imported in a wide range of dark and pastel shades

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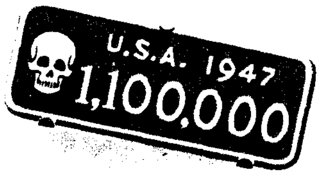

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DEATH HAD STRANGE HANDS

Continued from page 15

official business. But he had a week's leave before the impending transfer to Paris."

"When was he last seen?"

"An arabana driver remembers taking him to the neighborhood of Dr. Fadan's house Monday evening. He had often driven him there." Chafik twisted his *sidarah,* the black forage cap worn by civilian Iraquis, then frowned at his hands. "The hotel switchboard operator remembers that a lady telephoned him earlier. She had a foreign accent and was distressed."

"It was probably Naomi Fadan's answer to his letter." Ellsworth picked up Lebrun's letters and looked at the attached translations. "... Do not choose death," he quoted. "That's the devil of a thing to write."

"There can be several interpretations, sir—"

"I can see only one." The Chief Inspector's voice was hard. "The woman's constant refusal unbalanced him. I'm surprised he didn't kill her Monday. Was there a quarrel? What does the servant say?"

"He is very loyal to Madame, sir. But after persuasion"— Chafik coughed discreetly— "he informed me his mistress sent him on an errand and told him not to hurry back. Therefore he did not see Lebrun."

Ellsworth said, "The husband was away, too. But obviously Lebrun went to the house in answer to the telephone call and received a final 'No.' He went off somewhere to brood. Came back last night—"

"Sir?"

"Damn these crimes of passion! I always feel sympathy for the poor, ruddy murderer." The Chief Inspector thumbed tobacco into a pipe with a large bowl. "Lebrun was hanging around when Fadan went to the hospital. Went in and strangled the woman, as he had threatened in his letter."

Smoke from the Chief Inspector's pipe drifted across the desk, and Chafik daintily moved his chair. "The letter, like the fingerprints, disturbs me," he said in his precise English. "I am not happy."

"It's a clear case. We know Lebrun's motive, and the fingerprints prove his guilt."

"Fingerprints confuse me—"

"Dammit, Chafik! Bertillon's system is infallible—"

"Only God is infallible." The little man's dignity silenced the Chief Inspector. "But I do not doubt Bertillon. The fingerprints were those of Lebrun. We have both the right and left thumbs. The small finger of the right hand, and two other fingers of the left. All were exceptionally clear. And yet—"

Chafik's voice became thin. He spoke, now, as if thoughts were escaping on the wings of words.

"Why were both hands smeared by lipstick? Was not one hand enough to silence the lady's cries? And why the thumbprint?"

"You mean the one on the cheek?"

"It was as sharp as if rolled on. A signature of death. So the kings of Babylon put their triumphant seal to a warrant of execution. So does a flourish of drums conclude the arrogance of martial music." The little man heard himself and rose in confusion.

Ellsworth looked at him with amusement. "Don't weave a fowler's net and get yourself snared," he said. "The little mysteries will be cleared up when we catch Lebrun."

"I do not like mysteries, sir. There should be no doubt in one's mind when one touches the shoulder of the accused man.".

CHAFIK put his hand to his mouth and sucked the blister raised by the cigarette burn in Dr. Fadan's study. It was on the point of bursting, and irritation made him forget his manners and his usual salaams when he left the Chief Inspector's office.

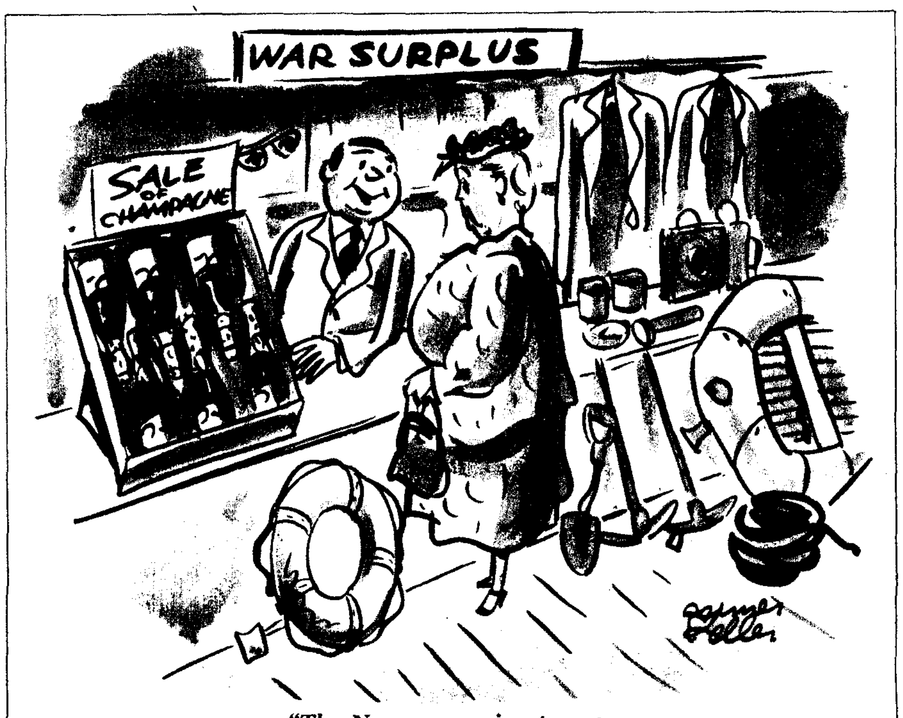
He stood for some time outside the door looking for a way out of the labyrinth of his mind.

At last he announced conversationally to the empty corridor, "I am very foolish. Lebrun strangled Naomi Fadan in an excess of passion. It is not an unusual murder—"

Suddenly he was aware of physical relief. The blister on his forefinger had burst. He examined it with satisfaction, but was disturbed by the untidiness of the dangling fragment of skin. Carefully, he cut it away with the folding scissors in his pocket manicure.

And suddenly, a monstrous pattern took shape. He looked at the injured finger, at the piece of skin, and ran down the corridor to his room.

He said breathlessly to Sergeant Ab-



"The Navy was going to use it for launching purposes"

COLLIER'S   REAMER KELLER

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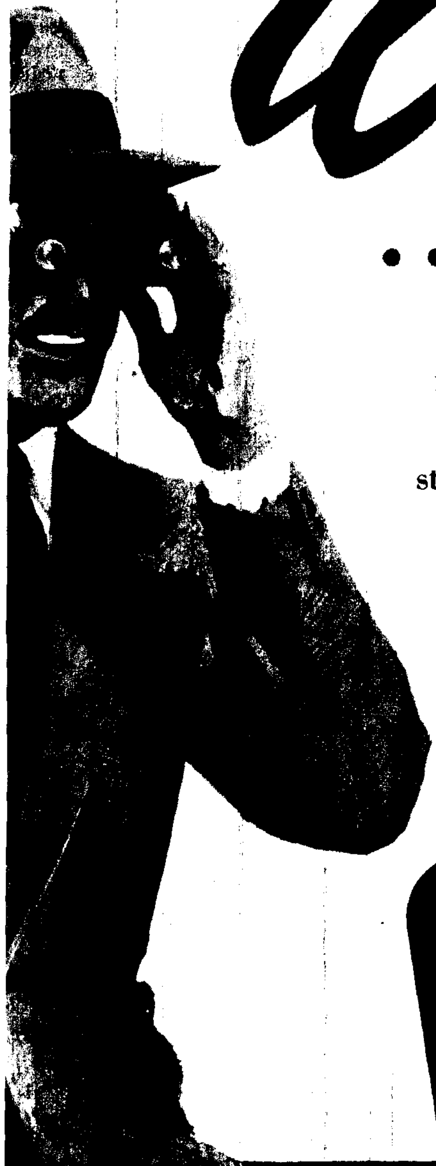

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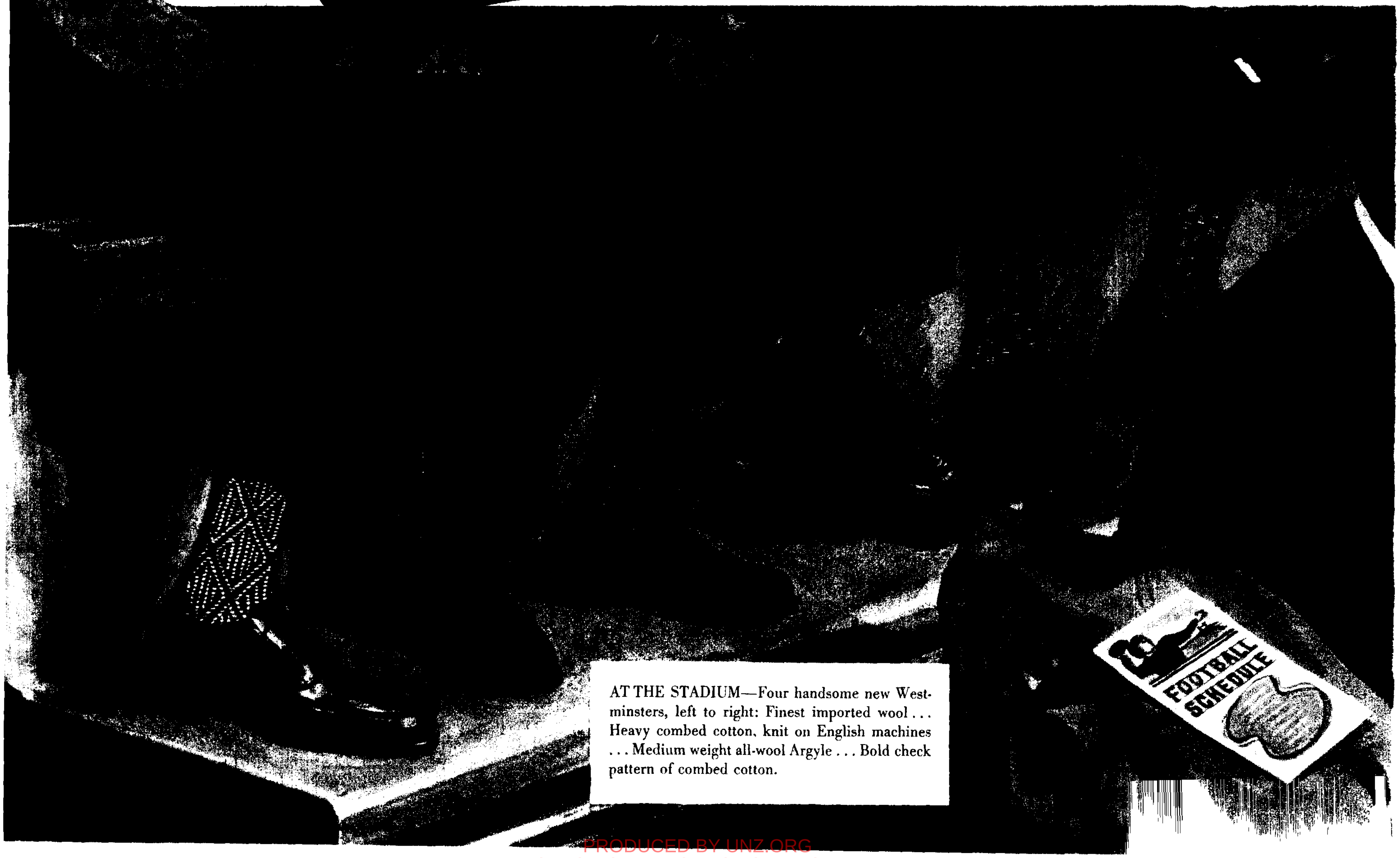

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dullah, "The fires of Hell have lighted the darkness!" Taking the telephone, he dialed Dr. Fadan's number and spoke with the servant, then cradled the instrument. "Only the dead wife is there," he said. "The doctor is at Hinadi. He rides horses."

The tall sergeant made a soothing gesture. "He seeks relaxation, sir—"

"I can never relax," Inspector Chafik said bitterly. He held out his hands. The fragment of skin from the blister lay in the right palm. There was a crimson patch on the left forefinger. "What do you see, Abdullah?" he asked.

"Sir, I observe you have injured your finger. If you will permit me to apply a bandage—"

"The hurt is within me, Abdullah. Let us go to Hinadi."

BELOW the military barracks at Hinadi, a suburb of Baghdad, was an agricultural district irrigated by a loop of the Tigris. There were no big houses; only the settlements of the *fellahin*, mud hovels roofed with flattened gasoline cans. Beyond, the land merged with the wilderness of gray sand surrounding the city.

At the edge of the desert, and shaded by a few ragged date palms, were Dr. Fadan's stables. The approach was a narrow road ending in a high wall. The gate was open, and Inspector Chafik left his car and picked a dainty path across the yard.

A hut adjoined the stable building. A middle-aged man, whose coarse gown was molded by the wind to his sturdy body, stood on the flat roof of the hut, intently watching something in the distance. He turned when Chafik climbed the ladder and joined him.

The man said, "The master rides. He is out there." He pointed with a brown finger at a cloud of dust which rose sluggishly on the horizon. "Satan rides Satan," added the groom, and spat.

"You speak without respect," Chafik said sharply. "Was that why your master discharged you?"

The man gave a sullen look. "There is no justice," he muttered. "He sent me away for nothing. I, Hassan, who served him faithfully for many years. The Bedouin dog he took in my place—"

"You saw the new groom?"

"As a shrouded corpse carried to the grave." Hassan flung out his arm in the direction of the dust cloud. "Look!" he shouted.

The rider had turned and was streaking across the flats to the stables. The horse, unusually large for an Arab, pulled viciously against the snaffle. The powerful legs had the drive of pistons as the brute came into the yard at full gallop.

Hassan said, "God the Merciful! God the loving-kind—"

The frail man in the saddle twisted the reins with a giant's strength, turned the maddened horse, forced it to its haunches in the middle of the yard. When he let it rise, shivering but quiet, he struck it between the ears with clenched fist, and shouted, "Know your master, you devil!"

Chafik followed the groom down the ladder and said quietly to Fadan, "The hashish eater who flies with the eagles today crawls with the worms tomorrow."

The doctor looked down and his flush of triumph slowly faded. He said, "What?" in a distant voice, and dismounted, throwing the reins to Hassan. For a moment he covered his eyes and then turned wearily to the Inspector. "What brings you here? Has Lebrun been found?" he asked.

"I have come for information."

Chafik gestured toward the hut. They entered the single room, furnished with a broken chair, a native bed, a few straw mats.

Dr. Fadan said, "I have already given you all possible information."

"I wish to know more about the groom who died."

"The groom? As I told you, he was an old man who had a heart ailment. His death was from natural causes and I issued the certificate accordingly. There is nothing to add."

Inspector Chafik broke the seal of a fresh packet of Ghazi cigarettes, selected one for the doctor, offered it with a bow. "Who were the corpse washers?" he asked.

"The corpse washers?"

"We of the Moslem faith bury our dead with minimum ritual. But the body is cleansed for the earth's embrace. Who washed and shrouded your groom?"

Fadan limped out of the light of the doorway before he answered, "I did it myself. I was obliged to stay here because of the horses, so I usefully employed my time preparing the poor old man. He had no relations or friends in Baghdad." His voice became shrill, complaining. "But you ask peculiar questions—"

"I ask you another. Where were you when Madame telephoned Lebrun at the Semiramis Hotel on Monday evening?"

"I told you I was here—"

Chafik said, "The groom was the witness and the groom is dead. It would have been possible to return secretly to the house and overhear the conversation. And I remember the seclusion of the driveway to your house. How well screened it is by trees."

Fadan put his back to the roughcast wall. His hands were in his pockets and his dark eyes were fixed, staring. He said, "Are you suggesting I waylaid my wife's lover when he called on her Monday night?"

"It is you who say he called on her," Chafik said in a soft voice.

"Do you think I killed him? Was it his ghost that came back last night and strangled Naomi? Have you forgotten the fingerprints?"

Chafik said, "It would disturb my excellent assistant, Corporal Yacoub, if I asked him to fingerprint a ghost. But he is very successful with corpses—"

Fadan whispered, "I hear you."

"Sometimes," continued the Inspector, "we take from the river a body so decomposed that there are technical reasons why identifying fingerprints cannot be taken in the usual way. Yacoub applies science." Chafik drew at his cigarette. "Yacoub removes the skin from the finger tips and fastens it to his own with a quick-drying cement. He then rolls not his own prints but those of the dead person."

Fadan whispered again, "I hear you."

"The subject is ghoulish. It did not enter my mind until a blister burst on my finger. Don't you think, Doctor, that your wife met death by very strange hands? Am I not justified in exhuming the remains of the poor old friendless Bedouin who died here of heart failure?"

The man against the wall moved suddenly. His hand, weighted with an automatic pistol, slipped from his pocket and swung upward.

"I confess to your ears because your tongue will soon be silent," Dr. Fadan said. There was no anger in his voice, only tiredness. "I struck down my wife's lover in the driveway Monday night and brought the body here in my car. You have correctly summarized what followed. The guilty were justly punished."

Chafik looked steadily at the muzzle of the gun, at the finger crooked on the trigger. He said, "Before I make my salaams to the Recording Angel permit me to say you do not know yourself. The man who rides a Satan on four legs and shouts with the joy of his victory, does so to conquer his own physical inferiority. Your mind, like your leg, is crippled, Dr. Fadan. It was this complex, not justice, which drove you to double murder."

He saw the trigger finger tighten, the staring eyes dilate. Involuntarily he raised the puny shield of his hand.

CHAFIK was talking rapidly now. "And it was so unnecessary," he said. "Naomi was always faithful to you. She refused Lebrun's attentions. She rejected him as lover—"

"You lie!" Dr. Fadan said violently.

"My soul may soon stand before God. Can I lie now?" The little man watched the sweat stream down the quivering face of the murderer. "I could pity you if you had not planned so devilishly. You discharged the groom so you could install the body of Lebrun as groom. You arranged the operation as an alibi reasoning correctly that a man who had just given life would not be suspected of death. My pity is for the sick who will be denied your healing hands which turned to murder."

"Faithful—" Fadan whispered.

"Lebrun's letters prove it," Chafik said.

He saw the gun waver. He saw the tortured eyes darken with horror. And the Inspector turned slowly and walked to the door. He could hear the horses neighing in the stables, and the clatter of Hassan's bucket.

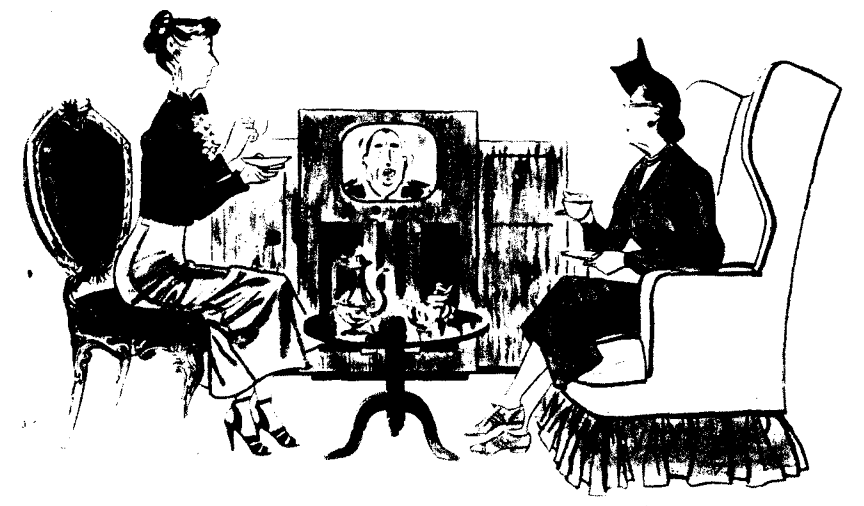
"Do you remember Othello?" he said over his shoulder, and quoted quietly in English:

"*'I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.'"

Inspector Chafik went from the dark room into the sunlit yard. He put his hands behind his back and stood watching a kite hawk which hovered on the wind with ragged wings. The immense, silent desert, arched by cloudless sky, conjured eternity.

When the shot came he turned and looked with compassion at the body fallen in the doorway. "May I be forgiven but sometimes it is better this way," he said.

THE END



"Yes, it *is* marvelous; but of course I don't understand it at *all*. . . . I've never even understood the telephone"

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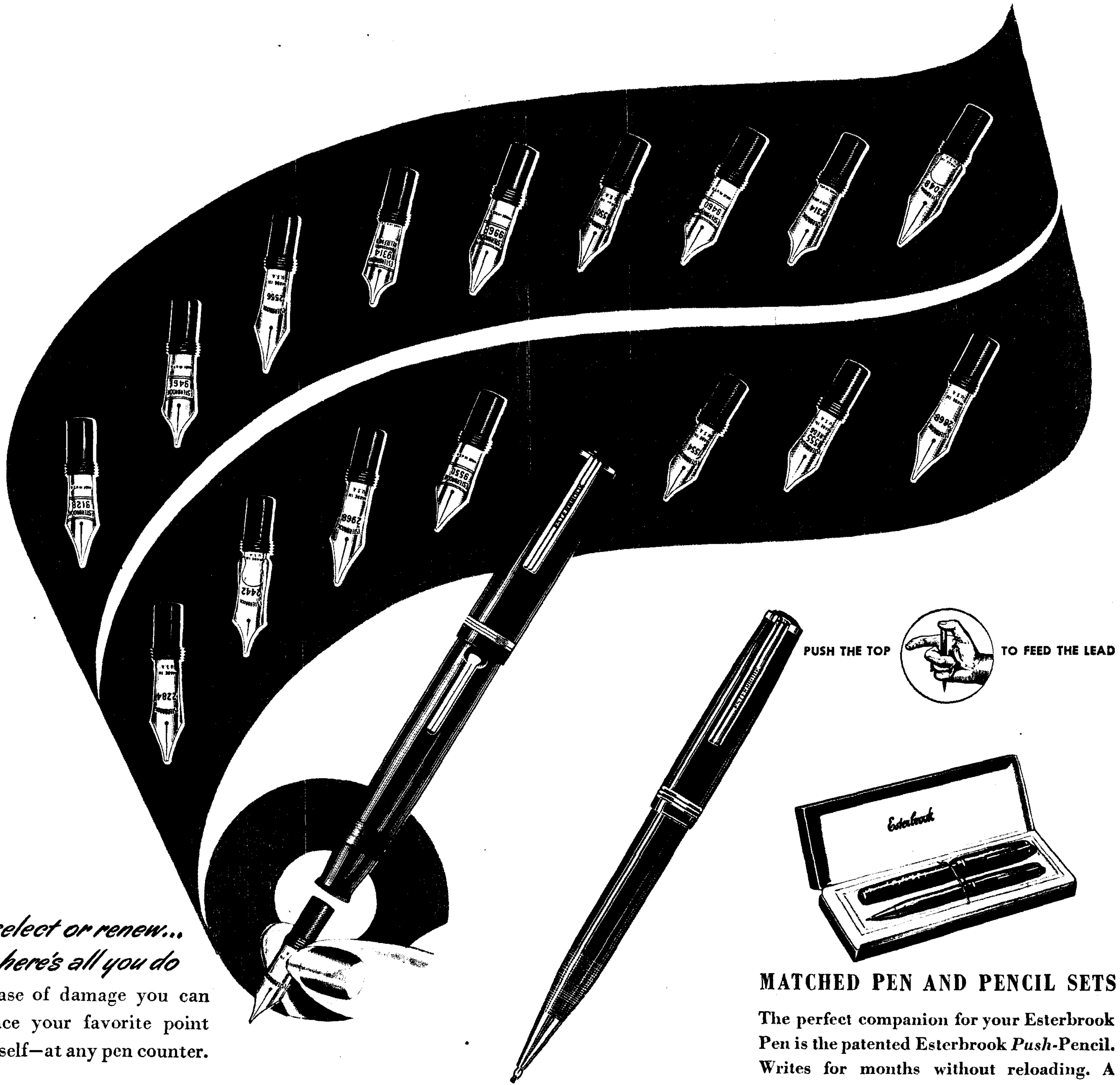

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OF MICE AND MOLLY

Continued from page 11

one would have guessed that he was a naturalist.

He had already published three books—somewhat the same sort of thing that Audubon turned out—and was slowly working his way through the animal kingdom.

So far he had written Our Little Brothers in the Air; Our Little Furry Friends; and Our Friends, the Wasps. All good, solid stuff.

During his stay at the Inn he hoped to complete the fourth book in this series, Making Friends with the Mollusks.

At the same moment that Bill stepped into the lobby of the Sea View Inn, Gwendolyn Marsh raised her hand to swat a mosquito. Few girls were better equipped to do so. A practiced athlete, Gwendolyn had a keen eye and a smooth forehand that had so far kept her remarkably free from mosquito bites.

Using a modification of her cannonball service, pivoting at the hips and keeping her eye on the mosquito, Gwendolyn started the down stroke.

AT THAT moment Bill dropped two suitcases, two tennis rackets and a bag of golf clubs, stepped forward and gently grasped her wrist.

"Now, now," said Bill. "Now, now, now, now."

Gwendolyn stared at him, transfixed. "What the devil do you mean, 'Now, now, now, now, now, now'?" she demanded, outraged.

"As a naturalist," said Bill, quietly, "I cannot stand by and see this tiny life destroyed."

"Oh, you can't, can't you?" said Gwendolyn.

"No," said Bill, "I can't. A mosquito is one of God's creatures. Has as much right to live as you or I."

Gwendolyn was about to remark that this was certainly true in Bill's case, when Bill smiled. He has a nice smile and it softened Gwendolyn.

"But he's biting me," Gwendolyn pointed out meekly.

"She," corrected Bill. "The males don't bite."

"This one," said Gwendolyn coldly, "thinks he's a female and is biting me anyhow."

"You can prevent her from doing so," Bill said hastily, drawing on his extensive fund of nature lore, "by holding your breath. This causes your pores to close tightly around her schnozzle, or proboscis, rendering her helpless. In addition, she is held prisoner, unable to escape until you permit it by breathing again."

Fascinated by this scientific information, Gwendolyn drew a long breath and held it. Just as she was turning blue in the face the mosquito staggered off heavily, barely able to fly, with the biggest load a mosquito ever took aboard.

"And I hope it chokes him," said Gwendolyn. . . .

From this simple beginning, romance burgeoned and blossomed. Both Gwendolyn and Bill were excellent athletes. Though of slighter build, Gwendolyn had almost as many muscles as Bill. At golf, tennis or swimming they were evenly matched.

There is a strong spiritual bond between a man and a girl whose backhands consistently nick the base line. Prior to Bill's arrival, Gwendolyn had been playing tennis with one of the boarders, an elderly gentleman who played very poorly but overcame this handicap by calling Gwendolyn's good shots out, and Bill was an unquestioned improvement.

When he was not with Gwendolyn, Bill devoted himself to his work, taking long walks along the shore, and either purchasing live bait and giving it its freedom or hanging from a rowboat with his head under water while he made observations of marine life.

Meanwhile, life at Sea View Inn underwent a remarkable change. Such was the force of Bill's personality that old boarders were seen walking slowly, heads bent, to avoid stepping on ants. Plates of cream were set out for cats. And not a few of the more social-minded boarders found themselves nodding pleasantly to horses.

This dreamy state extended even to Molly, our landlady's beautiful daughter. A warmhearted girl, Molly was naturally kind to animals. But there were several odd incidents which I attributed directly to Bill's hypnotic influence.

She was, for instance, extremely proud of her kitchen garden. Vegetables, under Molly's capable hand, flourished until they well nigh resembled the pictures on the seed envelopes.

I happened to be present when, standing among her precious tomato plants, she called Bill out of the house.

"Bill," she fluted. "Come see the perfectly darling little cutworm."

Naturally, I was stunned. The relationship between Molly and cutworms had been, heretofore, strictly that of squasher and squashee.

As Bill came into the garden, he was, of course, concentrating on cutworms. Naturalists are trained observers, and when a trained observer is asked to look at a cutworm, he looks at a cutworm. He does not—as Bill did not—notice whether a girl has golden brown hair—as Molly had—or deep, sea-blue eyes. Like all scientists these days, Bill was a specialist. Good on bugs. Only fair on girls.

"Where?" he said, looking around for the cutworm.

"Right there," said Molly, pointing. "See? He's cutting through the stalk of this tomato plant, just like a tiny woodsman. Soon it will be lying on the ground, dead. Like those two other plants."

"And you don't mind?"

"Mind?" Molly smiled sweetly. "I only wish I could help him somehow. It must be very exhausting work for such a small cutworm."

ODDLY enough, I did not at once realize that Molly was in love with Bill. I suspected it the following morning, however, when I caught her in the kitchen mashing the lumps out of his oatmeal with the potato masher. Also, as I sat next to him at the breakfast table, I noticed that his toast had butter all the way out to the edges, while my own had the customary smear in the center.

As an old friend I confronted Molly with this evidence, and she gloomily admitted that Bill had captured her heart. However, according to Molly, Bill gave her about the same amount of attention that he would give a grubby little man selling insect repellent.

"Practically none," said Molly plaintively. "He doesn't even notice me."

"Nonsense," I said. "Of course he does."

"No, he doesn't either," said Molly sadly. "Then, of course, there's Gwendolyn."

"Prut," I said. "What about Gwendolyn?"

"Well, I'm not clever or sophisticated like Gwendolyn. And I'm no good at golf or swimming," she said in a low voice. "Or tennis."

"Mere accomplishments," I said cheerfully. "A man like Bill looks for something more than good passing shots in a wife. The Australian crawl," I said, "isn't in it with a sweet, lovely nature."

Privately, however, I was forced to admit that a love affair in which one party was unaware of the existence of the other

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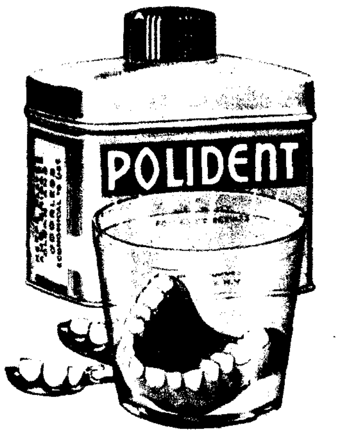

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party was bound to move slowly. I thought a moment.

"Tell you what," I said, struck by an idea, "you might gain his love by extending yourself to be even kinder to animals. Start a Sunday Breakfast Club for Centipedes, or something of that sort."

She shook her head hopelessly. "Gwendolyn is trying that angle. All put on, of course. At golf," she said tremulously, "she never putts until she has helped all bugs out of the cup with a blade of grass. And yesterday she wouldn't use her fast serve for fear of injuring some gnats."

"Telling blows," I admitted. "I wouldn't have believed her capable of such treachery."

There was a short silence.

"Speaking of treachery," I said thoughtfully, "what about framing her? A few spiders, dead of unknown causes on the sun porch. Her initialed handkerchief found near by—"

"Oh, no! We couldn't."

"Well then, look," I said. "Bill is a scientist. All great men owe everything to their wives. Well-known fact. Why not start early? Help him with his work, I mean."

"But how?" said Molly.

"Oh, lots of things," said I. "Put paperweights on his notes so they won't blow around—"

"But they don't blow around."

"Well, open the windows so they do blow around, *then* put paperweights on them. Keep his pencils sharpened. Wash his microscope. Get him some—what are those things he's studying?"

"Mollusks."

"All right. Get him some mollusks."

"Good idea," said Molly. "I'll do it."

THAT afternoon, about an hour after lunch, Bill was on his way out the front door, with his tennis racket tucked under his arm, when Molly staggered in the back door.

"Oh, Bill," she called. "I've brought you a bucket of clams."

He came back and helped her lift the bucket to the kitchen table.

"I happened to be out on the mud flats," gasped Molly, "and as I had this bucket with me I thought you might like some clams to study."

"Well, well," said Bill, peering into the bucket. *"Venus mercenaria.* Or," he explained to the laity, "young quahogs." He beamed. "Thanks, Molly. Only I wish you hadn't gone to all that trouble."

"It wasn't the least trouble," said Molly. "I'm really fascinated by mollusks and so forth. I've often thought I'd like to study them myself." . . .

Molly was shelling peas when I came into the kitchen and spotted the cherrystones.

"Nice-looking mess of eatin' clams," I observed hungrily, raising my voice to make myself heard over the clacking of my taste buds.

"Yes," said Molly. "Aren't they?"

I had my hand in the table drawer, fishing for the oyster knife, but the tone of this remark brought me up sharply. Its lack of enthusiasm, in the presence of a bucket of cherrystones, was unlike Molly, who is nearly as rabid about sea food, especially clams, as I am.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No," said Molly, glumly. "Nothing wrong. Except that those aren't eating clams. They're looking clams. We can't eat any."

"But why not?"

"Because," said Molly, "they're the ones I got for Bill. To study. Your idea. Remember?"

"Oh, is that all?" I said, relieved. "In that case I believe I'll eat one or two. Several. Half a bucket. The other half bucket is for you, of course. Bill's book will merely come out one day later."

"We can't. They have to go back to their folks," said Molly bitterly.

I started violently.

"Folks! Clams have no folks," I said.

"Hah!" said Molly. "Tell Bill that."

"How could clams recognize each other?" I said. "They're all clam-shaped."

"Explain that to Bill," said Molly.

There was a short pause.

"Has he seen the bucket?" I asked.

"He has."

"But not counted them?"

"No-o-o."

"Ah!" said I, triumphantly, pulling two chairs up to the table. "Then suppose we have a small one apiece."

"Oh, we mustn't," said Molly. "Oh, no. We can't. Can we?"

We had a small one apiece.

"Not bad," said Molly.

"Wonderful!"

"Nice and fresh."

"Lovely! Was the tide coming in or going out?"

"Coming in."

"The best time to get clams."

"Or it may have been going out."

"Equally good. My, such a lovely juice."

"Tang of the sea."

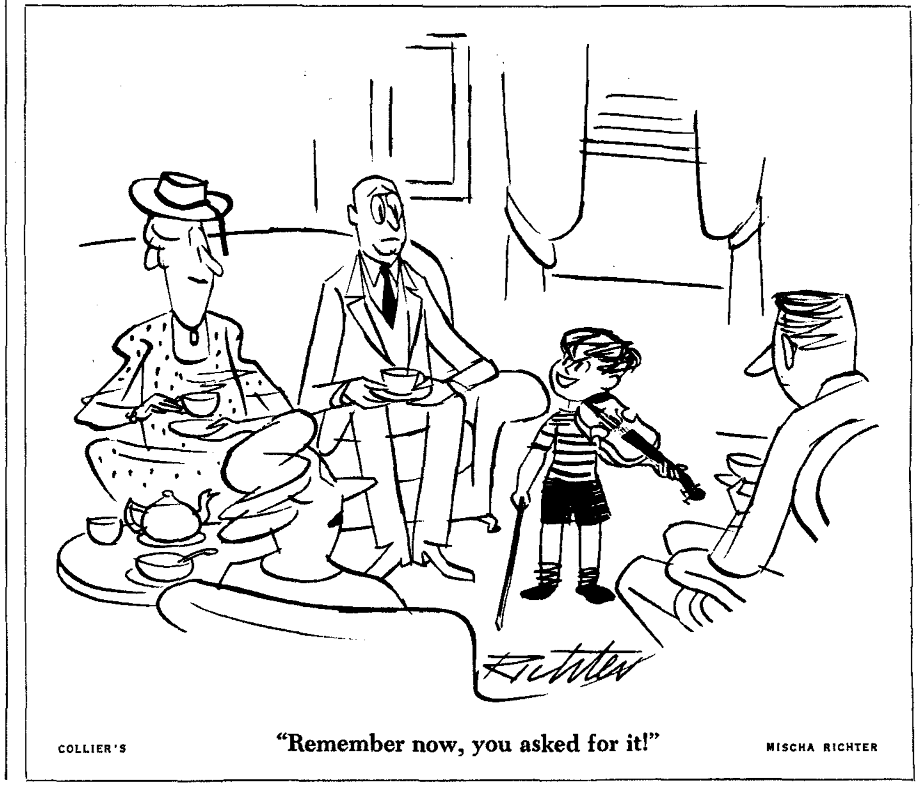
"Yes."

"Wouldn't want salt on these."

"No. Not salt. Pepper, perhaps."

Molly got the pepper.

"We've eaten quite a lot," Molly said



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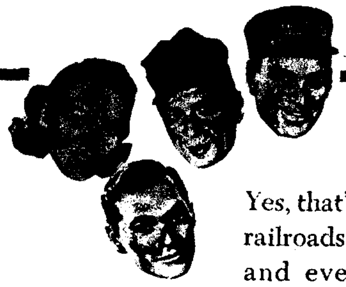

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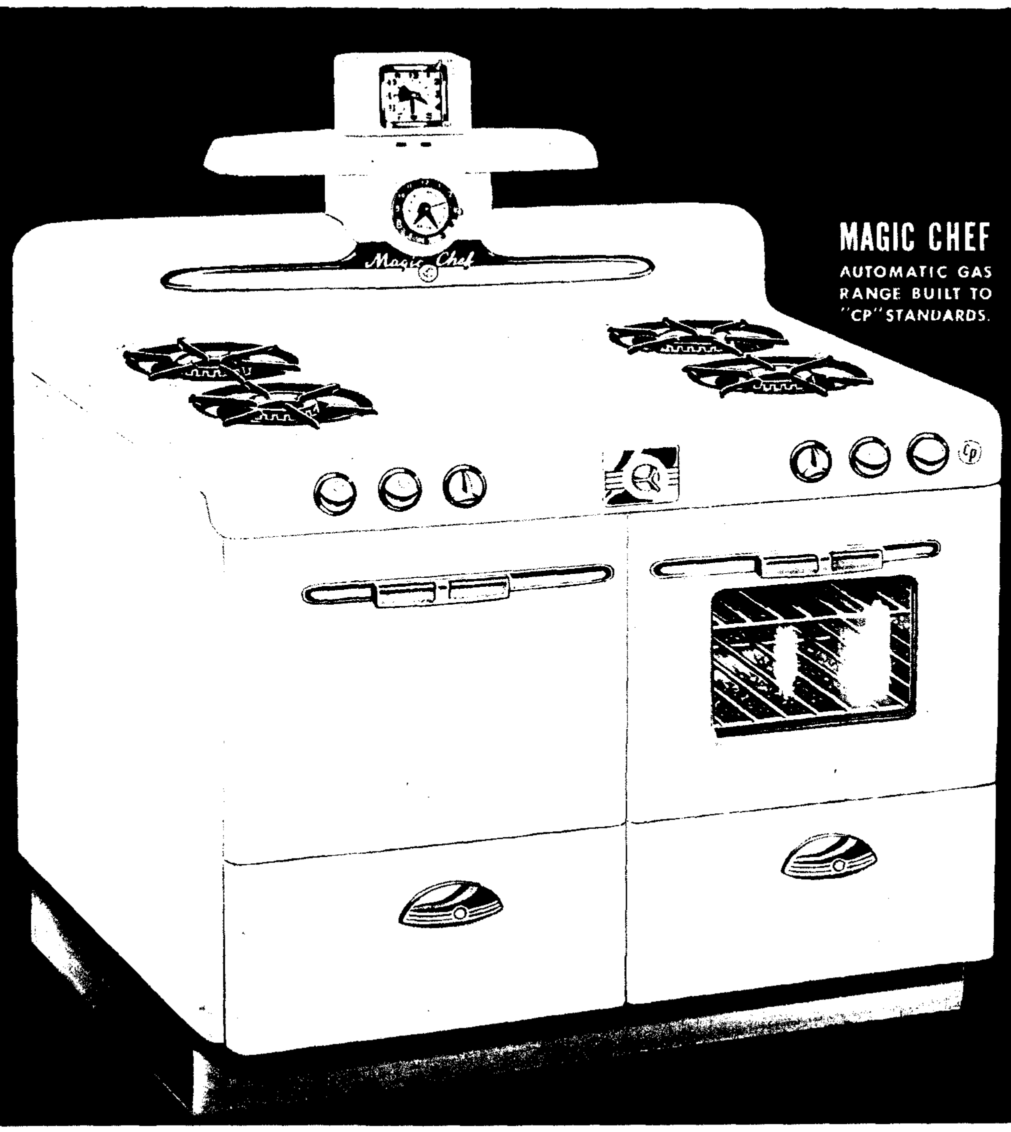

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ten minutes later, peering into the bucket. "Do you think Bill will notice?"

"Highly unlikely."

"Well, then. One more apiece."

At this point I had an inspiration.

"Let's put some crumpled newspaper in the bottom of the bucket," I suggested. "It will lift the clams up higher and look like more."

We spent some moments in rearranging the bucket's contents.

"Why, it looks like a brand-new full bucket," said Molly, happily. "Just pass me that knife, will you?"

We settled down to eating clams. Several times we ate too many and had to add more crumpled newspaper.

"Let's have just one more each," said Molly, finally, "and that's all."

On putting my hand in the bucket, however, I found it to be filled mostly with crumpled newspaper. After some scrabbling around I found one clam.

"Only one clam left," I reported. "The bucket seems to be full of crumpled newspaper."

"One clam?" repeated Molly, horrified. "We've eaten all the clams?"

"Except this one," I nodded, plying the oyster knife. "Here, you might as well have it."

"Oh, no. I couldn't. You—"

At that moment there was a clatter on the front porch, and the front door opened.

"Oh, Lord," said Molly, wringing her hands, "it's Bill."

A chill came over me like a wet bathing suit. Trapped! At any moment Bill would appear to claim his little chums, the clams. I thought wildly of rushing out to the mud flats, gathering another bucket of clams, and rushing back. Not enough time.

"Tell him it was a mercy killing," I urged hoarsely. "Clams despondent—minds gone—their lives hopeless—"

Molly shook her head.

"I've got it," I whispered. "The clams died in their sleep—happy, peaceful—"

"Do you smell clams?" asked Molly suddenly. "Here, let me smell your breath."

I haaahed at her.

"Heavens!"

MOLLY darted into the pantry and reappeared almost at once. I noticed that her breath smelled quite strongly of cloves.

"Here," she said. "Chew these up." And she gave me a handful of cloves. I stuffed them into my mouth as Bill hove up.

His manner as he greeted us seemed a trifle reserved. I had shifted my position to block him at the doorway, hoping to obstruct his view. But I got the impression that he was squinting over my head at the kitchen table, where lay a scene reminiscent of the worst orgies of ancient Rome.

Fortunately, I had had time to concoct a fairly plausible little story involving a rival naturalist. (This rival naturalist, envious of Bill's success with clams, had been hanging around the place in old clothes, watching his chance. Work of a moment for this rival naturalist to slip in, study the clams, eat them, and make good his escape.)

"Hawo," I said, speaking with difficulty on account of the cloves. "Hab a good tennis gabe?"

"Satisfactory," said Bill, shortly, "except for the rain."

"Raib? Wha' raib?"

"The same rain you see just beyond that window."

"Is it raibing?"

"It is."

I swallowed some cloves.

"Ah," said I. "That accounts for your being home early."

"Yes," said Bill. "But what accounts for that pile of clamshells on the kitchen table?"

"Clamshells?"

"A rather large pile, or mound."

"Are you sure they're clamshells?" asked Molly, uneasily.

"Quite sure," said Bill, frostily. "I have devoted some time to the study of shellfish, and I have advanced to the point where I can tell a clamshell when I see one." He walked over to the table and sat down. I sat down too, and inspected the shells narrowly.

"Looks like the work of a rival naturalist," I hazarded. "Come to think of it, I saw a ruffian-looking character skulking around the outside of the house, carrying a microscope—"

I broke off as a piercing, undulating scream came from the front part of the house. It was the kind of scream ordinarily heard only in horror films, when the heroine happens to run across one of the doctor's experiments that got loose.

"Gwendolyn!" cried Bill, springing up. "Something has her!"

THE workings of Fate (continued the captain) are inscrutable. It is a curious coincidence that the same storm that chased Bill and Gwendolyn home early from the tennis courts should also have been the instrument that brought Jennie to Sea View Inn.

Jennie was a field mouse, and she was trotting home through the sand and tough sea grass, hoping to reach her nice warm burrow ahead of the oncoming storm. This was a matter of some urgency because Jennie was pregnant, and had been for three weeks; which is about par for field mice. Moreover, full responsibility for the forthcoming family would be hers as her no-good husband (a mouse whom her mother had warned her about) had taken up with a low hussy-mouse and was now living in the broom closet of one of New York's most expensive hotels.

The first big raindrops spattered down as Jennie came opposite the Sea View Inn. The front door was open. Many field mice, confronted by such a dilemma, would have wasted valuable time squeaking and running about. Not Jennie. Without any hesitation she scuttled up the front steps, through the door, and into the big hall.

On her left was a small writing room with a large desk against the wall. Jennie trotted under the desk, clambered up in back of the drawers, and settled herself amongst the post cards in the second drawer.

Very cozy—

An hour later, Gwendolyn, having decided to send post cards to several people who were rather hoping for salt-water taffy, pulled open the second drawer. Out hopped Jennie.

It was at this point that Gwendolyn screamed, and Bill bounded into the writing room, closely followed by Molly. Gwendolyn was perched on a chair. Jennie, sensing a lack of cordiality in Gwendolyn's attitude, left by way of the double wicket formed by Bill's and Molly's legs.

"Kill it," bellowed Gwendolyn. "Kill it!" Then, apparently feeling that these directions were not explicit enough, she dredged up from somewhere deep in her consciousness the ancient war cry in the battle between anything small that moves, and man.

"Hit it with a shovel!"

I remember thinking that, one way or another, Gwendolyn had apparently developed some sort of aversion to mice. And, glancing at Bill, I could see that he thought so too. He stared dazedly at Gwendolyn. Romeo might have stared in about the same way if Juliet had suddenly pushed him off the balcony.

"But, Gwendolyn," cried Bill, figuratively picking himself up, "you love mice!"

"Not me," said Gwendolyn, breathing heavily, "I hate mice."

"But you told me you loved mice,"

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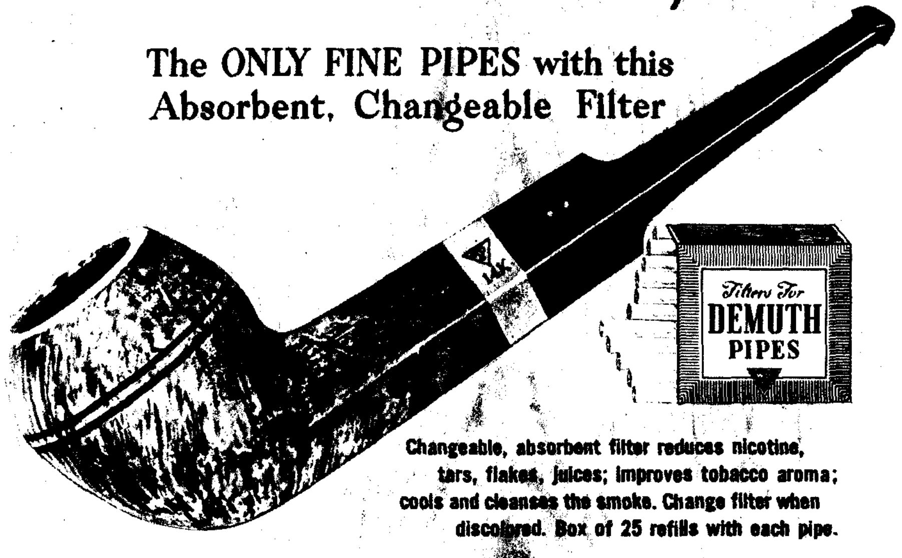

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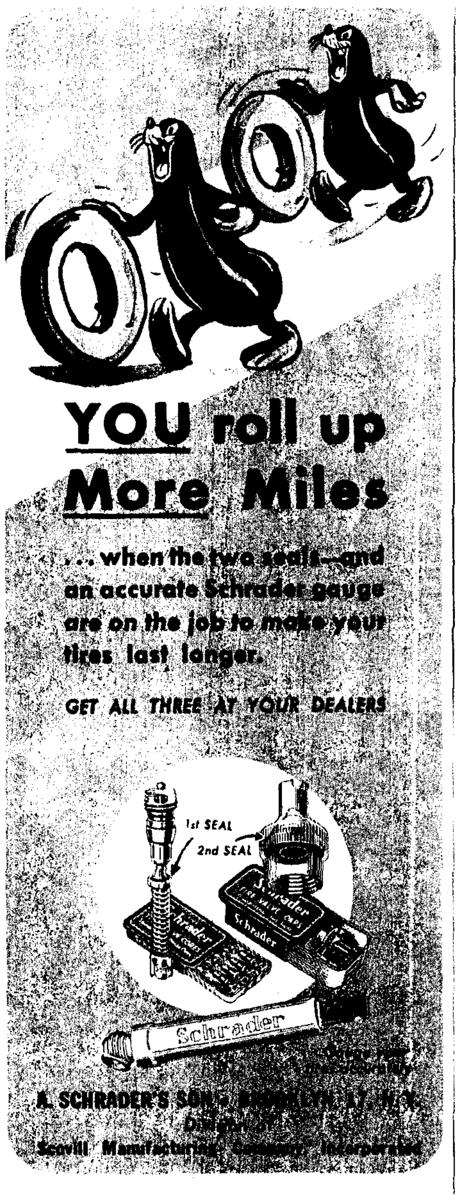
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argued Bill, puzzled. "Their bright, beady eyes—"

"For that matter," said Gwendolyn, "I told you I loved wasps."

"Don't you?"

"Not so you could notice it," said Gwendolyn, descending from the chair and moving warily toward the front door. "Furthermore, since my two-week vacation is up tomorrow, I might as well tell you that from now on I'm swatting mosquitoes again. I only stopped swatting them because there wasn't another decent tennis player around."

"Is that so?" said Bill, warmly. "Well, in that case our engagement is off."

"What engagement?"

"Our engagement to be married."

"But we're not engaged."

"I was thinking of asking you," said Bill, with dignity.

"Had you done so," said Gwendolyn, "I would have told you that while I deeply appreciated the honor, you could go soak your head. Besides," added Gwendolyn, pulling open the front door, "I am already pledged to another. I am engaged to Harold L. Proctor."

"Harold L. Proctor?"

"Of Proctor Exterminating, Inc."

The door closed.

IT WOULD be natural to assume that, having been spurned by Gwendolyn, Bill would be heartbroken. During the past two weeks, her many lovable qualities—her cannon-ball serve, her crisp fairway shots, her powerful, flat backhand—had twined their way around his heart. Yet, even as the door closed, he was conscious of a certain relief. What one wanted in a wife, Bill reflected, was not the Australian crawl, or a good backhand, but a sweet, gentle nature.

He turned away from the door with a now-where-was-I-oh-yes-those-clamshells look on his face, and I thought it wise to call attention to the mouse, which seemed to me to be acting with considerable *sang-froid*, in view of the fact that we outnumbered it three to one. Instead of hurrying to the coal cellar, and there shivering thankfully for a narrow escape, it was boldly peering at us from the dining-room doorway. Obviously a mouse which would brook no nonsense. I am not ordinarily nervous around animals but I received the distinct impression that it was about to charge.

"Don't worry," said Bill. "I am accustomed to handling all kinds of animals. If necessary, I will get the thumb hold on it."

"The thumb hold?" I inquired. "What's that?"

"A technical hold, much used by veterinarians," explained Bill. "You stick your thumb in the animal's mouth and it can't bite you anywhere else."

"Ingenious," I said, impressed.

"Hold still," whispered Molly, suddenly. "Here he comes!"

Sure enough, the mouse trotted briskly down the hall, passed between us with a preoccupied air, entered the writing room and disappeared under the desk.

This extraordinary behavior was immediately explained by the reappearance of the mouse over the front of the drawer, holding in its mouth what *I* at first took to be a piece of strawberry, or possibly raspberry, salt-water taffy.

"Babies!" said Molly

"A mother," said Bill, reverently.

"Good Lord!" said I.

Jennie, obviously following a carefully worked-out plan, hopped down and trotted off, carrying the baby by the scruff of the neck.

On inspection, two more babies were found, sleeping on a pile of brightly colored post cards depicting a bathing beauty of rather extreme development and bearing the legend, "I LOVE MY WIFE BUT OH, YOU KID!" The baby mice were greeted warmly by Bill and Molly.

"Aren't they cute!" cried Molly.

"Aren't they!" said Bill.

"So pink!"

"Yes!"

"So tiny!"

"Yes!"

"Such little feet!"

"Yes!"

"Did you ever see anything so cute?"

It developed that neither of them ever had.

"What next?" I asked cautiously. It had occurred to me that standard procedure as regards mice found in desk drawers probably would not be followed. Molly's attitude was definitely pro-mouse, and of course Bill drew no class distinctions whatever between himself and mice. All kinfolk, so far as he was concerned.

"We'll build them a house," Molly decided promptly. "The poor little things."

I felt slightly at sea.

"A house?"

"A small house," Molly explained. "Out of a box."

I saw a new light dawn in Bill's eyes. A sort of pleased, surprised look, as if he had just been stung by one of his favorite wasps.

"We'll put the mother and everybody in it," Molly prattled on happily. "And some cotton, so it will be nice and soft. Or a blanket. No—my old quilted robe will be just the thing. I can buy another one for myself. Now let's see. What else? Oh, yes. Food, of course. Lettuce, toast, oatmeal, corn—"

"Water," suggested Bill, softly, turning his head toward Molly. As they were standing side by side he spoke practically into her hair, and in the process of breathing in to replace the air expelled in saying "water," he caught a whiff of her perfume. He breathed deeply. It was an elusive, haunting scent, subtly suggesting soap, plus, Bill decided, a hint of cloves.

He was drinking in this odor, with his nose as close to her hair as he considered polite, when suddenly he got goose pimples. His breathing became asthmatic, and his heart, which a moment before had been ticking off the seconds as regularly as anybody's, moved into high gear. Love, like a five-pound sandbag, had come to William.

"Molly," he choked, "will you go swimming with me tomorrow?"

"I would like to," said Molly, regretfully, "but I don't know how to swim."

"I will teach you," said Bill.

"AND that," concluded the captain, "is the story of the mouse you just saw go in that doorway—one of Jennie's babies, now grown to a sturdy, useful mousehood. In gratitude for having brought the two young lovers together (for Bill and Molly are now married) they were given the run of the house."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice. As you are an animal lover yourself, you will enjoy meeting them."

"The mice?"

"No. Bill and Molly. Though, of course, you will meet *them*, too. When you do, notice how glossy their hair is. It's really surprising how clean they keep themselves."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice."

The young man stirred uneasily in his rocker.

"Altogether," summed up the captain, "your stay at Sea View Inn should be a most enjoyable one. The climate is salubrious in the extreme. At home, for instance, I am troubled with my throat, which becomes husky from too much talking. Down here at the seashore, on the other hand, I can talk all I want to with no ill effects."

"On yourself, you mean," muttered the young man.

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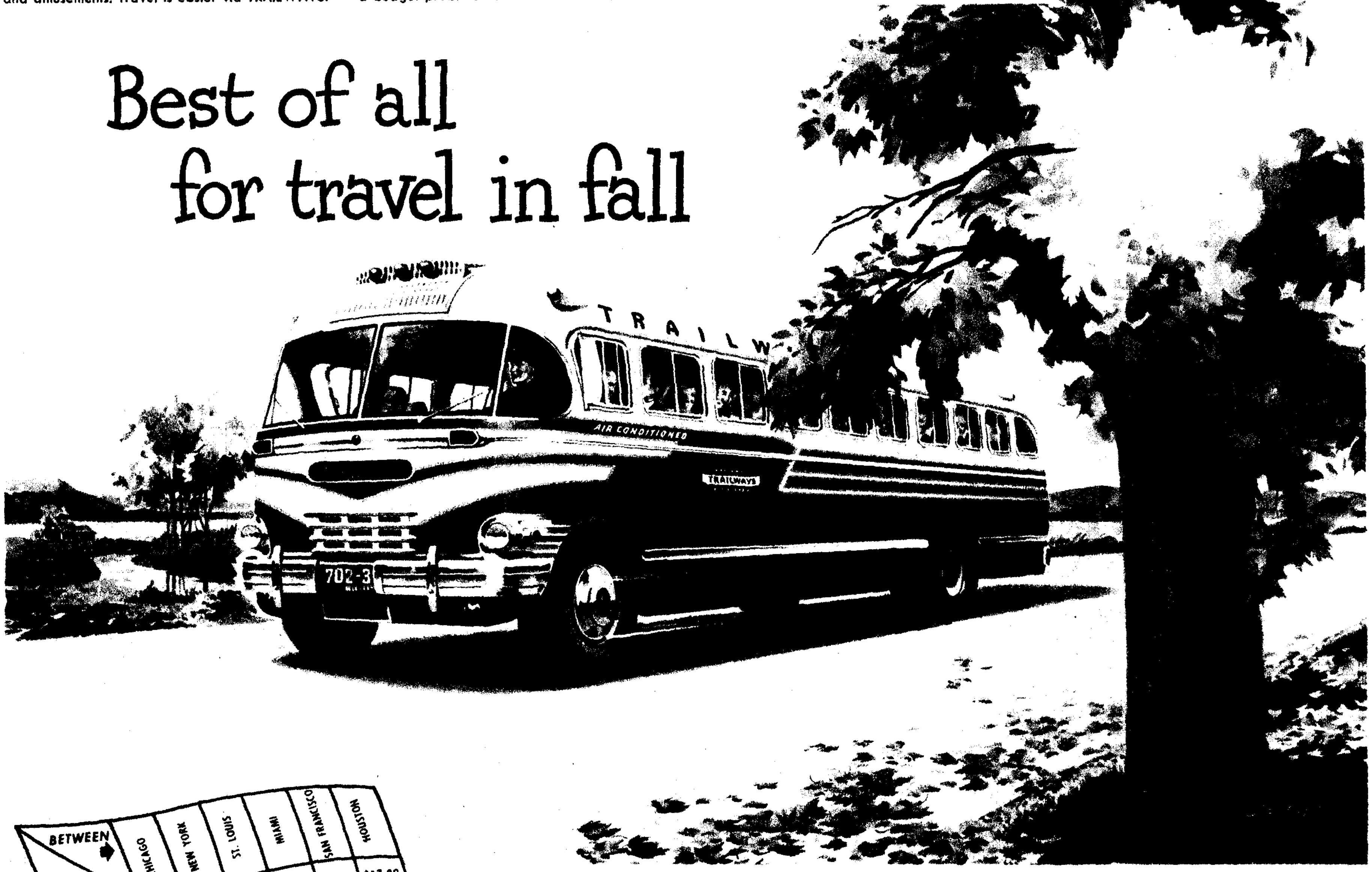

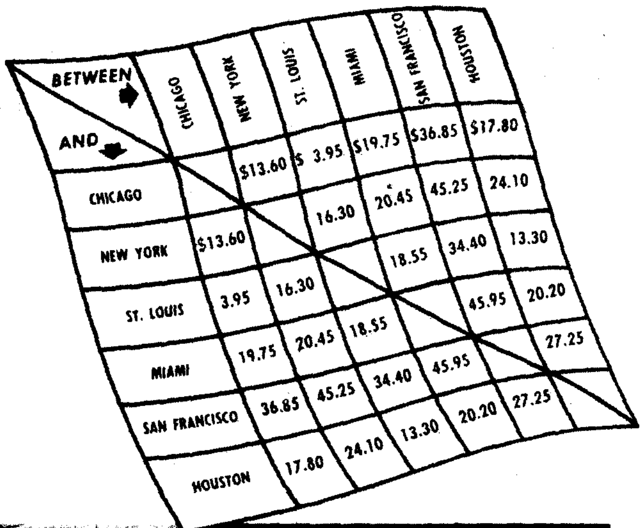

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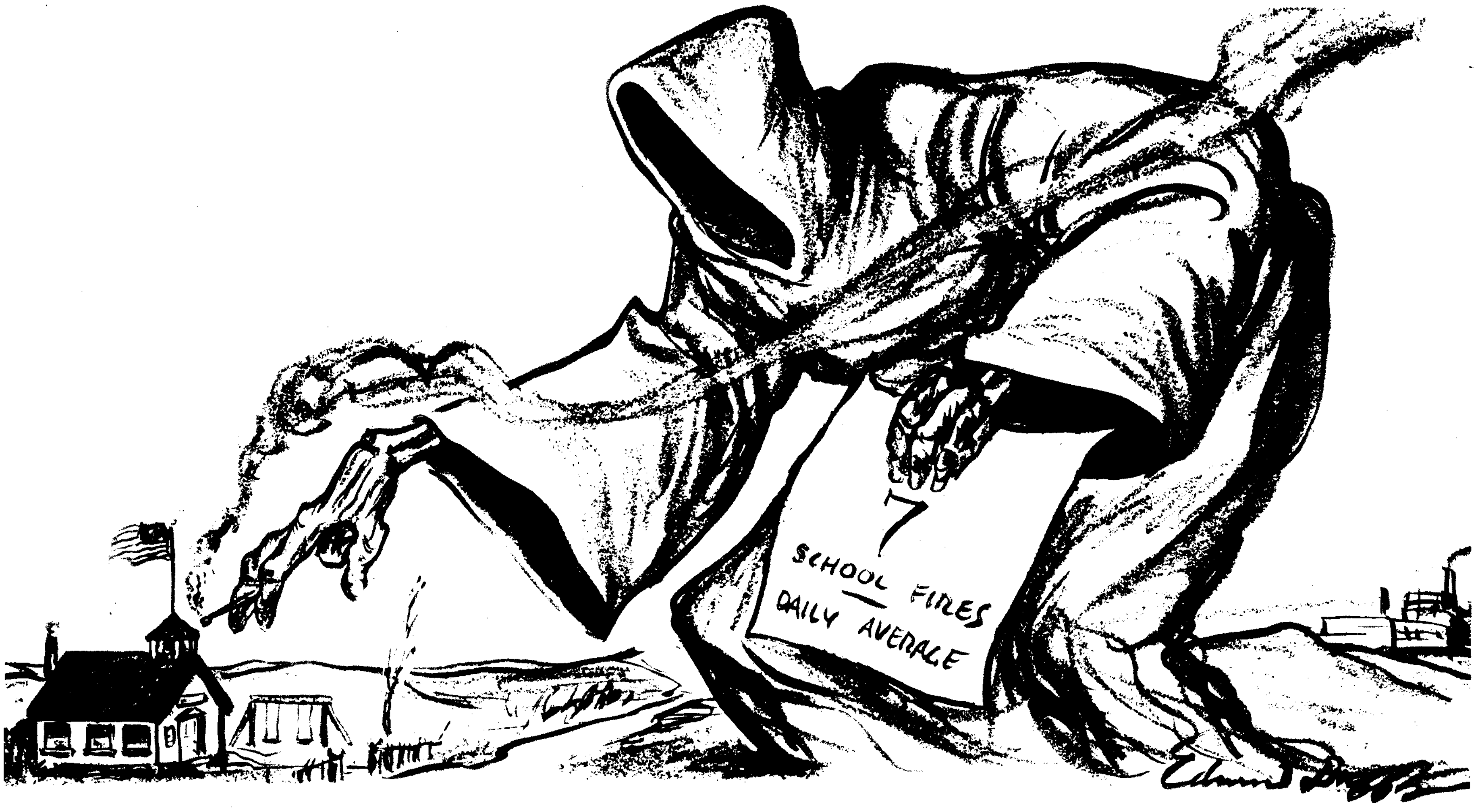

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THIS MUST BE STOPPED

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S Amy Porter begins the story of the firetrap schools to which we send our children.

The record is not reassuring. In the United States and Canada we have seven school fires every day. Seven is, of course, the daily average. Every day the menace continues.

Few communities have done what common sense and the National Board of Fire Underwriters tell us is essential if our children are to be protected. We are negligent because no spectacular sacrifices of children have recently been made. Those communities that have seen children burned to death in combustible schools are more alert.

A dreadful catastrophe is one way of arousing public opinion to take the necessary steps for self-protection. Forty-five years ago Chicago suffered the worst theater fire on record, so far as the killing of children in peacetime is a measure.

When a stage curtain of the Iroquois Theater burned, hundreds of children died. The building was intact but six hundred and two women and children were trampled to death.

The consequence is that Chicago is now and has been during the past 45 years a pioneer in the protection of theaters against fire hazards. Surely we do not require that kind of stimulation to persuade us to insist that our school buildings be made safe for our children.

We suggest that you read Amy Porter's two articles and then find out what is the situation in your own schools. Go to your parent-teacher association.

Talk to your child's teacher or the principal of his school. Ask some fire-insurance agent to give you the facts if he has them or can get them from the Underwriters Laboratories. Talk to your firemen.

Possibly you will learn that your community is the exception and that all possible is already being done to avoid the hazard of fire. Maybe too you will learn that your school and your child are exposed to the common danger. If so you can do something about it.

Ask your board of education to mend the school building in the interest of safety from fire.

Possibly your board of education is willing to make these improvements if it is convinced that public opinion will support the expenditure.

In case your board of education is hesitant, go again to your parent-teacher association, to the service clubs in your community, to your newspaper and to all others willing to co-operate in a good cause.

With such backing you will find it easy to persuade school trustees who are properly sensitive about not spending public money recklessly.

But whether it is easy or hard to stimulate local authorities to action, we must insist that whatever is necessary be done to render safe the buildings into which the law requires us to send our children for schooling. . . . W. L. C.

★★★

> "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane, and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

★★★

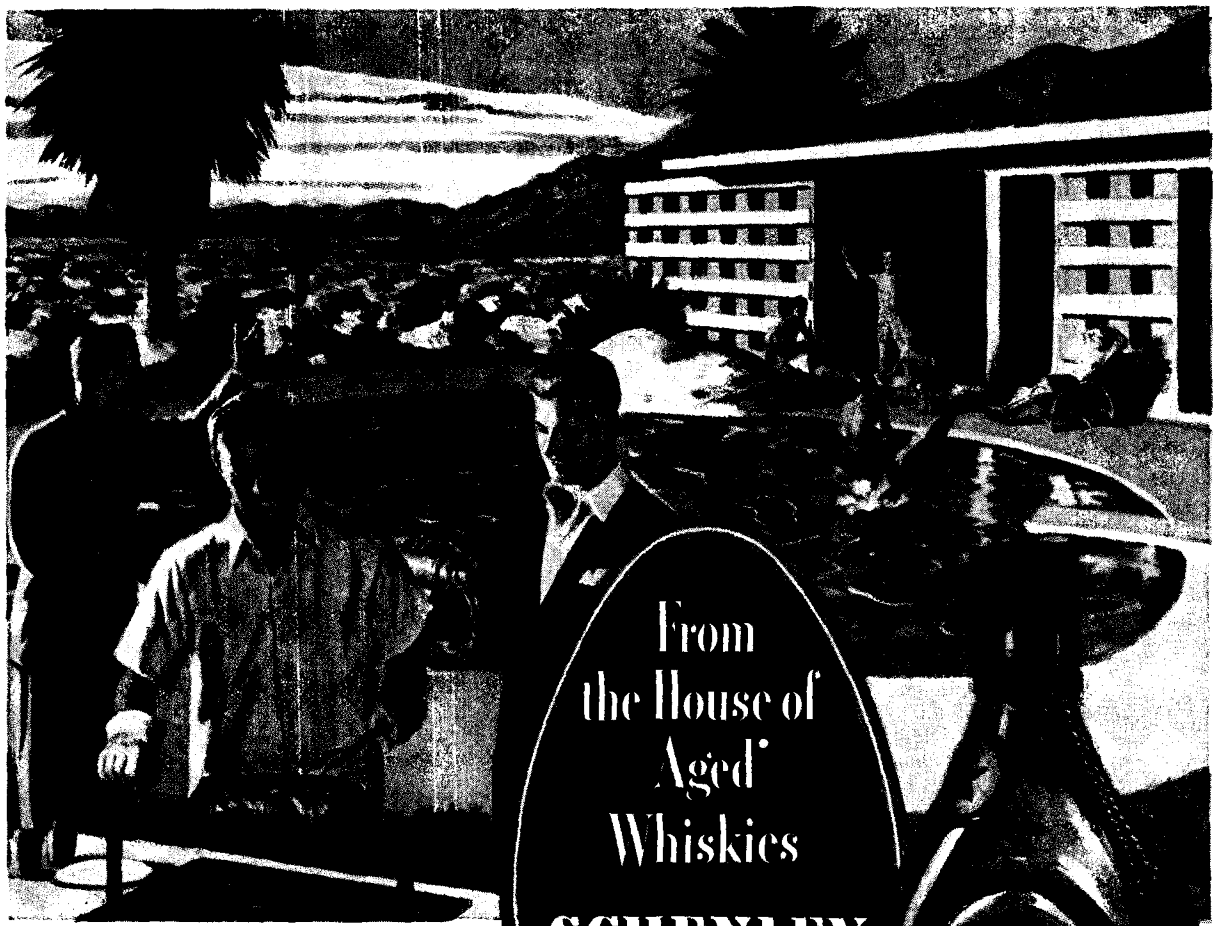
When day is done... you deserve SCHENLEY

6 o'clock in New York. Ask a smart New Yorker his idea of a perfect set-up, as he catches a few moments of well-earned enjoyment. He'll tell you it's good friends, good talk—and a Manhattan made with the one whiskey you deserve when day is done—light, mild, friendly *Schenley*.

6:30 on a Texas Ranch. Now visit the hard-working Texas rancher when his day is done. He'll want his whiskey neat—the *brand* is richer, *finer Schenley!*

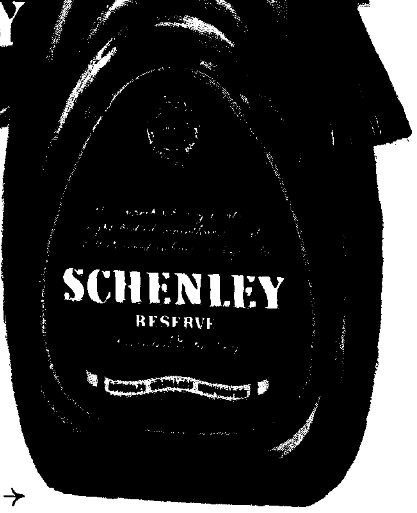
S.S. AMERICA
NEW YORK

5:30 aboard the S.S. America. Join us on this famous liner, and note the preference for light, mild, friendly *Schenley* highballs.

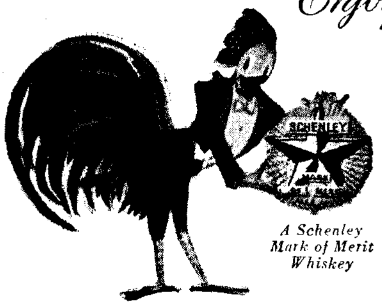


Barbecue-time in Palm Springs. In luxury hotel or rustic lodge, all America agrees: When day is done you deserve *Schenley*.

From the House of Aged Whiskies SCHENLEY



Enjoy Schenley pre-war quality Blended Whiskey tonight!



A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

These *facts* tell the story of Schenley's *finer* pre-war quality:

- The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old.

35% straight whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. 10% straight whiskey 5 years old. 21% straight whiskey 6 years old. 4% straight whiskey 7 years old.

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Available in the distinctive decanter as well as the familiar round bottle. In both, traditional Schenley quality. →

The Sailfish are running

Noted angler ANDREA L. HAMMER agrees: "In fishing — and in cigarettes too — EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

OFF PALM BEACH
Andrea Hammer has hooked a big one . . . and the battle begins. Here she gives him line as he jumps and tailwalks.

INTO THE BOAT
—after a 40-minute battle. This blue-and-silver beauty measured seven feet ten inches. It's another handsome catch for Mrs. Hammer . . an enthusiastic angler for several seasons.

SMILE OF VICTORY
Back on shore, Mrs. Hammer lights a Camel and poses with her trophy. Like so many smokers, Mrs. Hammer has tried several different brands of cigarettes—and compared. Camels suit her best!

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE!

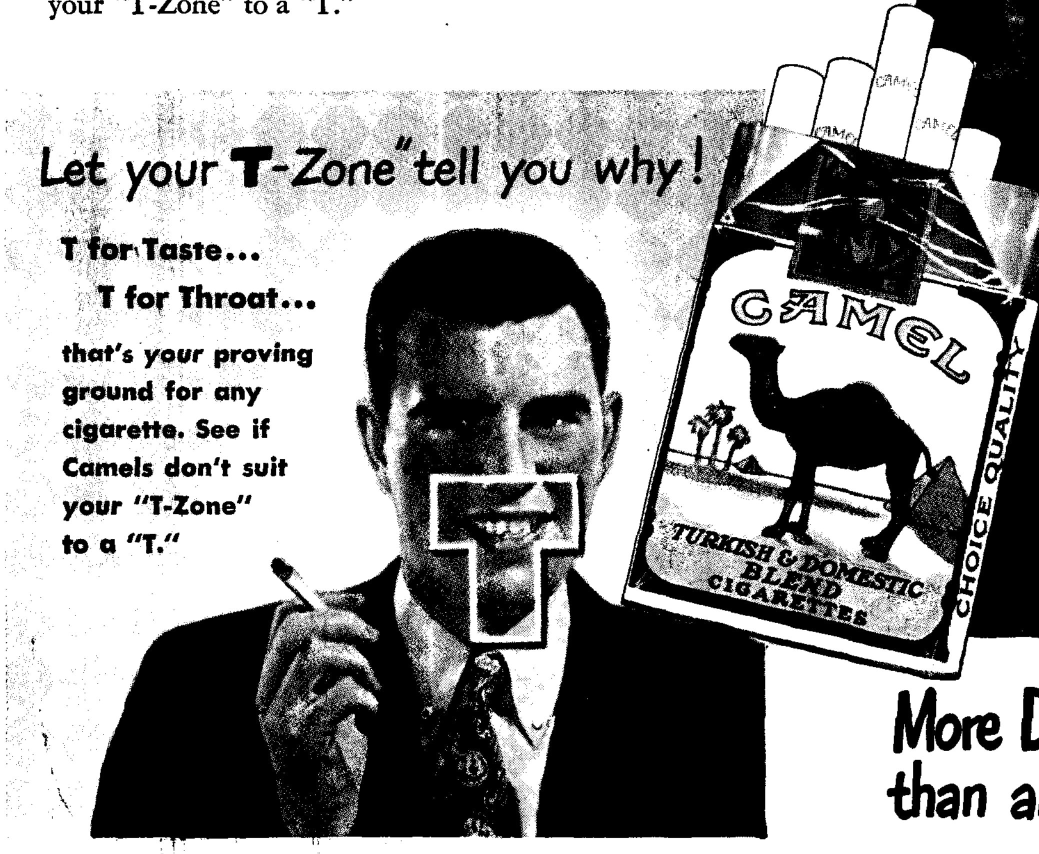
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

WITH smoker after smoker who has tried different brands of cigarettes—and compared them for mildness, coolness, and flavor—Camels are the *"choice of experience"!*

And no wonder! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, *properly* aged and expertly blended.

Try Camels yourself. Make your own comparison—in your "T-Zone." That's T for Taste and T for Throat—your own proving ground for any cigarette. Let your taste give you the good news on Camel's rich, full flavor. Let your throat report on Camel's cool-smoking mildness. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME TOO. SO MILD AND COOL!
I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE — CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!